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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

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THE

FIFTY-THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

PITT's VIRGIL;

ÆNEID, BOOK IV.—XII.

VIRGIL'S

ÆNEID.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK IV.

BUT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.
The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.
Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest?
Who is this hero, this our godlike guest?
Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms;
How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!
Sure he descends from some celestial kind;
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!
How long he struggled with his adverse fates!
Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord;

Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—
Forgive my frailty---but I ſeem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakneſs of my mind.
For oh! my ſiſter, unreſerv'd and free
I truſt the ſecret of my ſoul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother ſlain,
Daſh'd with his blood the conſecrated ſane,
And ſtain'd the gods; my firm reſolves, I own,
This graceful prince has ſhook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf diſplay,
And gaping ſnatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the ſhades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep ſhades of everlaſting night;
Ere, ſacred honour! I betray thy cauſe
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!---my firſt lord, my firſt ill-fated ſpouſe,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her riſing grief o'erwhelm'd, ſhe ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breaſt.
Siſter, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itſelf I love;
Still on your bloom ſhall endleſs ſorrow prey,
And waſte your youth in ſolitude away?

And ſhall no pleaſing theme your thoughts employ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
Think you ſuch cares diſturb your huſband's ſhade,
Or ſtir the ſacred aſhes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With juſt diſdain you paſs'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the hero you approve?
And ſteel your heart againſt a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls ſurround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whoſe ſwarthy ſons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes ſtretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirſt a ſmoking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians riſe.
Why ſhould I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war juſt burſting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan ſhore.
From ſuch a marriage, ſoon your joyful eyes
Shall ſee a potent town and empire riſe.
What ſcenes of glory Carthage muſt enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Careſs, invite your godlike gueſt to ſtay,
And ſtudy ſtill new cauſes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wintry main;
That ſtill unrigg'd his ſhatter'd veſſels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure ſo rough a ſky.
Theſe words ſoon ſcatter'd the remains of ſhame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the riſing flame.
With ſpeed they ſeek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celeſtial pow'r:
Selected ſheep with holy rites they ſlay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the ſnowy heifer ſtands,
Amid the ſhrines, a goblet in her hands;
Between the horns ſhe ſheds the ſacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in ſolemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair conſults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims ſlain:
But ah! no ſacred rites her pain remove;
Prieſts, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?
With paſſion fir'd, her reaſon quite o'erthrown,
The hapleſs queen runs raving through the town.
Soft flames conſume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies feſtering in her heart.
So ſends the heedleſs hunter's twanging bow
The ſhaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;

Shoots

Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart ſtill rankling in the wound!
Now the fond princeſs leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;
Diſplays her pompous tow'rs that proudly riſe,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as ſhe tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops ſhort,---and faulters, check'd by conſcious ſhame:
Now, at the cloſe of evening, calls her gueſt,
To ſhare the banquet, and renew the feaſt:
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan ſtory that ſhe heard before;
Then to diſtraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the ſetting ſtars to reſt invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the gueſts retire to ſoft repoſe;
Left in the hall, ſhe ſighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy ſees her abſent prince, and hears
His charming voice ſtill ſounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Aſcanius on her lap ſhe took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!---the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfiniſh'd, riſe in air:
The youth, undiſciplin'd no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;
The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud ſtructures ceaſe to brave the ſky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms address'd the queen of love:
A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your son have worthily pursu'd!
Two gods a single woman have subdu'd!
To me your groundless jealousies are known,
And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why goddess, to what aim or end
In lasting quarrels should we still contend?
Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal sway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord,
And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
The destin'd seat of universal sway;)
Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full success to favour the design!
But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the states.

You,

You, as his conſort, your requeſt may move,
And ſearch the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
Go then---your ſcheme before the father lay;
Go;---and I follow, where you lead the way.
Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the ſovereign of the ſkies,
Then heed my counſel---when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the ſhades of night;
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the ſavage game;
There, while the crowds the foreſt-walks beſet,
Swarm round the woods, and ſpread the waving net;
The ſkies ſhall burſt upon the ſportive train
In ſtorms of hail, and deluges of rain:
The gather'd tempeſt o'er their heads ſhall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry ſide ſhall fly the ſcattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the ſame cave for ſhelter ſhall repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourſelf in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddeſs gave conſent, the compact bound,
But ſmil'd in ſecret at the fraud ſhe found.
Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
Maſſylian hunters with the ſteely ſpear,
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the ſylvan war.

The

The queen engag'd in dreſs,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her ſteed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
At length ſhe comes, magnificently dreſt
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian veſt:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her ſide;
A golden claſp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.
Next with the youthful Trojans to the ſport
The fair Aſcanius iſſues from the court.
But far the faireſt, and ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outſhines them all.
As when from Lycia bound in wintry froſt,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majeſtic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; ſuch his charming grace;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.
Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And ſtorm'd the covert of the ſavage game;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and fought the fields below.

Here

Here the fleet ſtags chas'd down the tow'ring ſteep,
In clouds of duſt through the long valley ſweep:
While there, exulting, to his utmoſt ſpeed
The young Aſcanius ſpurs his fiery ſteed,
Outſtrips by turns the flying ſocial train,
And ſcorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
The hopes of glory all his ſoul inflame;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the ſky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempeſt, fly;
While floods on floods, in ſwelling turbid tides,
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd ſides.
The young Aſcanius, and the hunting train,
To cloſe retreats fled diverſe o'er the plain.
To the ſame gloomy cave with ſpeed repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
Earth ſhakes, and Juno gives the nuptial ſigns;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto ſhines:
With light'nings all the conſcious ſkies are ſpread;
The nymphs run ſhrieking round the mountain's head.
From that ſad day, unhappy Dido! roſe
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
Nor fame nor cenſure now the queen can move,
No more ſhe labours to conceal her love.
Her paſſion ſtands avow'd; and wedlock's name
Adorns the crime, and ſanctifies the ſhame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.

Fame

Fame, the ſwift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new ſtrength and vigour as ſhe goes.
Firſt ſmall with fear, ſhe ſwells to wond'rous ſize,
And ſtalks on earth, and tow'rs above the ſkies;
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth
Produc'd the laſt of her gigantic birth;
A monſter huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thouſand piercing eyes and liſt'ning ears;
And with a thouſand mouths and babbling tongues appears.
Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth ſhe flies;
No golden ſlumbers ſeal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs of battlement ſhe ſits by day,
And ſhakes whole towns with terror and diſmay;
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publiſhes a lye.
Now both ſhe mingled with malignant joy,
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led
The godlike ſtranger to her bridal bed;
That both, indulging to their ſoft deſires,
And deaf to cenſure, melt in amorous fires;
From every thought the cares of ſtate remove,
And the long winter paſs'd away in love.
This tale the Fury glories to diſplay,
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
With jealous rage the furious prince inſpires,
And all his ſoul with indignation fires.

This

This monarch ſprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race.
The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his ſire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlaſting fire;
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the ſoil with conſecrated gore.
Amid the ſtatues of the gods he ſtands,
And, ſpreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with deſpair,
Prefers in bitterneſs of ſoul his pray'r.
Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feaſt on painted beds; ſay, father, ſay,
If yet thy eyes theſe flagrant crimes ſurvey.
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When through the ſkies the pealing thunders roar?
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark aërial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
Rais'd on a purchas'd ſpot a ſlender town;
On terms ourſelf preſcrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy ſon abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
And lo! this ſecond Paris come again,
With his unmanly, ſoft, luxurious train,
In ſcented treſſes and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his raviſh'd prize, away;

While

While ſtill in vain we bid thy altars flame,
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.
Him, as he graſp'd his altars, and preſer'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his aweful eye,
Where, careleſs of their fame, the lovers lie.
The god, that ſcene offended to ſurvey,
Charg'd with his high command the ſon of May:
Fly, fly, my ſon, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid ſtorm;
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
Our aweful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian ſtate,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not ſuch a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice ſhe ſav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince ſhe promis'd who by deeds divine
Should prove he ſprung from Teucer's martial line;
Whoſe ſword imperial Italy ſhould awe,
A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
If no ſuch glories can his mind inflame,
If he neglects his own immortal fame;
What has his heir the young Aſcanius done?
Why ſhould he grudge an empire to his ſon?
What ſcheme, what proſpect can the chief propoſe,
So long to loiter with a race of foes?
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the deſtin'd Latian ſhore?
Haſte—bid him ſail—be this our will; and bear
With ſpeed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift

Swift at the word, the duteous ſon of May
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
Firſt round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That ſpeed his progreſs o'er the ſeas profound,
Or earth's unmeaſur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Then graſp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghoſts
From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coaſts,
Invites or chaſes ſleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes thoſe eyes that death had ſeal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds ſublimely rode
Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky ſides he ſpies,
Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he ſhrouds
His ſhady forehead in ſurrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is cruſted o'er;
From his bleak brows the guſhing torrents pour;
Out-ſpread, his mighty ſhoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlaſting ſnow.
Here on pois'd pinions ſtoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the ſteep, ſhot headlong to the flood.
As the ſwift ſea-mew, for the fiſhy prey,
In low excurſions ſkims along the ſea,
By rocks and ſhores, and wings th' aërial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſkies;
Thus through the parting air his courſe he bore,
And, gliding, ſkim'd along the Libyan ſhore.

Soon

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The rising domes employ his idle hours,
Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian Tow'rs.
A sword all starr'd with gems, and spangled o'er
With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore;
A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd;
The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.
To whom the god:—These hours canst thou employ
To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy?
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a state, forgetful of thy own?
The lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
With this command dispatch'd me from above;
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away?
If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
Or the fair prospect of immortal praise;
Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy;
The last, the best surviving hope of Troy;
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.
The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.

But

But ah! with what addreſs ſhall he begin,
How ſpeak his purpoſe to the raving queen?
A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and ſtrains on every ſide:
A thouſand projects labouring in his breaſt,
On this at laſt he fixes as the beſt:
Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to ſummon all the bands
In ſecret ſilence to the ſhore, and hide
The ſudden cauſe, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, ſick with fond deſire,
Thinks ſuch a boundleſs love can ne'er expire,
Himſelf the proper meaſures will prepare
To move the queen, and ſeize with watchful care
The ſofteſt moments to addreſs the fair.
With ſpeed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey.
But ſoon the fraud unhappy Dido ſpies;
(For what can 'ſcape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in ſafety fears with wild affright?)
She firſt diſcern'd the meditated flight;
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the ſeas.
Mad with deſpair, and all her ſoul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:
So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies,
And ſhakes her ivy ſpear and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the ſound.

At length, by potent love and grief oppreſs'd,
The queen, her recreant lover, firſt addreſs'd:
And could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler, from my ſight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In ſuch baſe ſilence from my realms to ſail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy veſſels launch'd, while winter ſweeps
With the rough northern blaſt the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! ſay, if Troy herſelf had ſtood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'ſt thou thy ſails in ſtormy ſeas employ,
And brave the ſurge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I ſhed, the hand you gave;
(For theſe ſtill mine, and only theſe remain;
The tears I ſhed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By thoſe late ſolemn nuptial bands I plead,
By thoſe firſt pleaſures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You ſigh'd, and prais'd theſe now-neglected charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpoſe by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conſpire;
For thee have I incens'd the ſons of Tyre;
For thee I loſt my honour and my fame,
That to the ſtars advanc'd my glorious name.

Muſt

Muſt I in death thy cruel ſcorn deplore,
My barbarous gueſt!—but ah!—my ſpouſe no more!
What—ſhall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and deſtroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A ſlave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!---had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offſpring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play;
Thy dear reſemblance but in looks alone!
I ſhould not ſeem quite widow'd and undone.
She ſaid; the prince ſtood ſtill in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentleſs on the ground;
By Jove's high will admoniſh'd from the ſkies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.
Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My ſoul ſhall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:---By ſtealth I ne'er deſign'd
To leave your hoſpitable realm behind;
Forbear the thought;---much leſs in Libyan lands,
A caſual gueſt, to own the bridal bands.
Had fate allow'd me to conſult my eaſe,
To live and ſettle on what terms I pleaſe;
Still had I ſtay'd in Aſia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relicks of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
A ſecond Ilion for my vanquiſh'd train.

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
Thither, inſpir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love.
If you your riſing Carthage thus admire
In theſe ſtrange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why ſhould not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
Oft as the ſtars diſplay their fiery light,
And earth lies cover'd in the ſhades of night,
My father's angry ſpirit blames my ſtay,
Stalks round my bed, and ſummons me away.
Long has Aſcanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his deſtin'd reign.
And now, ev'n now, the meſſenger of Jove
(Both gods can witneſs) ſhot from heav'n above:
Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,
The glorious form appear'd in open view:
I ſaw him paſs theſe lofty walls, and hear
His aweful voice ſtill murmuring in my ear.
Then ceaſe, my beauteous princeſs, to complain;
Nor let us both be diſcompos'd in vain:
From theſe dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I muſt obey.
Thus while he ſpoke, with high diſdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every ſide,
That glance in ſilence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, ſhe began:
Perfidious monſter! boaſt thy birth no more;
No hero got thee, and no goddeſs bore.

No!

No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey;
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare?
What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs?
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst.
Which, which of all his insults was the worst?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky
Behold his treason with a careless eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.
The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,
His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah I rave;—my soul the Furies fire;
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to stay;
And now through air with haste the son of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;
A care well worthy to disturb the gods!
Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
Go, seek new kingdoms through the wat'ry way;
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks;
Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main,
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the ſky,
Flaſh in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
When death's cold hand my ſtruggling ſoul ſhall free,
My ghoſt in every place ſhall wait on thee:
My vengeful ſpirit ſhall thy torments know,
And ſmile with tranſport in the realms below.
With that, abrupt ſhe took her ſudden flight;
Sick of the day, ſhe loaths the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princeſs to the regal bed.
But though the pious hero tries with care,
And melting words, to ſooth her fierce deſpair,
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
Repairs the fleet; and ſoon the buſy train
Roll down the lofty veſſels to the main.
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
Whole trees they bring, unfaſhion'd from the wood,
And leafy ſaplings to ſupply their oars,
Pour from the town, and darken all the ſhores.
So when the piſmires, an induſtrious train,
Embody'd, rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſome cells the treaſur'd prey;
In one long track the duſky legions lead
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
With force conjoin'd heave ſome huge grain along:

Some

Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
At that ſad proſpect, that tormenting ſcene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes ſurvey'd the tumult on the ſhore;
When on the floods thou heard'ſt the ſhouting train
Plough with reſounding oars the wat'ry plain?
To what ſubmiſſions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
Once more ſhe flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her ſuppliant female arts again
Before her death;---but tries 'em all in vain:
Siſter, behold, from every ſide they pour
With eager ſpeed, and gather to the ſhore.
Hark---how with ſhouts they catch the ſpringing gales,
And crown their ſhips, and ſpread their flying ſails.
Ah! had I once foreſeen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy deſpairing, dying ſiſter's ſake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I ſee,
Lays open all his ſecret ſoul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Go then, dear ſiſter, as a ſuppliant go,
Tell, in the humbleſt terms, my haughty foe,

I ne'er conſpir'd at Aulis to deſtroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapleſs race of Troy;
Nor ſent one veſſel to the Phrygian coaſt,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's ſacred duſt.
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer ſeas and ſofter gales
To ſmooth the floods, and fill his opening ſails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he diſclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his deſtin'd reign.
For ſome ſmall interval of time I move,
Some ſhort, ſhort ſeaſon to ſubdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy ſtate,
I grow at laſt familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death ſhall pleaſe
His cruel ſoul, and ſet us both at eaſe.
Thus pray'd the queen; the ſiſter bears in vain
The moving meſſage, and returns again.
He ſtand inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For Jove and Fate had ſtop'd the hero's ears.
As o'er th' aërial Alps ſublimely ſpread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempeſts blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the ſound,
Though all his ſcatter'd honours ſtrow the ground,

Safe

Safe in his ſtrength, and ſeated on the rock,
In naked majeſty defies the ſhock:
High as the head ſhoots tow'ring to the ſkies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the prince beſieg'd by conſtant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his ſoul remain,
And tears are ſhed, and vows prefer'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows;
Now bent on fate, and harraſs'd with her woes,
She loaths the day, ſhe ſickens at the ſky,
And longs, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
To urge the ſcheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen ſhe ſurvey'd:
While to the gods ſhe pour'd the wine, ſhe view'd
The pure libation turn'd to ſable blood.
This horrid omen to herſelf reveal'd,
Ev'n from her ſiſter's ears ſhe kept conceal'd;
Yet more---a temple, where ſhe paid her vows,
Roſe in the palace to her former ſpouſe;
A marble ſtructure; this ſhe dreſs'd around
With ſnowy wool; with ſacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night ſucceeds the day,
Her huſband ſeems to ſummon her away.
Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one ſad length of melancholy ſtrains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By preſcient ſages, and the ſeers of old;
Now ſtern Æneas, her eternal theme,
Haunts her diſtracted ſoul in ev'ry dream;

In ſlumber now ſhe ſeems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And ſeeks her Tyrians o'er the waſte in vain.
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He ſaw the Furies from the deeps ariſe;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright ſuns with rival glories blaze.
So bounds the mad Oreſtes o'er the ſtage,
With looks diſtracted, from his mother's rage;
Arm'd with her ſcourge of ſnakes ſhe drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, purſues her murdering ſon;
He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.
At length diſtracted, and by love o'ercome,
Reſolv'd on death, ſhe meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due meaſures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her ſad ſiſter ſhe with ſmiles addreſs'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguiſh at her breaſt:
Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
The ſole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my ſoul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again.
Near Ocean's utmoſt bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the ſtarry ſkies;
There lives a prieſteſs of Maſſylian ſtrain,
The guardian of the rich Heſperian fane;
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowſy ſeed,

That

That round the tree his ſhining volumes roll'd
To guard the ſac ed balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
Roll back the ſtars; ſtop rivers as they flow;
And call grim ſpectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footſteps groans the trembling ball:
But witneſs thou, and all ye gods on high,
With what regret to magic rites I fly.
Go then, erect with ſpeed and ſecret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and ſpread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
The ſacred dame commands me to deſtroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.
Thus with diſſembling arts the princeſs ſpoke:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched ſiſter once divine
Theſe rites could cover ſuch a dire deſign,
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd ſpouſe;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked ſky.
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the ſtructure round;
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next big with death, the ſword and robe ſhe ſpread,
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.
Amidſt her altars, with diſhevel'd hairs,
Her horrid rites the prieſteſs now prepares.

Thun-

Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods.
The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,
And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young estrange the parent mare.
Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar stands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare.
She calls on every star in solemn state,
Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:
She calls to witness every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and surges die,
The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen;—for love denies
Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.

Her

Her paſſions grow ſtill fiercer, and by turns
With love ſhe maddens, and with wrath ſhe burns.
The ſtruggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus ſhe vents the tempeſt of her ſoul:
What ſhall I do?—ſhall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I diſdain'd before?
Or, ſlighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans baſe commands obey,
Their ſlave, their ſuppliant, through the watry way?
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
By Troy already ſtand ſo well repaid!
And yet ſuppoſe I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.
Haſt thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd ſons of proud Laomedon?
What!—ſhall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with ſword and fire,
With all my armies, all the ſons of Tyre?
But can I draw to ſea thoſe Tyrian bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deſerv'ſt; in death repoſe;
The ſword, the friendly ſword, ſhall end thy woes.
You firſt, dear ſiſter, by my ſorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me raſhly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in deſpair.
Oh! had I learn'd like ſavages to rove,
And never known the woes of bridal love!

I prov'd

I prov'd unfaithful to my former ſpouſe,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppreſt,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breaſt.
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtleſs ſleep the hero paſt the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks and voice the ſame,
And thus alarms the ſlumb'ring prince once more;
What—can'ſt thou ſleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers canſt thou yet ſurvey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the ſea?
Mad as thou art! – determin'd on her doom,
She forms deſigns of miſchiefs yet to come.
Then fly her fury while thou yet canſt fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple ſky;
Fly,—or the floods ſhall ſoon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the ſhore,
And direful brands with long-projected rays,
Shall ſet the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Riſe, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.
This ſaid, at once he took his rapid flight,
Diſſolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.
The hero ſtarts from ſleep in wild ſurpriſe,
Struck with the glorious viſion from the ſkies,
And rouſes all the train: awake, unbind,
And ſtretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
Seize, ſeize your oars; the god deſcends again,
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

Who-

Whoe'er thou art, thou bleſt celeſtial guide,
Thy courſe we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy ſacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly ſtars direct the way.
Sudden, he drew his ſword as thus he ſaid,
And cut the haulſers with the flaming blade;
With the ſame ardor fir'd, the ſhouting train
Fly, ſeize their oars, and ruſh into the main.
At once the floods with ſhips were cover'd o'er,
And not one Trojan left upon the ſhore;
All ſtretching to the ſtroke, with vigour ſweep
The whitening ſurge, and plough the ſmoking deep.
Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora ſpread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the wat'ry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And ſaw th' abandon'd port, and empty ſhore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs of deſpair
Beat her white breaſt, and tore her golden hair.
Then ſhall the traitor fly, ye gods! (ſhe ſaid)
And leave my kingdom, and inſulted bed?
And ſhall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the ſea.
Fly, fly with all your ſails, ye ſons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I ſaid?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madneſs turns my brain?
Now can you, Dido, at ſo late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?

Well

Well had this rage been ſhown, when firſt you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relicks from the Phrygian ſhore!
And ſafe convey'd his venerable ſire!
On his own ſhoulders through the Trojan fire!
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Baſe wretch! to every monſter of the ſea?
Stab all his friends, his darling ſon deſtroy,
And to his table ſerve the murder'd boy?
For bent on death, and valiant from deſpair,
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No—but my flames had redden'd all the ſeas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Deſtroy'd the race, the father and the ſon,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou glorious ſun! whoſe piercing eyes ſurvey
Theſe worlds terreſtrial in thy fiery way,
And thou, O Juno! bend thy aweful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
Whoſe rites nocturnal through the ſtreets re ound,
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
If to the deſtin'd port the wretch muſt come,
If ſuch be Jove's unalterable doom:
Still let him wander, toſs'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his ſon's embrace,
By barbarous nations harraſs'd with alarms;
And take the field with unſucceſsful arms;

For

For foreign aid to diſtant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
A peace more ſhameful than his paſt defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murderous hands untimely ſlain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!
This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
With her laſt blood, and her laſt gaſping breath!
Oh!---in the ſilent grave when Dido lies,
Riſe in thy rage, thou, great avenger, riſe!
Againſt curs'd Troy, go mighty ſon of Tyre,
Go, in the pomp of famine, ſword, and fire!
And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
In future times, purſue the Dardan ſtate.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this laſt duty to your princeſs' ſhade;
Fight, when your pow'rs ſupplies ſo juſt a rage;
Fight now, fight ſtill, in every diſtant age;
By land, by ſea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from ſon to ſon, eternal war!
This ſaid, ſhe bends her various thoughts to cloſe
Her hated life, and finiſh all her woes.
Then to her huſband's nurſe ſhe gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
Go, Barce, go, and bid my ſiſter bring
The ſable victims for the Stygian king,
But firſt be ſprinkled from the limpid ſpring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.

Fain would I kindle now the ſacred pyre,
And ſee the Trojan image ſink in fire,
Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,
And then farewell---a long farewell to love!
She ſaid; the matron, ſtudious to obey,
With duteous ſpeed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
Though pale and ſhivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:
Yet many a crimſon fluſh, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
Furious ſhe mounts the pyre, and draws the ſword,
The fatal preſent of the Dardan lord;
For no ſuch end beſtow'd;---the conſcious bed,
And robes ſhe view'd; and tears in ſilence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment,---then ſhe caſt
Her body on the couch, and ſpoke her laſt:
Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd!
While fate conſented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,
Take my laſt breath, and catch my parting ſoul.
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A ghoſt majeſtic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to ſee a glorious town
Rais'd by theſe hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's ſword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

Then

Then preſſing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid)
Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---
Thus---fly with pleaſure to the ſhades below.
This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the ſea,
This death, an omen of his own, ſurvey.
Meantime, the ſad attendants, as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the ſtroke.
At once her ſnowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright faulchion ſmok'd with ſtreaming gore.
Her ſudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound;
To female ſhrieks the regal dome replies,
And the ſhrill echoes ring amidſt the ſkies;
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had ſunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.
Her breathleſs ſiſter runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breaſt, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,
Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your eaſy ſiſter to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where ſhall my plaints begin?---ah! wretch undone
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And ſhare thy ſweet ſociety in death?

Me, me you ſhould have call'd, your fate to ſhare
From the ſame weapon, and the ſame deſpair.
And did theſe hands the lofty pile compoſe?
Did I invoke our gods with ſolemn vows?
Only--ah cruel! to be ſent away
From the ſad ſcene of death I now ſurvey?
You by this fatal ſtroke, and I, and all,
Your ſenate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew, and preſt
Her dying ſiſter to her heaving breaſt;
With cries ſucceeding cries her robes unbound,
To ſtanch the blood that iſſu'd from the wound.
Her boſom groaning with convulſive pain,
She ſtrives to raiſe her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment ſinks, and ſwoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice ſhe rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her ſwimming eyes the golden light,
And ſaw the ſun, but ſicken'd at the ſight.
  Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguiſh from the ſky;
And bade fair Iris, from the ſtarry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing ſoul:
For as ſhe dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor periſh'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proſerpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;

The ſolemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the ſpirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing ſun the goddeſs drew
A thouſand mingling colours, as ſhe flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
And lo! this conſecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,
Releaſe thy ſoul from theſe corporeal chains.
The goddeſs ſtretch'd her hand, as thus ſhe ſaid,
And clip'd the ſacred honours of her head;
The vital ſpirit flies, no more confin'd,
Diſſolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

End of the Fourth Book.

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VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas ſetting ſail from Africk, is driven by a ſtorm on the coaſts of Sicily, where he is hoſpitably received by his friend Aceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips, who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them; which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter by a ſudden ſhower extinguiſhed it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and ſails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK V.

NOW with a proſp'rous breeze, Æneas held
His deſtin'd courſe, and plough'd the wat'ry field;
Unhappy Dido's funeral flames ſurveys,
That gild the ſpires, and round the bulwarks blaze;
But ſoon the hidden cauſe the prince divin'd
From the known tranſports of a female mind;
With ſuch a whirl their fiery paſſions move,
In the mad rage of diſappointed love!
Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,
And the vaſt round was only wave and ſky.
A cloud all charg'd with livid darkneſs ſpreads,
Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.
Aloud the careful Palinurus cries;
Lo! what a dreadful ſtorm involves the ſkies!
Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main!
What tempeſts threaten from thy wat'ry reign?
Then he commands to furl the ſails, and ſweep
With every bending oar the foamy deep.
Himſelf, to break the blaſt, his ſails inclin'd,
And fled obliquely with the driving wind.
Oh! mighty prince, the trembling maſter cry'd,
Scarce could I hope, in ſuch a toſſing tide,

To

To reach Heſperia and ſurmount the flood,
Though Jove had paſt the promiſe of a God.
See! from the weſt what thwarting winds ariſe!
How in one cloud are gathered half the ſkies!
In vain our courſe we labour to maintain,
And, ſtruggling, work againſt the ſtorm in vain.
Let us, ſince fortune mocks our toil, obey,
And ſpeed our voyage, where ſhe points the way.
For not far diſtant lies the realm, that bore
Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian ſhore,
If right I judge, whoſe eyes with conſtant care
Have watch'd the heav'ns, retracing every ſtar.
I ſee, reply'd the prince, thy fruitleſs pain,
That long has ſtruggled with the winds in vain.
Then change thy courſe, the whirling guſts obey,
And ſteer with open ſails a different way.
Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
There I may rig again my ſhatter'd fleet:
That land my father's ſacred duſt contains,
And there my Trojan friend, Aceſtes reigns.
This ſaid, they ſteer their courſe; the weſtern gales
With friendly breezes ſtretch their bellying ſails;
Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy paſt,
And reach'd with joy the well-known ſhore at laſt.
The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
Beheld the fleet approach the coaſt below;
Then, with a javelin in his hand, deſcends,
Clad in a lion's ſpoils, to meet his friends,
This monarch ſprung from great Criniſus' flood;
His Trojan mother mingling with the god.

With

With due regard he hails the kindred train,
Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;
With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd;
And rural viands crown'd the generous board.
Now the diminish'd stars had fled away
Before the glories of the dawning day.
His friends Æneas summon'd from the coast;
Then from a rising point bespoke the host:
Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, a race divine,
Whose fathers sprung from Jove's immortal line,
Now the full circle of the year runs round,
Since we dispos'd my sire in foreign ground,
Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade,
And paid all funeral honours to the dead:
And now the fatal day is just return'd,
By me (so Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd;
Though banish'd to the burning Libyan sand,
Though led a captive to the Argive land,
Though lost and shipwreck'd on the Grecian sea,
Still would I solemnize this sacred day.
Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,
To the dear relicks of my reverend sire.
Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,
And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;
Implore a city, where we still may pay,
In his own fane, the honours of the day.
On every ship two oxen are bestow'd
By great Acestes of our Dardan blood;

Call

Call to the feaſt your native Phrygian pow'rs,
With thoſe the hoſpitable king adores.
Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light
Shall glad the world, and chace the ſhades of night,
Then to my Trojans I propoſe, to grace
Theſe ſacred rites, the rapid naval race;
Then all, who glory in their matchleſs force,
Or vaunt their fiery ſwiftneſs in the courſe,
Or dart the ſpear, or bend the twanging bow,
Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
Attend; and each by merit bear away
The noble palms, and glories of the day.
Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he ſaid;
Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head.
Like him, Aceſtes, and the royal boy
Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.
Now to the tomb ſurrounded with a throng,
A mighty train, the hero paſt along.
Two bowls of milk, and ſacred blood he pours;
Two of pure wine; and ſcatters purple flow'rs.
Then thus—Hail ſacred ſire, all hail again,
Once more reſtor'd, but ah! reſtor'd in vain!
'Twas more than envious fate would give, to ſee
The deſtin'd realms of Italy with thee;
Or mighty Tyber's rolling ſtreams explore,
The ſacred flood, that bathes th' Auſonian ſhore.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, beauteous to behold!
From the deep tomb, with many a ſhining fold,
An azure ſerpent roſe, in ſcales that flam'd with gold:

Like

Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties ſhone,
That draws a thouſand colours from the ſun:
Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
The chief in deep amaze ſuſpended hung,
While through the bowls the ſerpent glides along;
Taſtes all the food, then ſoftly ſlides away,
Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the ſacred prey;
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, the hero paid
New rites, new honours to his father's ſhade,
Doubts if the dæmon of his ſire rever'd,
Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.
Five ſable ſteers he ſlew with rites divine,
As many ſnowy ſheep, and briſtly ſwine;
And pouring wine, invok'd his father's ſhade
Sent from the darkſome regions of the dead.
Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
Each for his rank, proportion'd treaſures gave.
The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
Some hang the maſſy cauldrons o'er the fire:
Some o'er the graſs the glowing embers ſpread;
Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.
Now bright the ninth expected morning ſhone;
Now roſe the fiery courſers of the ſun.
When endleſs crowds the vaſt aſſembly crown'd
From all the wide diſpeopled country round.
Some rous'd by great Aceſtes' mighty name,
Some to behold the Trojan ſtrangers came,
Some to contend, and try the noble game.

In

In view, amid the ſpacious circle, lay
The coſtly gifts, the prizes of the day.
Arms on the ground, and ſacred tripods glow,
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.
Silver and purple veſts in heaps are roll'd,
Rich robes, and talents of the pureſt gold;
And from a mount the ſprightly trump proclaims
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies firſt, by oars impell'd
Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.
In the ſwift Dolphin mighty Mneſtheus came,
Mneſtheus, the founder of the Memmian name.
Next Gyas in the vaſt Chimæra ſweeps
(Huge as a town) the hoarſe reſounding deeps:
Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
To puſh th' enormous burthen o'er the main.
Sergeſtus in the Centaur took his place,
The glorious father of the Sergian race.
In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
The noble ſource of our Cluentian blood;
Far in the main a rock advances o'er
The level tides, and fronts the foamy ſhore,
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,
When the black ſtorms involve the ſtarry ſkies,
But in a calm its lofty head diſplays
To reſt the birds who wing the ſpacious ſeas.
Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;
To teach the train to ſteer the backward way,
And fetch a ſhorter circle round the ſea:

Then,

Then, rank'd by lot, conſpicuous o'er the flood,
The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.
The youths green poplars round their temples twine,
And bright with oil their naked bodies ſhine,
Eager, they graſp their oars, and liſt'ning wait the ſign.
Thick in their hearts alternate motions play,
Now preſt with beating fears they ſink away,
Now throb with riſing hopes to win the glorious day.
Soon as the trump the firſt ſhrill ſignal blew,
All, in a moment, from the barrier flew:
Turn'd by their labouring oars the ſurges riſe,
And with their ſhouts the ſailors rend the ſkies,
The foamy tides with equal furrows ſweep;
And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
Not half ſo ſwift the fiery courſers pour,
And, as they ſtart, the diſtant plain devour;
Nor half ſo fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,
Urge the fleet ſteeds to whirl the flying car,
Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
Shout, laſh, and ſend their ſouls at every ſtroke.
The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries
And eager ſhouts, the hollow wood replies;
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
And the long echo rolls around the winding ſhore.
With peals of loud applauſe from every ſide
Firſt Gyas flew, and ſhot along the tide.
Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ſhip,
Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.
Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
At equal diſtance, on the wat'ry way:

Now

Now darts the rapid dolphin o'er the main,
Now the vaſt Centaur wins the day again:
Then, ſide by ſide, and front by front, they join,
And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race;
Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,
To leave the right, and ſteer againſt the land;
Let others plough the deep;—in vain he ſpoke;
The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
And turns his prow, and ſteers a different road,
And leaves the ſhallows for the open flood.
Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
And lo! that moment, brave Cloanthus ſpy'd
Cloſe at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide.
The dangerous way the daring hero took
Between bold Gyas and the ſounding rock.
Sudden beyond the chief he ſhoots away,
Clear of the goal, and gains the roamy ſea.
Then Gyas wept; and grief and rage enflame
The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame.
From the high ſtern, with anger and diſdain,
He hurl'd the hoary maſter in the main;
Then madly took himſelf the ſole command,
And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
Hoary with age, and ſtruggling long in vain,
With cumb'rous veſts, Menætes mounts again;
Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd
His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.

Loud

Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,
Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea.
At distance Mnestheus and Sergestus lie;
Both hope to pass the fiery Gyas by.
The 'vantage first the bold Sergestus took,
With rapid speed, advancing to the rock;
But not a length before: the dolphin rides
With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.
Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,
As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,
My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,
You, whom I chose, when Ilion sunk in dust,
Now shew the strength and spirit once you shew'd,
When raging storms, and Syrtes you withstood,
Plough'd Malea's tide, and stem'd th' Ionian flood:
Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,
Rise to your oars, and sweep the wat'ry way:
Nor strive we now the victory to gain,
Though yet!—but ah! let those the palm obtain,
Those, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of the main!
But to return the lags of all the day!
Oh! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away!
Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;
Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.
With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream;
Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.
All bending to their oars the labour ply;
The sea rolls backward, and the surges fly.

Now, with the wiſh'd ſucceſs they toil to gain,
Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train;
For while the fierce Sergeſtus nearer drew,
And in a ſcanty ſpace too raſhly flew,
(His road ſtill narrower) with a mighty ſhock
He ruſh'd againſt the ſharp projected rock.
Then flew the ſhatter'd oars, and flying rung,
And on the rugged ſides the veſſel hung.
To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries,
All arm'd with iron poles, the ſailors riſe.
Fir'd with ſucceſs, along the open ſeas
Proud Mneſtheus ſhoots, invoking every breeze.
As in her neſt, within ſome cavern hung,
The dove ſits trembling o'er her callow young,
Till rous'd at laſt by ſome impetuous ſhock,
She ſtarts ſurpris'd, and beats around the rock;
Then to the open field for refuge flies,
And the free bird expatiates in the ſkies;
Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air ſhe ſprings,
And ſmoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:
So joyful Mneſtheus darts without control
O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
So the ſwift dolphin flies in open view,
And gain'd new ſtrength, new ſwiftneſs as ſhe flew.
Firſt by Sergeſtus' ſhip he ſhoots along,
That in the ſhelves and dang'rous ſhallows hung;
With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
And ſtrives in vain to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Next fiery Gyas he with ſhouts purſu'd,
Who, in the huge Chimæra ſtem'd the flood;

She

She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;
And ſees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he ſtrains
To paſs Cloanthus, who the laſt remains.
The doubling ſhouts inſpire him as he flies
And the long peal runs rattling round the ſkies:
Theſe, fluſh'd with pride, would caſt their lives away,
Ere they reſign the glories of the day:
Thoſe, by ſucceſs, in ſtrength and ſpirit riſe,
And their fierce hopes already win the prize.
Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
The ſurge, and rode the victors of the tide;
But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods:
Ye pow'rs! on whoſe wild empire I diſplay
My flying ſails, and plough the wat'ry way;
Oh! hear your ſuppliant, and my vow ſucceed;
Then on theſe ſhores a milk-white bull ſhall bleed;
And purple wine your ſilver waves ſhall ſtain,
And ſacred victims glut the greedy main.
Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,
With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.
And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
Puſh'd on the rapid galley to the land.
Swift as the hiſſing javelin cuts the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, to the port ſhe flies.
And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
Cloanthus victor, to the ſhouting crowd.
The mighty prince himſelf, with verdant boughs
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.

Three ſteers, and one large talent are beſtow'd
On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.
But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
The generous chief diſtinguiſh'd honours gave.
A robe the victor ſhar'd, where purple plays,
Mixt with rich gold, in every ſhining maze.
There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
O'er hills and foreſts hunts the bounding hart;
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold!
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
From tow'ring Ida ſhoots the bird of Jove,
And bears him ſtruggling through the clouds above;
With out-ſtretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry
And the loud hounds ſpring furious at the ſky.
On Mneſtheus next, the chief who bore away
The ſecond glorious honours of the day,
A ſhining mail the generous prince beſtows,
That, rich with claſps of gold, refulgent glows,
Who ſtript Demoleus of the coſtly load
In Trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood:
Two labouring ſervants, with united toil [ſpoil:
And ſtrength conjoin'd, ſcarce heav'd th' enormous
Yet in theſe arms of old, with matchleſs might,
The ſwift Demoleus chac'd his foes in fight.
This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,
A ſure defence and ornament in war.
The next rich preſents mighty Gyas grace,
Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent braſs;
Two ſilver goblets, wrought with art divine,
That rough, and bright with ſculptur'd figures ſhine.

Proud

Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
And purple fillets glitter on their head.
When, from the rock ſcarce diſengaged with pain,
Sergeſtus brings his ſhatter'd ſhip again.
One ſide all maim'd, ſhe ſlowly moves along,
Spoil'd of her oars amid the hooting throng;
As when a ling'ring ſnake the ſerpent feels,
Obliquely cruſh'd beneath the brazen wheels,
Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel ſwain
With ſome huge ſtone, writhes with the ſhooting pain,
And rolls and twiſts her ſcaly folds in vain.
Above, all fierce her glittering volumes riſe,
Flames in her creſt, and lightning in her eyes;
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound,
Her train unfolded drags along the ground.
So maim'd and ſlow the ſhatter'd gally paſt,
But aided by her ſails ſhe reach'd the port at laſt.
Pleas'd with the veſſel and the crew reſtor'd,
The generous prince rewards their hapleſs lord.
The promis'd preſent to the chief he gave;
Pholoe, the beauteous female Cretan ſlave,
In works of art ſuperior to the reſt,
And proud of two fair infants at the breaſt.
This conteſt o'er; with thouſands in his train,
Mov'd the great hero to a ſpacious plain.
High hills the verdant theatre ſurround;
And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,
And took his ſylvan throne in open view.

Here coſtly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace
The ſprightly youths that urge the rapid race.
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;
And firſt Euryalus and Niſus ſtand;
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy;
This, for chaſte friendſhip to the beauteous boy.
Next to the conteſt, warm with hopes of fame,
Of Priam's royal race, Diores came,
Salius and Patron then in order paſt;
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd.
Brave Helymus and Panopes ſucceed;
Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;
Who with Aceſtes drove the ſavage race
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chace.
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame,
Advance in crowds to ſhare the glorious game.
High in the midſt Æneas rear'd his head,
And oh! attend, ye generous youths, (he ſaid;)
Of all who try the fortune of the day,
Not one ſhall go without a gift away.
With two bright Cretan lances, each ſhall ſhare
An ax with ſilver grav'd, to ſhine in war.
Diſtinguiſh'd gifts and olive wreaths ſhall grace
The three triumphant victors of the race.
On the firſt youth a courſer I beſtow,
Whoſe trappings rich with gold and purple glow:
The next a quiver charg'd with ſhafts ſhall claim,
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame;
Claſp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold.

On the proud youth this gift ſhall be conferr'd:
And this fair Argive helm ſhall grace the third.
This ſaid, they took their place; the trumpet blew;
And all impetuous from the barrier flew:
Fierce as a tempeſt, o'er the plain they paſt
From the firſt ſpace, and gain upon the laſt.
Firſt Niſus ſprung, and left the crowd behind,
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Young Salius ſkim'd along the level green.
Euryalus, the third, ſcarce touch'd the plain;
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;
But, hovering o'er him, runs Diores nigh;
Now ſide by ſide, and foot by foot they fly.
The youth had conquer'd in a longer way,
Or undecided left the honours of the day.
And now they juſt approach'd with rapid pace,
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,
When Niſus fell amid the ſlippery plain,
Drench with the copious blood of victims ſlain.
His feet no more the ſhouting victor held;
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.
Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
And every limb was ſtain'd with ſacred gore.
Yet, as he weltered on the ground, he ſtrove
To ſhew Euryalus his ardent love.
For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
Before his rival Salius, as he flew:
He fell, and on the ground extended lay;
Thus favour'd by his friend, ſprung ſwift away
The young Euryalus, and won the day.

At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.
Next Helymus, and next Diores came
With eager ardor, now the third in fame.
Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
By turns to every hoary judge applies,
Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize.
But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,
Plead for the boy, the victor of the race.
Diores too, before the partial crowd,
Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain
The first proud honours, to the third in vain.
Thus then the prince—In order shall we pay
To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
One proof of pity to a hapless friend:
This said, on Salius generous be bestow'd
A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load!)
With martial pride his shoulders to infold;
Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd in gold.
When Nisus thus,—If such high presents grace
Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,
What gift shall I receive, who bore away,
And still had held the honours of the day,
Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,
Befall'n unhappy Nisus, as he flew?
Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd:
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,

And

And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
With art divine by Didymaon wrought;
Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
Now the bright preſent loads the favour'd boy.
Theſe gifts beſtow'd; the hero cries aloud,
Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;
Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.
Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
A bull, to grace the victor of the day.
Next, to relieve the loſer's ſhame and pain,
Caſt a rich ſword and helmet on the plain.
Strait with a ſhout, ſupremely tall and ſtrong,
Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;
The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withſtand
The fierce tempeſtuous ſway of Paris' hand,
Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchleſs might
At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;
(Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian ſtrain,)
And ſtretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain.
Thus, glorying in his ſtrength, in open view
His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny ſhoulders bare,
And dealt his whiſtling blows in empty air.
His match was fought; through all a terror ran;
All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.
Deſpair, he thought, had ſeiz'd the circling bands;
And now before the prince the champion ſtands;
Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,
And in proud triumph to the hero ſpoke:

Since

Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,
Why for his coward foe muſt Dares ſtay?
Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away.
The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
And for the youth demand the promis'd prize.
Then to Entellus old Aceſtes ſaid,
Who ſate beſide him on the flow'ry bed;
Entellus!—once the braveſt on the plain,
But ah! the braveſt, and the beſt in vain!
With ſuch tame patience can my friend ſurvey
This prize, without a conteſt, borne away?
Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;
The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game,
The ſpoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame?
I am not dead, replies the chief, to praiſe,
Nor yield to fear, but ſink by length of days.
My nerves unſtrung, my ſtrength no more remains,
And age creeps ſhiv'ring through my icy veins.
Had I that vigour ſtill, my youth could boaſt,
Or yon' vain champion vaunts to all the hoſt,
Soon ſhould this arm that inſolence chaſtize,
For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.
Ev'n now I ſcorn the combat to decline;
The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!
This ſaid; amid the ring, in open view,
Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:
Theſe grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,
And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:
Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge diſpread,
Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead.

The

The hoſt ſtood all aſtoniſh'd at the fight,
But Dares moſt, who now refus'd the fight:
The hero turns the folds, in wonder ſtands,
And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.
How had you wonder'd, the bold champion ſaid,
Had you the huge Herculean arms ſurvey'd?
Had you thoſe pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
And the ſtern combat, on this fatal field?
Theſe, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
Lo! you behold 'em ſtill diſtain'd with gore.
With theſe Alcides' force he long ſuſtain'd,
And theſe I brandiſh'd, while my ſtrength remain'd,
Ere the cold hand of envious age had ſhed
Theſe marks of winter on my hoary head.
Yet, if your champion trembles at the fight,
Nor dares to meet theſe gauntlets in the fight;
If ſo Æneas and the king incline;
Lo! to his fears theſe weapons I reſign:
With equal arms the combat we will try;
And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by.
This ſaid, the hero ſtrait his robe unbound,
And caſt the double garment on the ground;
Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the ſands,
Dreadful to view, the hoary champion ſtands.
Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around:
Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
Rear'd high in air, and roſe to every blow;
And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
Withdraw their heads from each tempeſtuous ſtroke.

This on his youth and active ſpeed relies,
That on his bulk and tall gigantic ſize:
But each vaſt limb moves ſtiff and ſlow with age;
And thick ſhort pantings ſhake the lab'ring ſage.
Each, but in vain, a thouſand ſtrokes beſtows;
Their ſides and breaſts re-echo to the blows.
With ſwift repeated wounds their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws reſound:
Unmov'd Entellus, with a ſtedfaſt look
And watchful eye, avoids the furious ſtroke.
The youth inveſts his foe with all his pow'r,
As ſome brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
And plants his engines round th' embattled walls;
On every ſide with fruitleſs ſkill and pain,
Eager he tries a paſs or poſt to gain,
And ſtorms the rocky battlements in vain.
And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
With his huge hand, high brandiſh'd for the ſtroke;
The youth obſerv'd the long-deſcending blow,
And leaps aſide, and diſappoints the foe:
The ſtroke was ſpent in air; with dreadful ſound
Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,
From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow.
At once the Trojans and Sicilians riſe,
And with divided clamours rend the ſkies.
And firſt Aceſtes, touch'd with pity, ran
To raiſe his friend and old compeer again.

Swift

Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might
Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight;
Improv'd in ſpirit, to the combat came,
While conſcious valour ſets his ſoul on flame,
Stung with diſgrace, and more enrag'd with ſhame.
Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe,
And roſe in ſtrength and wrath at every blow.
Now a thick ſtorm of ſtrokes around him flies,
Thick as the hail comes rattling from the ſkies;
With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,
And turn'd his giddy foe on every ſide.
Then flew the good Æneas, to aſſwage
The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage:
From death he ſnatch'd the champion, and began
To ſoothe the ſorrows of the vanquiſh'd man:
What madneſs, hapleſs Dares, has poſſeſt
Thy thoughtleſs mind, and fir'd thy daring breaſt?
Thy rival ſee, ſuſtain'd by pow'r divine,
By other ſtrength, and mightier force than thine!
Ceaſe then, and give the vain contention o'er;
Ceaſe, and oppoſe the hand of heaven no more!
The youth now drags his trembling legs along;
His looſe head tott'ring o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Giddy with pain; he now ejects the blood,
His looſen'd teeth come mingled in the flood:
While in their arms his ſad aſſociates bore
The batter'd champion groaning to the ſhore,
The dear-bought ſword and helmet brought away,
And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,
And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries;
Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,
What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine;
From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,
Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.
With that the chief, collected in his might,
Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;
Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,
And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull.
The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,
Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.
Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,
Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;
A nobler victim than my Trojan foe!
To younger champions now the game I yield; [field.
Here hang my conquering arms; and here renounce the
Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,
Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.
Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd
Sublime in air Sergestus' lofty mast;
Around the tapering top a dove they tye,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
Hither to try their skill the warriors haste;
And in a brazen helm the lots are cast.
First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,
The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.

Mnest-

Mneſtheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,
The ſecond victor in the naval race.
Then the third chance to great Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,
Whoſe hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
To break the truce againſt the Grecian foe.
Laſt in the helm remain'd Aceſtes' name;
Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game.
Then every chief, with all his ſtrength and art,
Bent the tough bow, and choſe the feather'd dart.
Through yielding air firſt vaniſh'd with a ſpring
Hippocoon's arrow from the ſounding ſtring:
Full in the maſt, impell'd with vigour ſtood
The forceful ſhaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
The dove affrighted, ſtretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
And with applauſe the vales and mountains ring.
Then Mneſtheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye;
Nor through the mark the luckleſs arrow drove,
But cut the ſtring that ty'd the trembling dove.
Swift through the clouds the bird unſhackled flies,
And ſpreads her wings at freedom in the ſkies.
Already had Eurytion bent his bow,
And to his brother god addreſs'd his vow:
The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he ſlew,
And the ſwift ſhaft transfix'd her as ſhe flew.
High in the ſkies ſhe feels the deadly wound,
And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground.
And now, all hopes expir'd, the conqueſt gain'd,
The venerable prince alone remain'd.

Yet

Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show
His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.
When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
A dire portentous omen in the skies.
Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,
Too late they clear the dread event in vain!
For, flying through the clouds in open view,
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew;
Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind:
So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,
And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.
Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood;
And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.
The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,
Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke:
Father! accept the prize; the will divine
Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign,
Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.
Accept this goblet, which my sire of old
Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;
Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love.
Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.
Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;
Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd;
And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.

Now

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,
The hoary guardian of his royal ſon,
And gently whiſpers in his faithful ear,
To bid Aſcanius in his arms appear,
And with his youthful band and courſer come,
To pay due honours at his grandſire's tomb.
Next he commands the huge aſſembled train
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.
Strait on their bridled ſteeds, with grace divine,
The beauteous youths before their fathers ſhine.
The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
And gaze with wonder as they march along.
Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
Two glitt'ring lances tipt with ſteel they bore:
Theſe a light quiver ſtor'd with ſhafts ſuſtain,
And from their neck depends a golden chain.
On bounding ſteeds advance three graceful bands,
And each a little blooming chief commands.
Beneath each chief twelve ſprightly ſtriplings came,
In ſhining arms, in looks and age the ſame.
Grac'd with his grandſire's name, Polites' ſon,
Young Priam, leads the firſt gay ſquadron on;
A youth, whoſe progeny muſt Latium grace:
He preſs'd a dappled ſteed of Thracian race:
Before, white ſpots on either foot appear,
And on his forehead blaz'd a ſilver ſtar.
Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
Atys the ſource of the great Attian line:
Iülus' friendſhip grac'd the lovely boy:
And laſt Iülus came, the pride of Troy,

In charms, ſuperior to the blooming train;
And ſpurr'd his Tyrian courſer to the plain;
Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
A laſting pledge, memorial of her love.
Th' inferior boys on beauteous courſers ride,
From great Aceſtes' royal ſtalls ſupply'd.
Now fluſh'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,
Before the ſhouting crowds, the youths appear;
The ſhouting crowds admire their charms, and trace
Their parents lines in every lovely face.
Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
The boys, in all their military pride.
Till Periphantes' ſounding laſh from far
Gave the loud ſignal of the mimic war;
Strait, in three bands diſtinct, they break away,
Divide in order, and their ranks diſplay:
Swift at the ſummons they return, and throw
At once their hoſtile lances at the foe:
Then take a new excurſion on the plain;
Round within round, an endleſs courſe maintain;
And now advance, and now retreat again;
With well-diſſembled rage their rivals dare,
And pleaſe the crowd with images of war.
Alternate now they turn their backs in flight,
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight:
Then in a moment from the combat ceaſe,
Rejoin their ſcatter'd bands, and move in peace.
So winds deluſive, in a thouſand ways
Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze;

Round

Round within round, the blind mæanders run,
Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
The ſkilful youths, in ſport, alternate ply
Their ſhifting courſe; by turns they fight and fly:
As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way,
And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.
This ſport Aſcanius, when in mighty length
He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her ſtrength,
Taught the firſt fathers of the Latian name,
As now he ſolemniz'd the noble game.
From their ſucceſſive Alban offspring come
Theſe ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome;
Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy
Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.
Thus were the ſolemn funeral honours paid
To great Anchiſes' venerable ſhade.
But ſoon the prince his changing fortune found,
And in her turn the fickle goddeſs frown'd.
For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
Heav'n's mighty empreſs, to the Trojan fleet,
(Her ancient rage ſtill glowing in her ſoul)
Diſpatch'd fair Iris from the ſtarry pole.
Big with revengeful ſchemes, herſelf ſupplies
The rapid ſtorm that bears her down the ſkies.
Unſeen, the maid a thouſand colours drew,
As down her bow, with winged ſpeed, ſhe flew:
And ſaw around the tomb th' aſſembly meet,
The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.
Mean time, re ir'd within the lonely ſhore,
Anchiſes' fate the Trojan dames deplore;

Caſt a long look o'er all the flood, and weep
To ſee the wide-extended wat'ry deep:
Yet, muſt we yet, alas! new labours try,
More ſeas, more oceans? was the general cry.
Oh! grant a town at laſt, ye gracious gods!
To wretches harraſs'd with the winds and floods.
'Twas then, their raging ſorrow to improve,
Amid the train ſhot Iris from above.
Aſide her heav'nly charms the goddeſs threw,
And like old Beroë ſtood in open view;
(Doryclus' hoary ſpouſe, a noble dame,
Fam'd for her offspring, and illuſtrious name;)
And thus the goddeſs fans the riſing flame:
Ah! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall
By Grecian ſwords, beneath our native wall!
Toſt round the ſeas, o'er every region caſt,
Oh! to what fate are we reſerv'd at laſt!
Now, ſince imperial Troy in aſhes lay,
Have ſev'n ſucceſſive ſummers roll'd away.
Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly,
And ſail, by every ſtar, in every ſky.
So long we chace, o'er all the boundleſs main,
The flying coaſts of Italy in vain.
Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,
The hoſpitable king, Aceſtes reigns:
What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,
To raiſe a city in theſe friendly lands?
Ye gods preſerv'd from hoſtile flames in vain!
Shall our dear Ilion never riſe again?

A ſecond

A second Simois shall we view no more,
Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore?
Rise then, rise all; assist, ye mournful dames,
To set this execrable fleet in flames.
For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,
In visions of the night, with blazing brands:
Seek Troy no more, she said: this destin'd place
Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.
Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete;
The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet;
Lo! where to Neptune four proud altars rise!
Lo! his own fires the ready god supplies!
She said;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw;
Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.
At the bold deed, with deep surprise amaz'd,
The dames all wond'ring, on the goddess gaz'd.
At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke
The general silence, and the train bespoke:
This was no Beroë, whom he saw appear,
But some bright goddess from th' æthereal sphere.
Mark her majestic port! her voice divine!
O'er all her form what starry splendors shine!
She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,
Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies!
Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,
Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd.

The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,
First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld;
In choice suspended for a space they stand,
Between the promis'd and the present land:

When, ſmooth on levell'd wings, the goddeſs flies,
And cuts a mighty bow along the ſkies.
Struck at the wond'rous ſight, the ſhrieking dames,
From the bright altars ſnatch the ſacred flames;
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
To feed the fires; and hurl the blazing brands.
Fierce through the ſhips, the decks, the crackling oars,
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars.
And now Eumelus to the hoſt conveys
The dreadful tidings of the riſing blaze:
The crowds grow pale; they look behind and ſpy
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the ſky.
And firſt Aſcanius, as he led the band,
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the ſtrand;
Nor can his panting guardians check the ſpeed
Of the young hero, and his fiery ſteed:
Oh! what curſt rage is this, ye wretched dames?
To what dire purpoſe fly theſe fatal flames?
Behold, your own Aſcanius—you deſtroy
No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.
With that he threw his helmet on the ſhore,
In which he led his youthful bands before.
Next came Æneas, and the Trojan hoſt.
Th' affrighted dames diſperſing o'er the coaſt,
To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light:
With alter'd minds their kindred they confeſt,
And the fierce goddeſs fled from every breaſt.
Not ſo the furious flames; they ſpread the more;
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.

Cloſe

Cloſe in the cordage works the ſullen fire,
And through the ribs the heavy ſmokes expire.
Within the keel the ſubtle vapours lye;
Thence the contagious flames through all the veſſel fly.
The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitleſs pain,
And guſhing floods on floods are pour'd in vain,
The prince then tore his robes in deep deſpair,
Rais'd high his hands; and thus addreſt his pray'r;
Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan ſtate
Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
Oh! if thy ſacred eyes with wonted grace
Behold the miſerable mortal race;
Suppreſs theſe fires; forbid them to deſtroy;
And ſnatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
Or if my crimes, almighty ſire! demand
The laſt, laſt vengeance of thy dreadful hand,
On me, on me alone that vengeance ſhed,
And with thy levell'd thunders ſtrike me dead!
Scarce had he ſaid, when o'er the navy pours
A ſudden gloomy cloud in rattling ſhow'rs;
Black with the ſouthern winds the tempeſt flies,
And in a moment burſts from all the ſkies
In fluicy ſheets and deluges of rain;
And the loud thunders ſhook the mountain and the plain.
Fierce o'er the ſhips the waters took their way;
And, quench'd in floods, the hiſſing timbers lay.
Four gallies loſt; at length the flames retire,
And all the remnant fleet eſcap'd the raging fire.
Mean time the hero by the loſs oppreſt,
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breaſt,

If ſtill to ſeek the Latian realm debates,
Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.
Then Nautes, fam'd for wiſdom and for age,
(For Pallas taught the venerable ſage,
What great events the fates and gods ordain;)
Beſpoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain.
'Tis beſt, illuſtrious hero, to obey,
And ſtill purſue where fortune leads the way;
By patience to retrieve our hapleſs ſtate,
And riſe ſuperior to the ſtrokes of fate.
Let great Aceſtes in your councils join,
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
Your veſſels loſt; thoſe numbers who remain,
A timorous, weak, unneceſſary train,
The hoary ſires and dames, unfit to bear
The perils of the ſea, or toils of war,
Select; and truſt to his paternal care.
The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
And call their city by the monarch's name.
The prince approv'd th' advice his friend addreſt,
But ſtill a thouſand cares diſtract his lab'ring breaſt.
Now o'er the ſolemn ſkies devoid of light,
High in her ſable chariot rode the night;
When to the godlike hero, from the pole
Deſcends, and ſpeaks his mighty father's ſoul:
My ſon! in all the fates of Troy approv'd,
Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
Lo! I am ſent by heav'n's almighty ſire,
Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.

The

The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,
Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way:
With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there
Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.
Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,
And meet thy father in the realms below;
For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell
In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,
But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,
In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.
But thou the blood of sable victims shed;
Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead.
There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,
With the long glories of thy future line.
And now, farewell;—the night slides swift away
I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
And shrink and sicken at the beams of day.
He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.

Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou gone?
Why, why retires my father from his son?
What! not one last embrace? the prince exclaims:
Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;
And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,
With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.
Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays,
But chief the vision to the king displays;
Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,
His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.

His

His friends approve the hero's new deſigns,
And in the taſk the good Aceſtes joins.
To the new town the matrons they aſſign'd,
And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
Souls, that no hopes of future praiſe inflame,
Cold and inſenſible to glorious fame.
With ſpeed the half-burn'd veſſels they repair,
Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care;
A ſlender band, but eager all for war.
The prince then drew a city on the plain;
Next he aſſign'd the dwellings to the train.
Now a new Ilion in Trinacria roſe,
And a new Simois and Scamander flows.
Well-pleas'd Aceſtes took the ſov'reign ſway;
Th' adopted ſubjects their new prince obey.
The king conven'd the peers around, and ſate
To frame new laws, and regulate the ſtate.
To Venus' name they bid a temple riſe
From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the ſkies:
And next a prieſt and ample grove were made,
For ever ſacred to Anchiſes' ſhade.
Now nine whole days in ſolemn feaſts had paſt;
When gentle breezes ſmooth'd the floods at laſt:
The ſouthern winds invite their ſails and oars;
Then cries and ſhrieks reſound along the ſhores.
In long, long tenderneſs they ſpend the day,
In cloſe embraces waſte the night away.
Now all the wretches, e'en the female train
Who fear'd ſo late the dangers of the main,

And

And ſhrunk, the rolling ocean to ſurvey,
All wiſh to take the long laborious way.
The melting hero ſoothes the wild deſpair,
And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care.
Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
A lamb to every ſtorm the hero ſlays,
Unmoors his fleet, and every ſail diſplays.
Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he ſtands
High on the prow; a charger in his hands;
Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
And ſtains the ſilver waves with ſable wine.
Freſh riſe the proſp'rous gales; the ſailors ſweep,
And daſh with equal ſtrokes the roaring deep.
Mean time the queen of love with cares oppreſt,
The mighty father of the floods addreſt:
Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
To the poor relicks of the Trojan ſtate,
(Which no decrees of Jove or fate reſtrain,
Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain)
Compels a ſiſter goddeſs to repair,
To thee, great Neptune, with a ſuppliant's prayer.
For rage like her's, 'twas little to deſtroy,
Fair Aſia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know
All forms and all varieties of woe!
But oh! her groundleſs vengeance would efface,
Ev'n the laſt relicks of the periſh'd race!
Thou, thou canſt witneſs, ocean's mighty god!
With what dire ſtorms ſhe laſh'd the Libyan flood;

When,

When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,
Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main,
And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign.
Yet, still more shameful!—now her arts inspire
The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire;
And urge my son, to leave his social band
(His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.
But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;
A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more
Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!
'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,
Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;
Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
Since your deserts your confidence may claim;
Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,
By land my guardian care was still the same.
When first Achilles, furious to destroy,
Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
When the choak'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,
Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main;
Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
And far inferior gods, in single fight:
Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.

Ev'n

Ev'n then I ſav'd the warrior, when with joy
I wiſh'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:
And ſtill will ſave him—he ſhall plough the ſea,
And to Avernus' port direct his way.
On the wild floods ſhall only one be loſt,
One ſingle wretch atone for all the hoſt!

Thus when the god had ſooth'd her anxious mind,
His finny courſers to the car he join'd;
Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,
And, while the wheels along the level glide,
He throws up all the reins, and ſkims the floating tide.
The flood ſubſides and ſpreads a glaſſy plain,
And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;
The clouds before the mighty monarch fly
In heaps, and ſcatter through the boundleſs ſky:
A thouſand forms attend the glorious god,
Enormous whales, and monſters of the flood:
Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
Here the ſwift tritons ſhoot along the tides;
There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.

Æneas view'd the ſcene; and hence aroſe
A beam of joy to diſſipate his woes.
Inſtant he gives command to ſtretch the ſails,
To rear the maſt and catch the ſpringing gales.
Strait the glad train the ſpacious ſheet unbind,
And ſtretch the canvas to the driving wind.
Old Palinurus firſt the navy guides;
The reſt obedient follow through the tides.

Now

Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away,
The ſailors ſtretch'd along their benches lay,
When through the parting vapour ſwiftly flies
The god of ſlumbers from th' ethereal ſkies.
To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and ſhed
A fatal ſleep on thy devoted head!
High on the ſtern his ſilent ſtand he took
In Phorbas' ſhape; and thus the phantom ſpoke:
Behold, the fleet, my friend, ſecurely ſails,
Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales!
Now ſteal a moment's reſt; myſelf will guide
Awhile the veſſel o'er the floating tide.
To whom the careful Palinure replies,
While ſcarce he rais'd his heavy cloſing eyes:
Me would'ſt thou urge in ſleep to ſink away,
And fondly credit ſuch a ſtatt'ring ſea?
Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main!
Too well to tempt the monſter's ſmiles again!
Too oft deceiv'd by ſuch a calm before,
I truſt my maſter to the winds no more.
This ſaid, he graſp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes
On every guiding ſtar that gilds the ſkies.
Then o'er his temples ſhook the wrathful god
A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's ſilent flood.
The potent charm in dews of ſlumber ſteep,
And ſoon weigh down his ſwimming eyes to ſleep.
Scarce yet his languid limbs had ſunk away,
When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
And, with a ſhatter'd fragment of the ſhip,
Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;

Head-

Headlong he tumbles in the flaſhing main,
And calls for ſuccour to his friends in vain.
Swift from the ſtern the airy phantom flies,
And with ſpread pinions mounts the golden ſkies;
Yet ſmooth along the flood the navy rode,
Safe in the promiſe of the wat'ry god.
Now they approach'd the ſiren's dangerous coaſt,
Once rough, and infamous for veſſels loſt:
Huge heaps of bones ſtill whiten all the ſhore;
And, daſh'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.
The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found,
Without a pilot ſtrike on ſhoaly ground;
Himſelf then took the taſk, by night to guide
The wand'ring veſſel o'er the rolling tide:
O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)
For faith repos'd on flattering ſeas and ſkies,
Caſt on a foreign ſhore thy naked body lies!

End of the Fifth Book.

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he ſhould meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell, deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes, who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and the tranſmigration; and ſhews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK VI.

THUS while he wept; with flying sails and oars
The navy reach'd the fair Cumæan shores.
The circling anchors here the fleet detain,
All rang'd beside the margin of the main.
With eager transport fir'd, the Trojan band
Leap from the ships to gain th' Hesperian land.
Some strike from flints the sparkling seeds of flame,
Some storm the coverts of the savage game;
To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,
And shew with joy the new-discover'd floods.
To Phœbus' fane the hero past along,
And those dark caverns where the Sibyl sung.
There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she sate,
And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.
The train with reverence enter, and behold
Chaste Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;
A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)
When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,
On wings to Northern climes he dar'd to soar,
Through airy ways unknown to man before;
Full many a length of sky and ocean past,
On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.

Then hung to Phœbus in the ſtrange abode,
The wings that ſteer'd him through the liquid road,
And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god.
The matchleſs artiſt, on the lofty gate,
Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:
And here by lot ſad Athens early paid
Sev'n hapleſs youths, to ſoothe his angry ſhade.
Here ſtood the fatal urn; and there with pride
Fair Crete roſe tow'ring on the ſilver tide.
There too the father of the herds was ſeen,
Who quench'd the paſſion of the luſtful queen;
Their birth, a man below, a beaſt above,
The mingled offspring of prepoſt'rous love!
There ſtood the winding pile, whoſe mazes run
Round within round, and end where they begun.
But when the pitying Dædalus ſurvey'd
The hopeleſs paſſion of the * royal maid,
He led her Theſeus through the puzzling ways,
Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
Thou too, poor Icarus! hadſt borne a part,
Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!
He thrice eſſay'd the mournful taſk in vain;
Thrice ſhook his hand, and drop'd the taſk again.
Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the coſtly frame,
When lo! Achates from the temple came;
With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane
The ſacred prieſteſs—who at once began:——
Hence gaze no more; ſev'n choſen ſheep with ſpeed,
Sev'n ſteers, unconſcious of the yoke, muſt bleed.

* Ariadne.

She

She ſpoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane
Sublime, ſhe calls the wand'ring Trojan train.
Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty depth diſplay'd,
Lies the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid;
Through all the hundred portals ruſh abroad
Her ſacred voice, and anſwers of the god.
Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the ſkies,
I feel the god, the ruſhing god! ſhe cries.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, enlarg'd her features grew,
Her colour chang'd, her locks diſhevel'd flew,
The heav'nly tumult reigns in every part,
Pants in her breaſt, and ſwells her riſing heart:
Still ſpreading to the ſight, the prieſteſs glow'd,
And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god.
Then to her inmoſt ſoul by Phœbus fir'd,
In more than human ſounds ſhe ſpoke inſpir'd:
Still, doſt thou ſtill delay? thy voice employ
In ardent vows, illuſtrious prince of Troy!
Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs muſt wide diſplay
Theſe aweful portals to the light of day.
She ſaid; the Trojans ſhook with holy fear,
And thus the ſuppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r:
Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whoſe aid divine
So oft has ſav'd the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the ſhaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The ſhaft that laid the great Achilles low.
Led by thy guardian care, ſecure I paſt
Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry waſte;
Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie,
And lands that ſtretch beneath a different ſky.

At length the coaſt of Italy we gain,
The flying coaſt, ſo long purſu'd in vain.
Till now, to every realm our courſe we bent,
And Ilion's fate purſu'd us where we went.
Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to deſtroy
The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,
'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance ceaſe,
To bid her poor remains repoſe in peace.
And thou, great Sybil! to whoſe piercing eye
Diſcles'd the ſcenes of future ages lie;
Since all my cares and labours but explore
An empire promis'd by the Fates before,
Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
The ſons of Troy, and reſt her wand'ring gods:
Then ſhall my hands a glorious temple frame
To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;
And ſolemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
And in my realms ſhall temples riſe to thee;
There all thy myſtic numbers will I place,
With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.
By choſen ſages guarded, there ſhall lie
The records, ſacred from the vulgar eye.
Nor be my fates to flitting leaves conſign'd,
To fly the common ſport of every wind!
But thou, even thou, great propheteſs! relate
In vocal accents all my future fate.

Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppreſt
By Phœbus raging in her heaving breaſt;
She ſtruggles to diſcharge the mighty load,
Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:

Her

Her foamy mouth attentive to control,
He forms her organs and commands her ſoul.
Then (all the hundred doors diſplay'd to view)
Through every vent the ſacred accents flew:
By ſea, O prince! are all thy perils o'er,
But far, far greater wait thee on the ſhore.
Diſmiſs thy doubts; to Latium's deſtin'd plain
Troy's ſons ſhall come, but wiſh to fly again.
Wars, horrid wars I ſee on Tyber's ſhore;
And all his waves run thick with human gore!
Scamander ſhalt thou find, and Simois there,
And Greece ſhall arm a ſecond hoſt for war.
A new Achilles riſes to the fight;
Him too a pregnant goddeſs brings to light:
And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,
Still, as of old, purſues the Dardan ſtate.
Once more the woes of Troy derive their cauſe
From a new breach of hoſpitable laws;
And ſhe muſt bleed again as late ſhe bled,
For a rap'd princeſs and a foreign bed.
How ſhalt thou rove, new ſuccours to implore,
From every court along the Latian ſhore!
But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppoſe,
Advance, great prince, ſuperior to thy woes:
Thy firſt fair hopes of ſafety and ſucceſs,
Beyond thy fondeſt wiſh, ſhall riſe from Greece.
Thus ſpoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
The dread myſterious anſwers of the god;
The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave,
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.

Apollo ſhook his rod; poſſeſt her whole,
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging ſoul.
At length the fierce ethereal tranſport ceaſe,
And all the heavenly fury ſunk in peace.

When thus the chief—O ſacred dame! I know
Too well already my predeſtin'd woe;
But grant my pray'r!—Since here, as Fame relates,
Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates;
Where baleful Acheron ſpreads, far and wide,
His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide;
Unfold theſe portals, and thy ſuppliant lead
Down to the dark dominions of the dead:
Give me to view my father's reverend face,
And ruſh with tranſport to his dear embrace!
Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
While javelins hiſs'd, and flames around me play'd.
He ſhar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
The ſtorms of every ſea and every ſky;
In hardſhips, cares and dangers to engage;
Nor ſpar'd his ſtooping venerable age.
Yet more—he bade me to thy cell repair,
And ſeek thy potent aid with ſuppliant pray'r:
Oh! hear our joint requeſt, our juſt deſire;
And guide the ſon, in pity to the ſire.
Your's is the pow'r, for Hecaté beſtow'd
On you the rule of this infernal wood.
If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting ſtrain
Could call his conſort from the ſhades again;
If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey
His ranſom'd brother to the realms of day,
And trod ſo oft the ſame infernal way?

Why

Why ſhould I Theſeus, why Alcides name,
Each hero ſprung but from a mortal dame?
To hell thoſe chiefs deſcended from above:
I claim a juſter right; for I can prove
My birth from Venus; my deſcent from Jove.
Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd
And graſp'd the altars, ſpoke the ſacred maid:
O glorious prince! of brave Anchiſes' line,
Great, godlike hero, ſprung from ſeed divine!
Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy ſhade;
And hell's black gates for ever ſtand diſplay'd:
But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,
To climb to theſe ethereal realms again.
The choice ſelected few, whom fav'ring Jove,
Or their own virtue rais'd to heaven above,
From theſe dark realms emerg'd again to day;
The mighty ſons of gods! and only they!
The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,
Inclos'd with ſad Cocytus' ſullen floods.
But ſince you long to paſs the realms beneath,
The dreadful realms of darkneſs and of death,
Twice the dire Stygian ſtream to meaſure o'er,
And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore:
Firſt, take my counſel, then ſecurely go,
A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,
Grows in a vale, ſurrounded with a grove,
And ſacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.
Her nether world no mortals can behold,
Till from the bole they ſtrip the blooming gold.

The

The mighty queen requires this gift alone,
And claims the ſhining wonder for her own.
One pluck'd away, a ſecond branch you ſee
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree.
Go then; with care erect thy ſearching eyes,
And in proud triumph ſeize the glorious prize.
Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,
Free to thy touch ſhall bend the coſtly bough:
If not; the tree will mortal ſtrength diſdain;
And ſteel ſhall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
Beſides, while here my counſel you implore,
Your breathleſs friend, unburied on the ſhore,
(Ah! hapleſs warrior! in thy abſence loſt)
The camp unhallows, and pollutes the hoſt.
Firſt let his cold remains in earth be laid,
And decent in the grave diſpoſe the dead.
The due luſtration next perform, and bring
The ſable victims for the Stygian king.
Then to the realms of hell ſhalt thou repair,
Untrod by thoſe who breathe the vital air.
She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with ſighs:
On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
The dire event, and all the Sibyl ſaid;
While at his ſide the good Achates ſhares
The warrior's anguiſh, and divides his cares.
Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapleſs friend
Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend,
But when arriv'd, amid the crowded ſtrand
They ſaw Miſenus ſtretch'd along the ſand;

The

The great Miſenus, of celeſtial kind
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;
Whoſe trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
Th' embattled hoſts, and blew the flames of war.
By Hector's ſide with unreſiſted might
His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.
But when that hero on the Phrygian plain
By ſtern Pelides' thund'ring arm was ſlain,
He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring ſword,
As brave a warrior as his former lord.
But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,
With envy Triton hear'd the noble ſtrain,
And whelm'd the bold muſician in the main.
Around the body ſtood the mournful hoſt,
By his great maſter wept, and ſuffer'd moſt.
The ſorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
And to the lofty foreſt bend their way,
To bid the proud funereal pyre ariſe,
And build the ſolemn ſtructure to the ſkies.
Then fled the ſavage from his dark abode;
The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.
The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;
Loud groan the trees and ſink at every ſtroke.
The tall aſh tumbles from the mountain's crown;
Th' aërial elms come crashing headlong down.
Firſt of the train, the prince, with thund'ring ſound,
Whirl'd his huge axe, and ſpread the ruin round.
Then as the mighty foreſt he ſurvey'd,
O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:

Oh!

Oh! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!
Since truth inſpir'd each word the Sibyl ſaid;
Too truly ſhe pronounc'd Miſenus dead!
While yet he ſpoke, two doves before him flew:
His mother's birds the chief with tranſport knew;
Then, as they ſettled on the verdant plain,
The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
Be you my guides through airy tracks above,
And lead my footſteps to the fatal grove;
Point out the road (if any can be found,)
Where the rich bough o'erſpreads the ſacred ground,
With chequer'd darkneſs pierc'd by golden rays,
And darts at once a ſhadow and a blaze:
Thou too, O goddeſs mother! lead me on,
Unfold theſe wonders, and relieve my ſon.
This ſaid, he ſtop'd; but ſtill his eager ſight
Watch'd every motion, and obſerv'd their flight.
By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly;
Th' advancing chief ſtill follows with his eye.
Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the ſkies,
Blue clouds of poiſon from Avernus riſe,
Swift from the deathful blaſt at once they ſpring,
Cut the light air, and ſhoot upon the wing;
Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
Where ſhines the fatal bough divinely bright,
That, gliding all the leaves with glancing beams,
Strikes through the ſullen ſhade with golden gleams:
As when bleak winter binds the frozen ſkies,
Puſh'd from the oak her foreign honours riſe;

The

The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own:
So with bright beams, all beauteous to beho'd,
Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold;
The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.
The chief with transport stripp'd the branching ore,
And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.

Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid
The last sad honours to Misenus' shade:
With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
A stately solemn pile aloft in air.
With sable wreaths they deck the sides around,
The spreading front with baleful cypress bound,
And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.
Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming stream
From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.
With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,
O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread,
And place him decent on the funeral bed;
While these support the bier, and in their hands,
With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:
The rite of old!—rich incense loads the pyre,
And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire.
Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,
With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er;
Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place
The bones selected in a brazen vase:
A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;

Slow

Slow as he paſt, the luſtral waters ſhed,
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.
This done; to ſolemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
The tow'ring top his well-known enſigns bore,
His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:
Beneath the mountain roſe the mighty frame,
That bears from age to age Miſenus' name.
Theſe rites diſcharg'd: the Sibyl to obey,
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.
Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to ſight;
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with ſable floods,
And the brown horrors of ſurrounding woods.
From its black jaws ſuch baleful vapours riſe,
Blot the bright day, and blaſt the golden ſkies,
That not a bird can ſtretch her pinions there
Through the thick poiſons and incumber'd air,
But ſtruck by death her flagging pinions ceaſe;
And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.
Hither the prieſteſs four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine ſhe ſhed;
From their high front the topmoſt hairs ſhe drew,
And in the flames the firſt oblations threw.
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and ſtood
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.
To earth and night a lamb of ſable hue,
With ſolemn rites, the pious hero ſlew.

Next by the knife a barren heifer fell
To great Perſephone the queen of hell.
Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid
A large oblation in the gloomy ſhade;
And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,
While ſlaughter'd bulls the ſacred flames devour'd.
When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful ſound,
Beneath their footſteps groans the heaving ground;
The groves all wave; the foreſts tremble round.
Pale Hecate forſook the nether ſky,
And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddeſs nigh.
Fly, ye prophane! far, far away, remove
(Exclaims the Sybil) from the ſacred grove:
And thou, Æneas, draw thy ſhining ſteel,
And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.
To the great task thy ſtrength and courage call,
With all thy pow'rs; this inſtant claim them all.
This ſaid; ſhe plunges down the deep deſcent;
The prince as boldly follow'd where ſhe went.
Ye ſubterraneous gods! whoſe aweful ſway
The gliding ghoſts and ſilent ſhades obey;
O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!
Whoſe ſolemn empire ſtretches wide around;
Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell
Of ſcenes, and wonders in the depths of hell;
Give me your mighty ſecrets to diſplay
From thoſe black realms of darkneſs to the day.
Now through the diſmal gloom they paſs, and tread
Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead;

As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,
(The moon ſcarce glimmering thro' the duſky grove)
When Jove from mortal eyes has ſnatch'd the light,
And wrapt the world in undiſtinguiſh'd night.
At hell's dread mouth a thouſand monſters wait;
Grief ſweeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate:
Baſe Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawleſs rage,
And pale Diſeaſe, and ſlow repining Age,
Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;
With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.
There, Joys, embitter'd with remorſe appear;
Daughters of Guilt! here ſtorms deſtructive War.
Mad Diſcord there her ſnaky treſſes tore:
Here, ſtretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.
Full in the midſt a ſpreading elm diſplay'd
His aged arms, and caſt a mighty ſhade,
Each trembling leaf with ſome light viſion teems,
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.
With double forms each Scylla took her place
In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race;
And, cloſe by Lerna's hiſſing monſter, ſtands
Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.
There ſtern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,
Fierce Harpies ſcream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd:
Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire;
And the huge fiend was wrap'd in ſmoke and fire.
Scar'd at the ſight, his ſword the hero drew
At the grim monſters, as they roſe to view.
His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war
With thin light forms, and images of air;

Elſe

Elſe had he ruſh'd amid th' impaſſive train,
And madly ſtruck at empty ſhades in vain.
From hence a dark uncomfortable road
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,
Whoſe furious whirlpools boil on every ſide,
And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide
All ſtain'd with ooze, and black with riſing ſands,
Lord of the flood, imperious Charon ſtands;
But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd;
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard;
All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;
His wrathful eyeballs glare with ſanguine fire.
Though old, ſtill unimpair'd by years he ſtood,
And hoary vigour bleſt the ſurly god.
Himſelf ſtill ply'd the oars, the canvas ſpread,
And in his ſable bark convey'd the dead.
Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled hoſt,
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coaſt.
Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,
With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along;
And blooming youths before their mournful fires
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;
Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,
When cooler autumn ſtrips the blaſted grove:
Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in cloſe array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer ſuns, and more indulgent air.
All ſtretch'd their ſuppliant hands, and all implore
The firſt kind paſſage to the farther ſhore.

Now theſe, now thoſe, he ſingles from the hoſt,
And ſome he drives all trembling from the coaſt.
The prince aſtoniſh'd at the tumult, cry'd,
Why crowd ſuch mighty numbers to the tide?
Why are thoſe favour'd ghoſts tranſported o'er?
And theſe ſad ſhades chas'd backward from the ſhore?
The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;
Great prince, the true deſcendant of the ſkies!
You ſee Cocytus' ſtream; the Stygian floods,
Whoſe aweful ſanction binds th' atteſting gods.
Thoſe, who neglected on the ſtrand remain,
Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,
Charon is he, who o'er the flood preſides;
And thoſe interr'd, who croſs the Stygian tides.
No mortals paſs the hoarſe-reſounding wave,
But thoſe who ſlumber in the peaceful grave.
Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,
Around theſe ſhores the plaintive ſpectres ſtray.
That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings paſt,
They reach the long expected ſhore at laſt.

Struck with their fate, his ſteps the hero ſtay'd,
And with ſoft pity all the crowd ſurvey'd.
When lo! Leucaſpis in the throng he ſpy'd;
And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;
Sullen and ſad; for fate's relentleſs doom
Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb;
Whoſe galley, whirl'd by tempeſts round and round,
Sunk, by a mighty ſurge devour'd and drown'd.
Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,
Who watching every ſtar that gilds the ſky,

While from the Libyan ſhores his courſe he keeps,
From the tall ſtern plung'd headlong down the deeps.
Penſive his ſlow approach the ſpectre made,
When, as the prince had ſcarce his form ſurvey'd
Thro' the thick gloom, he firſt addreſs'd the ſhade:
What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,
Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide?
Tell me—for oh! I never could complain,
Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
Once he foretold—(but ah! thoſe hopes are loſt)
That Palinure ſhould reach th' Auſonian coaſt,
Safe from the giddy ſtorm and rolling flood;
Is this, is this the promiſe of a god?
Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,
Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main.
No—as I ſteer'd along the foamy ſea,
Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
But by thoſe fierce tumultuous floods I ſwear,
For my own life I never felt a fear,
For your's alone I trembled, leſt the ſhip,
Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,
Rob'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
Should ſink, o'erwhelm'd in ſuch a furious tide.
For three long ſtormy nights ſublime I rode,
Heav'd by the ſouthern tempeſts o'er the flood;
At early dawn my eyes could juſt explore,
From a tall tow'ring ſurge, th' Italian ſhore.
Thus tir'd, the land I gain by ſlow degrees,
And, 'ſcap'd at length the dangers of the ſeas;

But hopes of prey the ſavage natives led,
And, while I graſp'd the ſhaggy mountain's head,
(My cumb'rous veſts yet heavy from the main,)
By barbarous hands thy helpleſs friend was ſlain.
And now by floating ſurges am I toſt,
With every wind, and daſh'd upon the coaſt.
But by the light of yon ethereal air,
By thy dead father, and ſurviving heir,
O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;
And from theſe diſmal realms enlarge thy friend.
Or to the Veline port direct thy way,
And in the ground my breathleſs body lay:
Or, if thy goddeſs-mother can diſcloſe
Some means to fix a period to my woes,
(For ſure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,
You durſt not paſs theſe dreadful Stygian floods)
Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,
And waft him with thee to the farther ſtrand!
Thus, in this diſmal ſtate of death at leaſt
My wand'ring ſoul may lie compos'd in reſt.
And how, reply'd the dame, could riſe in man
A wiſh ſo impious; or a thought ſo vain!
Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldſt thou venture o'er,
And view th' infernal fiends who guard the ſhore?
Hope not to turn the courſe of fate by pray'r,
Or bend the gods inflexibly ſevere:
But bear thy doom content; while I diſcloſe
A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;
For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,

In

In full atonement of thy death ſhall rear
A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.
The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,
Still ſhall be known by Palinurus' name.
Theſe words reliev'd his ſorrows, and diſplay'd
A dawn of joy to pleaſe the penſive ſhade.

Now they proceed; but ſoon the pilot ſpy'd
The ſtrangers from the wood approach the tide.
Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he ſaid,
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,
Stand off; approach not; but at diſtance ſay,
Why to theſe waters dar'ſt thou bend thy way?
Theſe are the realms of Sleep, the dreadful coaſts
Of ſable Night, and airy gliding ghoſts.
No living mortals o'er the ſtream I lead;
Our bark is only ſacred to the dead.
Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,
With mighty Theſeus, to the farther ſhore;
The great Alcides paſt the Stygian floods;
Though theſe were heroes, and the ſons of gods.
From Pluto's throne, this drag'd in chains away
Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.
Thoſe from his lofty dome aſpir'd to lead
The beauteous partner of his royal bed.
To whom the ſacred dame—how vain thy fear!
Theſe arms intend no violence of war.
May the huge dog through all the Stygian coaſts,
Roar from his den, and ſcare the flying ghoſts;
Untouch'd and chaſte, Perſephoné may dwell,
And with grim Pluto ſhare the throne of hell:

The Trojan prince, Æneas, far around
For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
Through theſe infernal realms decrees to go,
And meet his father in the ſhades below.
To bend thy mind, if ſuch high virtue fail,
At leaſt this glorious preſent muſt prevail;
(Then ſhow'd the bough, that lay beneath her veſt.)
At once his riſing wrath was huſh'd to reſt;
At once ſtood reconcil'd the ruthleſs god,
And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;
Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more,
But turns the ſable veſſel to the ſhore;
Drives from the deck the flitting airy train;
Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.
The feeble veſſel groans beneath the load,
And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood.
The dame and prince at laſt are wafted o'er
Safe to the ſlimy ſtrand and oozy ſhore.

Arriv'd, they firſt grim Cerberus ſurvey;
Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monſter lay,
His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell,
And long, loud bellowings, ſhook the realms of hell:
Now o'er his neck the ſtarting ſerpents roſe,
When to the fiend the dame a morſel throws.
Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices ſteep
The temper'd maſs with all the pow'rs of ſleep.
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
The growling ſavage, and devours the prize;
Then, by the charm ſubdu'd, he ſunk away;
And ſtretch'd all o'er the cave, the ſlumb'ring monſter lay.

The

The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road,
And left behind th' irremeable flood.
Now, as they enter'd, doleful ſcreams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.
Juſt new to life, by too ſevere a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the ſilent tomb!
Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,
Who, by a partial charge and ſentence fell.
Here, by a juſter lot, their ſeats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos ſhook,
Convenes a council, bids the ſpectres plead,
Rehears the wretches, and abſolves the dead.
Then crowds ſucceed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themſelves anticipate the doom of death;
Though free from guilt, they caſt their lives away,
And ſad and ſullen hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!
In vain!—by fate for ever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound!
And Styx with nine wide channels roars around.

Next open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlaſting pains;
Thoſe ſoft conſuming flames they felt alive,
Purſue the wretches, and in death ſurvive.
Here, where the myrtle groves their ſhades diſplay,
In cover'd walks they paſs their hours away,
Evadne, Phædra, Procris he ſurvey'd,
Paſiphaë next, and Laodamia's ſhade,

Stabb'd by her ſon, falſe Eriphylé there
Points to her wound, and lays her boſom bare:
Cœneus, who try'd both ſexes, trod the plain,
Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.
With theſe, fair Dido rang'd the ſilent wood,
New from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood;
The chief, advancing through the ſhady ſcene,
Scarce through the gloom diſcern'd the ſullen queen:
So the pale moon ſcarce glimmers to the eye,
When firſt ſhe riſes in a clouded ſky.
He wept, and thus addreſt her in the grove,
With all the melting tenderneſs of love:
Then was it true, that by revengeful ſteel,
Stung with deſpair, unhappy Dido fell?
And I, was I the cauſe of that deſpair?
Yet oh! I vow by every golden ſtar;
By all the pow'rs th' ethereal regions know,
By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,
I left your realm reluctant; o'er the floods
Call'd by the Fates, and ſummon'd by the gods;
Th' immortal gods; - by whoſe commands I come
From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom:
Condemn'd the wafteful deep of night to tread,
And paſs theſe doleful regions of the dead.
Ah! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,
My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe!
Stay, Dido, ſtay, and ſee from whom you fly?
'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.
Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,
The laſt, laſt moment fate will ever give!

Nought

Nought to theſe tender words the fair replies,
But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes,
The chief ſtill weeping: with a ſullen mien,
In ſtedfaſt ſilence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.
Fixt as a rock amidſt the roaring main,
She hears him ſigh, implore, and plead in vain.
Then, where the woods their thickeſt ſhades diſplay,
From his deteſted ſight ſhe ſhoots away;
There from her dear Sichæus in the grove,
Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.
Touch'd with her woes, the prince with ſtreaming eyes
And floods of tears, purſues her as ſhe flies.

Hence he proceeds; and laſt the fields appear,
Where ſtalk'd the proud heroic ſons of war.
Tydeus and pale Adraſtus roſe to fight,
With * Atalanta's ſon renown'd in fight.
Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld,
Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
His Trojan friends;—with ſighs he view'd the train;
Three valiant ſons of ſage Antenor ſlain:
Here brave Therſilocus and Glaucus ſtood,
Medon and Polyœtes bath'd in blood.
Idæus there ſtill glories in alarms,
Vaults on his car, and wields his ſhining arms.
Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
Rank behind rank, the eager warriors ſtand:
All in their turn retard the prince, to know
What urg'd his journey to the ſhades below.

* Parthenopæus,

Not

Not ſo the kings of Greece—appall'd, diſmay'd,
The hoſtile chiefs the godlike man ſurvey'd
In arms that glitter'd through the duſky ſhade.
Some turn'd and fled, aſtoniſh'd at the view,
As when before him to their fleets they flew,
Some rais'd a cry; the flutt'ring accents hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.
Here Priam's ſon, Deïphobus, he found;
The mangled youth was one continu'd wound.
For now his face, his beauteous face appears
Gaſh'd, and diſhonour'd with a thouſand ſcars.
His hands, ears, noſtrils, hideous to ſurvey!
The ſtern inſulting foes had lopp'd away;
Trembling he ſtood, induſtrious to conceal
The bloody traces of the ruthleſs ſteel.
Soon as the prince diſcern'd him, he began,
And thus deplor'd the miſerable man:
O brave Deïphobus! O chief divine!
Sprung from majeſtic Teucer's martial line:
What fierce barbarian hands could thus diſgrace
Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face?
In that laſt night, when Ilion ſunk in flame,
I heard, brave warrior! from the voice of fame,
You fell on heaps of foes, with ſlaughter tir'd,
And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
With care I rais'd on our Rhoëtean coaſt
A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghoſt:
Thy name and arms adorn the place around;
And, had thy mangled bleeding corſe been found,
Thy relicks had repos'd in Trojan ground.

My

My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid,
All funeral honours to my penſive ſhade;
But theſe dire woes from fatal Helen came;
Theſe are the triumphs of the Spartan dame!
For well, too well you know, in what delight
We fondly ſpent our laſt deſtructive night:
When the vaſt monſter big with Ilion's doom,
Tower'd through the town, an army in its womb;
In ſolemn ſhow ſhe bade the dames advance,
And in diſſembled orgies led the dance;
A flaming torch ſhe brandiſh'd in her hand;
Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,
While, worn with labours I repos'd my head
(Ah wretch ill-fated!) on our bridal bed.
My heavy lids the dews of ſlumber ſteep,
Lull'd in a ſoft, profound, and death-like ſleep.
Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
My loyal bride conveys my ſword away,
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls
Her Spartan lord within my palace walls;
Betrays her laſt, to pleaſe her former ſpouſe,
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows!
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulyſſes led,
And baſely ſlew me in the bridal bed.
Hear my juſt pray'rs, ye gods!--to Greece repay
A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!
But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led
Alive, to theſe dominions of the dead?
Say, did the will and counſel of the gods,
Or the rude tempeſts and tumultuous floods,

Com-

Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,
To these dark realms of everlasting night?
Mean time the swift-wing'd courters of the sun
Through heav'n full half their fiery race had run;
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last:
Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away
In idle sorrows the remains of day.
See—in two ample roads, the way divides;
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains.
Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade,
But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!
With these last accents, to the warrior host
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost.
Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,
His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
To hew the beams of adamant away.
Here rose an iron tow'r: before the gate,
By night and day, a wakeful fury sate,

The pale Tiſiphone; a robe ſhe wore,
With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
Here the loud ſcourge and louder voice of pain,
The craſhing fetter, and the rattling chain,
Strike the great hero with the frightful ſound,
The hoarſe, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:
Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are thoſe?
What crimes could merit ſuch ſtupendous woes?
Thus ſhe—Brave guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
None that are pure muſt paſs that dreadful gate.
When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
I learnt the ſecrets of thoſe dire abodes,
With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.
Here Rhadamanthus holds his aweful reign,
Hears and condemns the trembling impious train.
Thoſe hidden crimes the wretch till death ſuppreſt,
With mingled joy and horror in his breaſt,
The ſtern dread judge commands him to diſplay;
And lays the guilty ſecrets bare to day.
Her laſh Tiſiphone that moment ſhakes;
The ghoſt ſhe ſcourges with a thouſand ſnakes;
Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
Calls her dire ſiſters from the gulfs of hell.
Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,
And all the dreadful ſcene appears in view.
Behold without what direful monſter waits
(Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra ſpreads,
And hiſſing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.

Full

Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends,
The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulf descends
Below these regions, as these regions lie
From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.
Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;
The ancient offspring of the teeming earth.
Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell.
Here lie th' Aleian twins, in length display'd;
Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,
Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above;
And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.
The proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,
Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,
Heav'n's aweful thunder and the lightning's blaze;
Th' audacious wretch through Elis tower'd in air,
Whirl'd by four courſers in his rattling car;
A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;
And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along,
And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.
Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,
And those inimitable flames of Jove!
But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
Far other bolts and undissembled flames:
Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,
And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.

There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;

He

He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce ſcreams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and ſcoop'd the ſmoking prey;
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain,
For ſtill the fruitful fibres ſpring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monſter's pain,
She dwells for ever in his roomy breaſt,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's reſt;
But ſtill th' immortal prey ſupplies th' immortal feaſt.
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs fate?
On high a tottering rocky fragment ſpreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they ſee with longing eyes
In regal pomp ſucceſſive banquets riſe,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of Furies, a tremendous gueſt,
Sits by their ſide, and guards the tempting feaſt,
Which if they touch, her dreadful torch ſhe rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on earth had baſe purſuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents ſlew,
And, ſtill more numerous, they who ſwell'd their ſtore,
But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:
Or in a cauſe unrighteous fought and bled;
Or periſh'd in the foul adulterous bed;
Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;
Impriſon'd deep, their deſtin'd torments wait.

But

But what their torments, ſeek not thou to know,
Or the dire ſentence of their endleſs woe.
Some roll a ſtone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang ſuſpended on the whirling wheel;
There Theſeus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
And roars inceſſant through the ſhades below;
Be juſt, ye mortals! by theſe torments aw'd,
Theſe dreadful torments, not to ſcorn a god.
This wretch his country to a tyrant ſold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold,
Laws for a bribe he paſt, but paſt in vain,
For the ſame laws a bribe repeal'd again.
This wretch by hot prepoſterous luſt was led,
To climb and violate his daughter's bed.
To ſome enormous crimes they all aſpir'd;
All feel the torments that thoſe crimes requir'd!
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of braſs, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the mighty ſcene could I diſcloſe,
Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!--
Thus ſpoke the prieſteſs of the god of day;
And, haſte, ſhe cry'd; to hell's great empreſs pay
The deſtin'd preſent, and purſue thy way.
For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,
And in full view the maſſy gates appear.
On theſe the gods enjoin thee to beſtow
The ſacred offering of the golden bough.

This

This ſaid, they journey'd through the ſolemn gloom,
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
With eager ſpeed his courſe the hero bore,
With living ſtreams his body ſprinkled o'er,
And fixt the glittering preſent on the door.

Theſe rites compleat, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves where endleſs pleaſure reigns.
Here glowing Æther ſhoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.
From ſky to ſky th' unweary'd ſplendor runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter ſuns.
Some wreſtle on the ſands; and ſome, in play
And games heroic, paſs the hours away.
Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In ſeven diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre;
Acroſs the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.
Here Teucer's ancient race the prince ſurveys,
The race of heroes born in happier days:
Ilus, Aſſaracus in arms rever'd,
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd:
Before him ſtalk'd the tall majeſtic train,
And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.
Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
The ſteeds unharneſs'd graz'd the flowery field.
Thoſe pleaſing cares the heroes felt, alive,
For chariots, ſteeds, and arms, in death ſurvive.

Some on the verdant plains were ſtretch'd along;
Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung:
Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
And joyful feaſted in the fragrant ſhade.
Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes ſurvey
The ſtreams of Po deſcending from the day.
Here a bleſt train advance along the meads,
And ſnowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
Patriots who periſh'd for their country's right,
Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:
There, holy prieſts, and ſacred poets ſtood,
Who ſung with all the raptures of a god:
Worthies, who life by uſeful arts refin'd,
With thoſe, who leave a deathleſs name behind,
Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!
This ſhining band the prieſteſs thus addreſt,
But chief Muſæus, tow'ring o'er the reſt;
So high the poet's loſty ſtature ſpreads
Above the train, and overtops their heads!
Say, happy ſouls! and thou, bleſt poet, ſay,
Where dwells Anchiſes, and direct our way?
For him we took the dire infernal road,
And ſtem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.
To whom the bard—Unſettled we remove,
As pleaſure calls from verdant grove to grove;
Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at eaſe we lie,
And hear the ſilver rills run bubbling by.
Come then, aſcend this point, and hence ſurvey
By yon deſcent an open eaſy way.

He ſpoke, then ſtalk'd before; and from the brow
Points out the fair enamell'd fields below.
They leave the proud aerial height again,
And pleas'd bend downward to the bliſsful plain.
Anchiſes there, the hero's ſire divine,
Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;
Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes ſurvey
The chiefs in bright ſucceſſion riſe to day.
He counts th' illuſtrious race with ſtudious cares,
Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars.
Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,
His dear, dear ſon, advancing o'er the field;
Eager he ſtretch'd his longing arms, and ſhed
A ſtream of tears, and thus with tranſport ſaid:
Then has thy long-try'd pious love ſurpaſt
The dreadful road, to meet thy ſire at laſt?
Oh! is it given to ſee, nor ſee alone,
But hear, and anſwer to my godlike ſon?
This I preſag'd, indeed, as late I ran
O'er times and ſeaſons; nor preſag'd in vain.
From what ſtrange lands, what ſtormy ſeas and ſkies
Returns my ſon, to bleſs my longing eyes?
How did my anxious mind your danger move,
Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!
Your ſhade, the prince replies, your angry ſhade,
In many a frightful viſion I ſurvey'd.
By your beheſt I came to theſe abodes;
My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuſcan floods:
Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of a duteous ſon.

While yet he ſpoke, the tender ſorrows riſe,
And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.
Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting viſion of the night.
Meantime the hero ſaw, with wondering eyes,
Deep in a vale a waving foreſt riſe:
Through thoſe ſequeſter'd ſcenes flow Lethe glides,
And in low murmurs lulls her ſlumbering tides;
Unnumber'd ghoſts around the waters throng,
And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
So to the meads in glowing ſummer pour
The cluſtering bees, and riſe every flow'r:
O'er the ſweet lilies hang the buſy ſwarms;
The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.
Struck with the ſight, the prince aſtoniſh'd ſtood;
Oh! ſay, why throng ſuch numbers to the flood?
Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,
And who the crowds?—To whom the ſire reply'd:
To all thoſe ſouls who round the river wait,
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
To yon dark ſtreams the gliding ghoſts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.
How have I wiſh'd before thee to diſplay
Theſe my deſcendants, ere they riſe to day!
Thus ſhalt thou Latium find with double joy,
Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.——
O father! ſay, can heavenly ſouls repair
Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air?

What!

What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?
Gods! can the wretches long for life again!—
Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,
And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.
Then the great sire the scheme before him lays,
And thus each aweful secret he displays:
Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,
Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;
Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of air,
The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and there
Glows in the sun and moon, and burns in every star.
Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul
Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.
From that celestial energy began
The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man;
The painted birds who wing th' aërial plain,
And all the mighty monsters of the main.
Their souls at first from high Olympus came;
And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,
Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same!
But while on earth; by earth-born passions toss't,
The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
From those dark dungeons to their native sky.
Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd,
Some old inherent spots are left behind;
A sullying tincture of corporeal stains
Deep in the substance of the soul remains.

Thus are her ſplendors dimm'd, and cruſted o'er
With thoſe dark vices, that ſhe knew before.
For this the ſouls a various penance pay,
To purge the taint of former crimes away:
Some in the ſweeping breezes are refin'd,
And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
Some cleanſe their ſtains beneath the guſhing ſtreams,
And ſome riſe glorious from the ſearching flames.
Thus all muſt ſuffer; and, thoſe ſufferings paſt,
The clouded minds are purify'd at laſt.
But when the circling ſeaſons as they roll,
Have cleans'd the droſs long-gather'd round the ſoul;
When the celeſtial fire divinely bright,
Breaks forth victorious in her native light;
Then we, the choſen few, Elyſium gain,
And here expatiate on the bliſsful plain.
Both theſe thin airy throngs thy eyes behold,
When o'er their heads a thouſand years have roll'd,
In mighty crowds to yon Lethean flood
Swarm at the potent ſummons of the god;
There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain;
Then they deſire new bodies to obtain,
And viſit heav'n's ethereal realms again.
This ſaid, the fire conducts their ſteps along
Through the loud tumult of th' aërial throng;
Then climb'd a point, and every face deſcry'd,
As the huge train preſt forward to the tide:
Now hear, while I diſplay our race divine,
And the long glories of our Dardan line,

The

The noble Roman heroes, who ſhall riſe
From Trojan blood, ſucceſſive, to the ſkies.
This mighty ſcene of wonders I relate,
And open all thy glorious future fate.
Firſt then behold yon blooming youth appear,
That hero leaning on his ſhining ſpear!
This thy laſt ſon, thy hoary age ſhall grace,
Thy firſt brave offspring of the Latian race;
From fair Lavinia in the groves he ſprings,
A king, and father of a race of kings;
Sylvius his name; proud Alba ſhall he ſway
And to his ſons th' imperial pow'r convey.
See! where the youth, already wing'd to riſe,
Stands on the verge of life, and claims the ſkies.
Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
Procas the glory of the Trojan line;
Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
There a new * Sylvius bears thy mighty name;
Like thee, juſt, great and good, for valour known,
The chief ſhall mount th' imperial Alban throne.
What ſtrength each youth diſplays? but who are thoſe
With Civic crowns around their manly brows?
By thoſe ſhall Gabii and Nomentum riſe,
And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the ſkies.
Then Faunus' town with turrets ſhall be crown'd,
And fair Fidena ſtretch her ramparts round.
Then Bola too ſhall riſe, of mighty fame;
Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!

* Sylvius Æneas.

Bright Ilia, ſprung from Trojan blood, ſhall bear
Yon glorious hero to the god of war:
Behold great Romulus, her victor ſon;
Whoſe ſword reſtores his grandſire to the throne.
Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays!
And Jove's own ſplendors round his temples blaze.
From this brave prince, majeſtic Rome ſhall riſe;
The boundleſs earth, her empire ſhall compriſe;
Her fame and valour tow'r above the ſkies!
Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace,
Who nobly glories in her martial race;
Proud of her ſons, ſhe lifts her head on high;
Proud, as the mighty mother of the ſky,
When through the Phrygian towns, ſublime in air,
She rides triumphant in her golden car,
Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs;
And counts her offspring, the celeſtial pow'rs,
A ſhining train, who fill the bleſt abode,
A hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a god!
Turn, turn thine eyes! ſee here thy race divine,
Behold thy own imperial Roman line:
Cæſar, with all the Julian name ſurvey;
See where the glorious ranks aſcend to day!—
This—this is he!—the chief ſo long foretold
To bleſs the land where Saturn rul'd of old,
And give the Lernean realms a ſecond age of gold!
The promis'd prince, Auguſtus the divine,
Of Cæſar's race, and Jove's immortal line!
This mighty chief his empire ſhall extend
O'er Indian realms, to earth's remoteſt end.

The

The hero's rapid victories out-run [ſun!
The year's whole courſe, the ſtars, and journeys of the
Where, high in air, huge Atlas' ſhoulders riſe,
Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling ſkies!
He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!
Nile hears the ſhout, and ſhakes in every flood.
Proud Aſia flies before his dire alarms,
And diſtant nations tremble at his arms.
So many realms not great Alcides paſt,
Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd,
O'er Erymanthus' ſteeps the boar purſu'd;
Or drew the huge Lernean monſter's blood.
Nor Bacchus ſuch a length of regions knew,
When on his car the god in triumph flew,
And ſhook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels,
Whirl'd by ſwift tygers down the Indian hills.—
And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to riſe,
When fame, when empire is the certain prize?
Riſe, riſe, my ſon; thy Latian foes o'ercome!
Riſe, the great founder of majeſtic Rome!
But who that chief, who crown'd with olive ſtands,
And holds the ſacred relicks in his hands?
I know the pious Roman king from far,
The ſilver beard, and venerable hair;
Call'd from his little barren field away,
To pomp of empire and the regal ſway.
Tullus the next ſucceeds, whoſe loud alarms
Shall rouſe the ſlumb'ring ſons of Rome to arms.
Inſpir'd by him, the ſoft unwarlike train
Repeat their former triumphs o'er again.

Lo Ancus there!—the giddy crowd he draws,
And ſwells too much with popular applauſe.
Now would'ſt thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,
Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?
See the ſtern chief ſtalk aweful o'er the plain,
The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:
He to his axe ſhall proud rebellion doom,
The firſt great conſul of his reſcu'd Rome!
His ſons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
And fix oppreſſion in the throne again)
He nobly yields to juſtice, in the cauſe
Of ſacred freedom and inſulted laws.
Though harſh th' unhappy father may appear,
The judge compels the ſire to be ſevere;
And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move,
To ſink the private in the public love.

Like him, Torquatus, for ſtern juſtice known,
Dooms to the axe his brave victorious ſon.
Behold the Druſi prodigal of blood!
The Decii dying for their country's good!
Behold Camillus there; that chief ſhall come
With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.
Lo! in bright arms two ſpirits riſe to fight!
How ſtrict their friendſhip in the realms of night!
How fierce their diſcord when they ſpring to light!
How furious in the field will both appear!
With what dire ſlaughter! what a waſte of war!
Impetuous to the fight the father pours
From the ſteep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.

The

The ſon, with ſervile monarchs in his train,
Leads the whole Eaſtern world, and ſpreads the plain.
Oh! check your wrath, my ſons; the nations ſpare;
And ſave your country from the woes of war;
Nor in her ſacred breaſt, with rage abhorr'd,
So fiercely plunge her own victorious ſword!
And thou, be thou the firſt; thy arms reſign,
Thou, my great ſon of Jove's celeſtial line!—
Yon chief ſhall vanquiſh all the Grecian pow'rs,
And lay in duſt the proud Corinthian tow'rs,
Drive to the capitol his gil'ded car,
And grace the triumph with the ſpoils of war.
That chief ſhall ſtretch fair Argos on the plain,
And the proud ſeat of Agamemnon's reign,
O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,
Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line;
Avenge Minerva's violated fane,
And the great ſpirits of thy fathers ſlain.
What tongue, juſt Cato, can thy praiſe forbear!
Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
Africk's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war!
Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,
In pride of poverty, divinely great;
Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come
From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!
Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace,
Where am I ſnatch'd by the long Fabian race!
See where the patriot ſhines, whoſe prudent care
Preſerves his country by protracted war!---

The

The ſubject nations, with a happier grace,
From the rude ſtone may call the mimic face,
Or with new life inform the breathing braſs:
Shine at the bar, deſcribe the ſtars on high,
The motions, laws, and regions of the ſky:
Be this your nobler praiſe in times to come,
Theſe your imperial arts, ye ſons of Rome!
O'er diſtant realms to ſtretch your aweful ſway,
To bid thoſe nations tremble and obey;
To cruſh the proud, the ſuppliant foe to rear,
To give mankind a peace, or ſhake the world with war!--
He ſaid—awhile their raviſh'd eyes admire
The wond'rous ſcenes:--when thus proceeds the ſire:
See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
Endanger'd Rome ſhall bleſs his guardian care,
And ſtand unſhaken in a ſtorm of war.
Carthage and Gaul the hero's might ſhall prove,
The third who hangs th' imperial ſpoils to Jove.---
With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld
In ſhining arms advancing o'er the field;
A beauteous form; but clouds his front ſurround,
And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.
Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercaſt with grief;
The youth who follows that victorious chief?
His ſon? or one of his illuſtrious line?
What numbers ſhout around the form divine?
His port how noble! how auguſt his fame!
How like the former! and how near the ſame!

But gloomy ſhades his penſive brows o'erſpread,
And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.
Seek not, my ſon, replies the ſire, to know
(And, as he ſpoke, the guſhing ſorrows flow)
What woes the gods to thy deſcendants doom,
What endleſs grief to every ſon of Rome!
This youth on earth the Fates but juſt diſplay,
And ſoon, too ſoon, they ſnatch the gift away!
Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,
Her bliſs had rais'd the envy of the ſkies!
Oh! from the martial field what cries ſha'l come!
What groans ſhall echo through the ſtreets of Rome!
How ſhall old Tyber, from his oozy bed,
In that ſad moment rear his reverend head,
The length'ning pomp and funeral to ſurvey,
When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way!
A youth of nobler hopes ſhall never riſe,
Nor glad like him the Latian fathers eyes:
And Rome, proud Rome ſhall boaſt, ſhe never bore,
From age to age, ſo brave a ſon before!
Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,
Revive and die with that illuſtrious youth!
In vain embattled troops his arms oppoſe:
In every field he tames his country's foes,
Whether on foot he marches in his might,
Or ſpurs his fiery courſer to the fight.
Poor pitied youth! the glory of the ſtate!
Oh! cou'dſt thou ſhun the dreadful ſtroke of fate,
Rome ſhould in thee behold, with raviſh'd eyes,
Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus riſe!

Bring

Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whiteſt lilies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the ſpring;
Theſe gifts at leaſt, theſe honours I'll beſtow
On the dear youth, to pleaſe his ſhade below---
Thus, while the wond'rous ſcenes employ their ſight,
They rove with pleaſure in the fields of light.

When the great ſire had taught his ſon the whole,
And with the Roman glories fir'd his ſoul;
Next to the liſt'ning hero he declares
His toils in Latium, and ſucceſſive wars;
Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every woe.

Two gates the ſilent courts of ſleep adorn,
That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
Through this, true viſions take their airy way,
Thro' that, falſe phantoms mount the realms of day.
Then to the ivory gate he led them on,
And there diſmiſs'd the Sibyl and his ſon.

Now the great chief, returning to the main,
Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
Then, ſteering by the ſtrand, he ploughs the ſea,
And to Caïeta's port directs his way:
There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor;
And the tall ſhips ſtood rang'd along the ſhore.

End of the Sixth Book.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made; and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK VII.

YOU too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares
Nurst the great chief, and form'd his tender years,
Expiring here (an ever honour'd name!)
Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame:
Thy name survives to please thy pensive ghost;
Thy sacred relicks grace the Latian coast.
Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,
And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead;
(The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er)
He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore.
When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,
The moon in milder glory mounts the skies:
Safe in her friendly light the navy glides;
The silver splendors trembling o'er the tides.
Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way,
(Circe, fair daughter of the god of day;)
A dangerous shore: the echoing forests rung,
While at the loom the beauteous goddess sung:
Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays,
Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
Here wolves with howlings scare the naval train,
And lions roar reluctant to the chain.

Here growling bears and ſwine their ears affright,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the night.
Theſe once were men; but Circe's charms confine,
In brutal ſhapes, the human forms divine.
But Neptune, to ſecure the pious hoſt
From theſe dire monſters, this inchanted coaſt,
A friendly breeze to every ſail ſupplies;
And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies.

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And ocean reddens with the riſing morn;
The winds lie huſh'd; the ſwelling ſurge ſubſides;
And with their bending oars they labour thro' the tides.

From hence the hero view'd a range of woods;
Through the dark ſcene roll Tyber's glittering floods;
With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
And lead their yellow waters to the ſea.
The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,
And flutter round the banks on every ſide,
Along the groves in pleaſing triumph play,
And with ſoft muſic hail the dawning day,
Smooth o'er the ſhaded floods, at his command,
The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.

Now, goddeſs! aid thy poet, while he ſings
The ſtate of Latium, and her ancient kings;
Her dark confuſions from their birth explores,
When firſt the Trojans reach'd th' Heſperian ſhores.
Thou, thou, great Erato! my ſoul inſpire,
To ſing each furious fight with equal fire.
A mightier work, a nobler ſcene appears;
A long, long ſeries of deſtructive wars!

Kings

Kings againſt kings engag'd in dire alarms!
And all Heſperia rous'd to all the rage of arms!
Latinus o'er the realm the ſway maintain'd;
And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd;
From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,
A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.
From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine;
From Saturn he, great author of the line.
Fate from this king had ſnatch'd each blooming ſon:
And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial throne.
Fir'd by her matchleſs charms, the youths repair
From all the realms around, to court the fair;
Bold Turnus too the royal maid addreſt,
Whoſe birth and beauty far ſurpaſt the reſt.
The Latian queen, to gain ſo brave a ſon,
Had made the blooming hero's cauſe her own.
Vain was her aim, for every power divine
Withſtood the match, with many a dreadful ſign.
Amid the court a laurel roſe in air,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious care;
This venerable plant Latinus found,
When firſt his town with riſing tow'rs he crown'd;
(Which thence deriv'd her name, as records ſay;)
Then made it ſacred to the god of day.
It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering ſwarms
Swept through the ſkies, with murmuring hoarſe alarms;
Pour'd in, and (ſettling on the topmoſt bough)
Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below:
In one black lengthening chain together clung,
Feet claſp'd in feet, the cluſtering nations hung.

On this exclaims an augur—I explore
A foreign conſort from a diſtant ſhore;
From yon ſame point a ſtranger hoſt ſhall come;
And here their prince ſhall reign in this imperial dome.
Yet more; while chaſte Lavinia, at the ſhrine,
Burns od'rous incenſe to the powers divine;
As by her father ſtood the royal fair,
The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair:
O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
The wanton flame, and crept through every fold;
Then, crackling, through her crown victorious plays;
The gems run melting in the golden blaze:
Around the fair the dancing glories ſtray'd,
And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid;
Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,
Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.
From this ſtrange ſign, portentous to behold,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſeer ſurpriſing truths foretold,
That bright with fame ſhould ſhine the glorious fair,
But through the nations ſpread the flames of war.
Mean time the king, aſtoniſh'd at the ſign,
Haſtes to conſult his preſcient * ſire divine.
In dark Albunea's ſhades, ſupreme of woods!
Where from her fountains boil ſulphureous floods;
Thick from her ſtreams the clouds of poiſon riſe,
And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the ſkies.
Here, in diſtreſs, th' Italian nations come,
Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their doom.

* Faunus.

Firſt,

Firſt, on the fleeces of the ſlaughter'd ſheep,
By night the ſacred prieſt diſſolves in ſleep:
When, in a train, before his ſlumbering eye,
Thin, airy forms, and wond'rous viſions fly.
He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods;
And talks, inſpir'd, familiar with the gods.
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And firſt a hundred ſheep the monarch ſlew;
Then on their fleeces lay; and from the wood
He heard diſtinct theſe accents of the god:
  Seek not a native prince, my ſon, nor wed
Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.
A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
Whoſe race to heav'n ſhall raiſe our glorious name;
O'er either ocean ſhall their empire run,
Beyond the radiant journeys of the ſun.
In every clime their ſtandards are unfurl'd!
And, proſtrate at their feet, ſhall lie the trembling world!
  Theſe anſwers of the god, reveal'd by night,
The king divulg'd, and fame diſplay'd to light;
Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er;
When now the Trojan navy reach'd the ſhore.
  The hero with his ſon and chiefs had laid
Their limbs at eaſe beneath a cooling ſhade;
Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet ſpread
On cakes of flour along the verdant mead;
The ſlender cakes the buſy Trojans load
With fruits auſtere, and wildings of the wood:
Theſe ſcanty viands ſoon conſum'd, the crew,
Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew;

Full eager they devour'd, by want diſtreſt,
The frail ſupporters of the failing feaſt.
When with a laugh, Aſcanius—we devour
The plates and boards on which we fed before.
Th' auſpicious words his ſire in rapture took,
And weigh'd what once the oracle had ſpoke:
Hail happy realm, which fate ſo long has ow'd!
All hail, he cry'd, each guardian Trojan god!
My ſire, when fair Elyſium bleſt my eyes,
Did thus diſcloſe the ſecrets of the ſkies:
" When, preſt by raging famine, you devour
" Your boards, impatient, on a foreign ſhore;
" There thy long labours ſhall with peace be crown'd;
" There build thy town, and raiſe the ramparts round."
This is the famine that the Fates foreſhow,
And this the place to terminate our woe.
Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
Our eager ſteps, and ſtrike a different way,
To view the land, the cities to explore,
And know what nations hold the fated ſhore.
Now place again the goblets on the board;
Be great Anchiſes honour'd and ador'd,
And pour the wine to heav'n's almighty lord.
Then, while the verdant boughs his temples grace,
The prince ador'd the Genius of the place;
The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,
And ſacred Earth, great ſource of all the gods;
And aweful Night; with her the ſtars that riſe,
To gild her face, and beautify the ſkies;

And

And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores,
And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;
His mighty parents laſt, with honours crown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,
And thrice he thunder'd from an azure ſky;
And ſhook, majeſtic as the thunders roll'd,
A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.
Now through the Trojan hoſt the news had flown,
The day was come to raiſe their promis'd town;
All, warm'd with tranſport at the happy ſign,
Indulge the feaſt, and quaff the generous wine.
Soon as the morning ſhot a purple ray,
And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day,
By different ways the buſy train explore
The bounds, the cities, and the winding ſhore.
Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;
And here thy ſacred ſtream, Numicus, roſe.
Now ſent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)
A hundred youths ſelected from the train,
With preſents for the king. Without delay,
All crown'd with olives took their ſpeedy way.
Mean time the chief deſign'd th' allotted ground
For the new town, and drew the trench around:
High tow'rs and ramparts all the place incloſe;
And, like a camp, the ſudden city roſe.
Now the commiſſion'd youths proceed with haſte,
And ſpy the lofty Latian ſpires at laſt.
Before the gate, the blooming active train
Or break the fiery courſer to the rein,
Or whirl the chariot o'er the duſty plain;

Or bend the bow, or toſs the whizzing ſpear,
Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
When lo! a meſſenger, diſpatch'd with ſpeed,
Spurs to the Latian court his panting ſteed,
And told the monarch what illuſtrious gueſts
Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign veſts.
The monarch ſummon'd all the train, and ſhone,
In ſtate majeſtic on the regal throne.
High o'er the town, ſurrounded by a wood,
Old Picus' venerable palace ſtood,——
Auguſt and aweful! proudly roſe, around,
A hundred columns, and the ſtructure crown'd.
Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
The crown and ſcepter, and the robes they wore.
This was their temple; this their court of ſtate,
Here at their ſacred feaſts the fathers ſate;
And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
Before the gates a venerable band,
In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs ſtand.
Sabinus there, who preſt the foaming wine,
Extend the hook that prun'd the generous vine:
The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
And hoary Janus with his double face;
And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear
In their dear country's cauſe the wounds of war.
Hung on the pillars, all around appears
A row of trophies, helmets, ſhields, and ſpears,
And ſolid bars, and axes keenly bright,
And naval beaks, and chariots ſeiz'd in fight.

With

With his divining wand in solemn state,
With robes succinct the royal Picus sate.
Fierce in his car of old he swept the field;
And still the hero grasps the shining shield.
Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Th' enchantress dame, rejected with disdain,
Transform'd the hapless monarch, in despair,
Chang'd to a painted bird, and sent to flit in air.
Thus sat the sov'reign in the pompous fane,
And gave admission to the Dardan train.
Then to th' illustrious strangers, from the throne,
The prince with mild benevolence begun.
Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name
And ancient race, before your navy came;
What cause your fleet to Latium could convey,
What call, through such a length of wat'ry way?
Or were your gallies wide in ocean lost?
Or driv'n by tempests on th' Hesperian coast?
Such dangers oft befall the train who ride
O'er the wild deeps, and stem the furious tide.
Vouchsafe to be our guests, and Latium grace;
For know, our generous hospitable race,
By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,
Just without ties, and good without a law.
From old Auruntian sages once our ears
Have heard a tale, though sunk in length of years;
These realms the birth of Dardanus could boast,
Who sail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian coast.
He left the Tuscan realms, and now on high
Dwells in the starry mansions of the sky:

Call'd

Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,---
He reigns above, a god among the gods!
O prince divine! great Faunus' glorious ſon;
(Thus, to the king Ilioneus begun;)
Nor ſtars miſled our fleets, nor tempeſts toſt,
Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coaſt,
But our determin'd courſe, ſpontaneous bore,
With one fixt purpoſe, to this friendly ſhore;
Driv'n from the nobleſt empire o'er the ſeas,
That the bright ſun in all his race ſurveys.
We and our prince derive our birth divine
From Jove, the ſource of our ethereal line;
And at the godlike chief's command we come,
His ſuppliant envoys to this regal dome.
Thoſe, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd,
Poſſeſs that wild unhoſpitable world;
And thoſe who glow beneath the burning zone,
Beneath the fiery chariot of the ſun,
Have heard, and heard with terror from afar,
What a dire deluge, what a ſtorm of war,
With ruin charg'd, and furious to deſtroy,
From Greece burſt thund'ring o'er the realms of Troy;
When Europe ſhook proud Aſia with alarms,
And fate ſet two contending worlds in arms.
Snatch'd from that ſtorm, to roll around the floods,
We beg ſome place, to fix our wand'ring gods;
Some vacant region, you with eaſe can ſpare;
The common uſe of water, earth, and air.
Nor ſhall this new alliance bring diſgrace,
But add new glories to th' Italian race:

Nor

Nor Latium ſhall repent the kind ſupply,
Nor ſhall the dear remembrance ever die.
Now by our potent glorious prince I ſwear,
As true in peace as dreadful in the war:
Though now as ſuppliants at thy throne we ſtand,
With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,
Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,
And our alliance court, but court in vain.
For know, the gods, the mighty gods command
The ſons of Troy to ſeek the Latian land.
To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,
Where ſpring Numicus' ſacred ſtreams to day;
Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly ſtrain;
Hence firſt he came, and now returns again.
Yet more---theſe preſents from the Trojan king,
Theſe relicks of his former ſtate we bring,
Snatch'd from devouring flames---his ſire, of old,
Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:
In theſe rich robes the royal Priam ſhone,
And gave the law, majeſtic, from the throne:
This crown, this ſcepter, did the monarch wear;
Theſe veſts were labour'd by the Trojan fair.
He ceas'd---the ſov'reign paus'd in thought profound,
And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.
His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ,
And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
And deem'd this chief, the ſon the gods foretold,
The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate
To ſhare the glories of the regal ſtate;---

From

From whom a race, victorious by their swords,
Should rise in time, the world's majestic lords:
Then joyful spoke: May heav'n our counsels bless,
And its own omens, with the wish'd success!
Well pleas'd, my friends, your presents I receive,
And free admission in my kingdoms give;
Nor shall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
But let your godlike prince, if he request
Our royal friendship, be our honour'd guest;
The peace he asks in person he may bring,
Go then---report this message to your king.---
A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
Forbid to wed in our Ausonian line:
This all our native oracles deny,
And every dreadful omen of the sky.
From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,
Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.
Your prince, the destin'd chief the Fates require,
Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire.
He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band;
In lofty stalls three hundred course stand,
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er;
The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,
With golden chains, refulgent to behold:
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
But to their prince he sent a glorious car,
With two distinguish'd coursers for the war;
Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire;
These Circe stole from her celestial sire,

By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,
Mixt with the flaming courſers of the ſun.
Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their ſteeds they preſs,
And to their anxious lord return with peace.
But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far,
Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.
From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on ſhore.
The bulwarks riſe, the troops poſſeſs the ſtrand,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the land;
She ſtood in anguiſh fixt, and ſhook her head,
Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddeſs ſaid:
Curſt race:—a race I labour to deſtroy!---
But Juno ſinks beneath the fates of Troy!
Did not the captives break the victor's chain?
Did not her ſlaughter'd ſons revive again?
Did they not force, when Troy in aſhes lay,
Through fires and armies their victorious way?
What—heav'n's great empreſs flags, by toils oppreſt!
Or ſure, her glutted vengeance lies at reſt!
And yet I dar'd purſue the baniſh'd train
Through the laſt bounds of Neptune's wat'ry reign.
With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on high,
With all the ſtorms of ocean and the ſky.
In vain with ſtorms I rous'd the roaring main;
Earth, ſkies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain,
In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the ſea;
Nor could the vaſt Charybdis bar the way.
For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide.

And yet the god of battles could efface,
For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,
For one neglect, did Jove himself resign
To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.
But I, the queen supreme of gods above,
The mighty consort of imperial Jove,
In vain for years one nation have pursu'd;
Nay by one single mortal am subdu'd!
Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie.
What! though the partial heav'ns my aims repel,
I'll raise new forces from the depths of hell!
What!---if the Trojan must in Latium reign!
What!—if the Fates a regal bride ordain!
Yet, may I still the nuptial rite delay,
And by a length of wars defer the day.
Yet, shall the people bleed! the kings shall reign,
The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!
Yet shall the father and the son make good
Their league of friendship, in their subjects blood;
In the mixt blood of nations shall be paid,
At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
Wed then---with every fatal omen wed:
Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame,
For Ilion has conceiv'd a second flame.
A Paris, sprung from Venus, shall destroy
Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.
This said, to earth th' impetuous goddess flies,
Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the skies;

Looks

Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,
Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight,
The rage of death, and ſlaughters of the fight.
So fierce her looks! ſuch terrors from her eyes!
Round her grim front ſuch monſtrous ſerpents riſe!
She ſcares ev'n Pluto, her immortal ſire;
Her ſiſter Furies tremble and retire.
Then heav'n's great queen, againſt the Trojan train,
Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began:
Daughter of night! thy potent aid I claim
To guard my honour, and ſupport my fame.
Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
Nor with this match amuſe her eaſy king.
'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound,
To arm their hands, and ſpread deſtruction round;
Through kindling houſes, towns and realms to bear
The torch of diſcord, and the flames of war.
To thee a thouſand noxious arts are known,
And every form of miſchief is thy own.
Rouſe, rouſe the fury in thy ſoul! excite
The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight!
Diſſolve the peace; and fir'd by dire alarms,
Bid the mad nations ruſh to blood and arms!
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when ſudden from her eyes,
Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies
Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace ſoars;
Then ſtands unſeen before Amata's doors;
While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy.

Here

Here ſtopt the fiend; and, diſcord all her view,
Snatch'd from her hiſſing locks, a ſnake ſhe threw;
And through her inmoſt ſoul the fiery ſerpent flew.
Unfelt, the monſter glides through every veſt,
And breathes the ſecret poiſon in her breaſt.
Now like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
Now round her boſom, like a chain of gold.
Now to her treſſes he repairs, and there
Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.
Thus while her kindling ſoul the peſt inſpires
With the firſt ſparkles of her fatal fires,
Before the boſom of the royal dame
Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
She ſpeaks her grief, in accents ſoft and mild,
Implores the fire, and ſorrows o'er her child:
And muſt Lavinia then, our only joy,
Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
And can a father iſſue the decree,
So fatal to himſelf, to her and me?
For ſure the pirate ſoon will bear away
With the firſt riſing wind the lovely prey.
Such, ſuch a gueſt of old, the Phrygian boy
Bore raviſh'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy.
Where, where is friendſhip, truth and honour now?
A father's promiſe, and a monarch's vow!
If thy great ſire's commands have fixt thy mind,
To chuſe ſome hero of a foreign kind:
Then every kind, my lord, and every land
Are foreign, that are free from our command;

And

And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he ſprings
From a long line of ancient Argive kings.
Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful ſtrain,
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
But now the ſpreading poiſon, fir'd her whole,
Ev'n to the laſt receſſes of her ſoul.
In her wild thoughts a thouſand horrors riſe;
And fierce, and madding round the ſtreets ſhe flies.
So the gay ſtriplings laſh in eager ſport,
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.
In rapid rings it whirls, and ſpins aloud,
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd;
From every ſtroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new ſpirit, as the blows go round.
Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury ſtung,
Thro' the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng.
Yet more;—the deſtin'd nuptials to delay,
Fierce to the darkſome wood ſhe bounds away;
And, riſing ſtill in rage, with rites divine
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deſerv'ſt the fair!
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair!
For thee ſhe leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy ſpear.
Now ſpread around the wild infectious flames;
With the ſame fury glow the Latian dames;
Let looſe their flying treſſes in the wind,
Ruſh to the woods, and leave the town behind;
Toſs high their ivy-ſpears; while clamours riſe,
And trembling ſhrieks, tumultuous rend the ſkies.

The madding queen, with rage ſuperior ſtung,
Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng,
And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial ſong.
Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
Hear, all ye matrons! hear ye Latian dames!
If yet a mother's woes your ſouls can move,
If yet your injur'd princeſs ſhares your love;
Like me, unbind your treſſes; rove abroad;
And hold theſe ſacred orgies to the god.
Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breaſt invades,
And drives her raving to the ſylvan ſhades.
When all the monarch's palace ſhe ſurvey'd,
With all his counſels in confuſion laid;
As wide around the riſing Fury grew,
On duſky wings to Ardea ſwift ſhe flew:
Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore,
When with her Argive train ſhe fought the ſhore;
But now her periſh'd ruins are no more!
Where o'er the reſt brave Turnus' manſion roſe,
She found the hero ſunk in ſoft repoſe;
And firſt, her dread infernal form to hide,
Laid the grim terrors of her front aſide:
With ſilver hairs her temples were o'erſpread,
And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.
Her wither'd face with wrinkles was emboſt,
And in the woman all the fiend was loſt.
She now appear'd a venerable dame,
And to the couch like Juno's prieſteſs came:
Then are thy labours vain, (ſhe thus begun)
And ſhall a Trojan ſeize thy rightful throne?

The

The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood.
Go—ſave his kingdom; fight the Tuſcan train!—
Go, prince, and conquer, to be ſcorn'd again!
Hear then by me the mandate from on high
Sent by the mighty empreſs of the ſky:
Fly, fly; the valiant youth for arms prepare;
And through the opening gates let looſe the war.
Lo! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy;
Go then, their chiefs and painted ſhips deſtroy;
So Heav'n commands—and, if the Latian lord
Detain the fair, regardleſs of his word,
Let him in blood thy vengeful ſword deplore,
The ſword that conquer'd in his cauſe before.
Thus the diſſembled dame—with ſcornful pride,
In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd:
The tidings you convey, I knew before;
The Trojan fleet is landed on the ſhore.
Hence—nor with idle tales my boſom move;
I live ſecure in Juno's guardian love.
But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,
And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms.
Go, mother, go—and make your gods your care,
But leave to men the province of the war.
While yet he ſpoke, her looks the youth confound,
And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.
Aghaſt, he ſhook, and trembled with affright,
While all her native horrors blaſt his ſight.
Such a tremendous front the Fury ſpread,
So dreadful hiſt the ſerpents round her head;

So grim a figure now she seem'd to rise;
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes!
  Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,
She roll'd their fiery orbs from side to side;
Snatch'd two black serpents from her locks, and shook
The sounding scourge, and thund'ring thus she spoke:
  Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
A Fury from the deeps of hell, I bear,
In these dread hands, destruction, death and war!
  With that a flaming torch the goddess threw;
Deep through his breast the fiery weapon flew.
Strait rous'd the startled warrior; and a stream
Of sweat ran copious down from every limb.
Through the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
The thirst of slaughter, and the rage of war.
So when in parting spires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the cauldron's sides,
In the deep womb glow fierce the hissing streams,
Boil, swell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;
Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.
  He sends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war:
To arms he cries,—this moment will we go
To guard our country, and repel the foe.
Himself, he boasts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the Trojan and Ausonian train.

His

His troops take fire, and (heav'n invok'd in pray'r)
With eager rage they gather to the war:
Some by his beauty mov'd, his cauſe embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.
While thus his ſocial train the prince inſpires,
Swift to the Trojan hoſt the fiend retires.
Big with new miſchiefs to the place ſhe came,
Where young Iülus hunts the ſavage game.
A ſtag he chas'd; the chace the Fury ſees,
And bids the ſcent grow warm in every breeze;
His opening hounds, exulting, ſhoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey:
From this light cauſe ſhe rais'd the firſt alarms,
And fir'd the brutal ſwains to blood and arms.—
Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children rear'd,
(Tyrrheus, chief maſter of the royal herd)
With care domeſtic had this ſtag been bred;
Of beauteous ſhape; and antlers grac'd his head.
The beaſt became their ſiſter's darling care;
His horns were dreſs'd with garlands by the fair.
Fed from the board, accuſtom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her ſtroking hand.
Full oft ſhe bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his ſilken hide:
All day amid the foreſts would he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.
Aſcanius' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey,
As down the gentle flood he took his way,
And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay.

The youthful hero fir'd with love of fame,
Directs a feather'd arrow at the game;
The feather'd arrow flew; the Fury guides
The pointed weapon through the wanton's sides.
Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
Flies back for refuge to his home again;
Complains with human tears, and human sighs,
And begs for aid with unavailing cries.
The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,
Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.
Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,
For in the wood the lurking Fury lay.
Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came,
And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.
With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,
And every sudden weapon, to the war.
Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a stroke,
Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak;
Then seiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,
And call'd the rustics all around to arms.
Mean time the Fury from her stand descries
The growing discord every moment rise;
Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height,
Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight:
With her full force her mighty horn she winds;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gath'ring hinds.
The dreadful summons the deep forests took;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,
The Veline fountains trembled at the sound.

The thick ſulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blaſt that blew the flames of war:
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers preſt
With ſhrieks their ſtarting infants to the breaſt.
Thus the mad ruſtics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid ſignal flew to arms.
Nor leſs, in ſuccour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy:
Clubs, ſtaves and brands, at firſt the fight maintain;
But now embody'd armies ſpread the plain,
And deadly ſwords and ſhining bucklers wield;
And groves of ſpears gleam dreadful o'er the field.
On brazen arms the ſun refulgent plays,
And to the ſkies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has ſtirr'd the gentle ſeas,
The waves juſt ſwell, and whiten by degrees;
Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds ariſe,
In one vaſt burſt of thunder to the ſkies.
Firſt Almon, Tyrrheus' eldeſt hope, was ſlain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremoſt on the plain.
Beneath his throat the arrow found its way;
And choak'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every ſide,
And in the cloud of fight Galeſus dy'd;
Good old Galeſus! while with earneſt care,
He labour'd to prevent the riſing war:
The ſage for juſtice bore the foremoſt place,
Though far the wealthieſt of the Latian race:
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his paſtures held,
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the ſpacious field.

Thus, while on either ſide, the martial train
With mutual ſlaughter bath'd the purple plain:
When the ſtern Fury, from her promiſe freed,
Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed;
She leaves th' Heſperian ſhores, ſhe mounts the ſkies,
And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries:

Behold my promiſe, mighty queen! made good;
The Trojan ſword has drawn the Latian blood.
War, boundleſs war, runs raging round the plain;
Nor can yourſelf command the peace again;
Speak but you will, I'll ſpread the dire alarm,
And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
Both ſides to aid, the nations ſhall repair;
Wide round, the riſing diſcord will I bear,
And rouſe in every breaſt the furies of the war.

Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,
The war ſtands fixt; the ſlaughters are begun.
They fly to war; their arms with blood diſtain:
Death, Rage, and Terror range the purple plain.
Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir!
But go - this moment leave the realms above;
Go—nor offend the ſacred eyes of Jove.
To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies
Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the ſkies.
Retire to hell! if aught remains undone,
Ourſelf ſhall finiſh what thy toils begun.

Swift as the goddeſs ſpoke, the fury ſprings
With rapid ſpeed, and ſpreads her duſky wings;

Her

Her ſerpents hiſſing all around, ſhe flies
To hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the ſkies.
Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amſanctus is the name.
Her gloomy ſides are ſhaded with a grove;
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above;
Fierce through the duſky vale the torrents pour,
And o'er the rattling ſtones the whirlpools roar.
There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide;
There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;
There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
Grim Pluto breathes the ſoft' ethereal air.
Down through this dreadful opening, from on high,
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the ſky.
Mean time the queen of heav'n exerts her care,
With her laſt hand to crown the growing war.
In one vaſt tide the loud tumultuous ſwains
Pour to the city, and deſert the plains.
Young Almon's corſe they bear in open ſight,
And old Galeſus ſlaughter'd in the fight;
Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain
The hoary monarch to revenge the ſlain.
While the fierce Daunian lords complaints conſpire,
To ſpread the gath'ring fears of ſword and fire.
Turnus, he cries, is baniſh'd with diſgrace,
And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.
The king prefers a Trojan for his ſon;
A Trojan prince already fills the throne!
Thoſe too, whoſe mothers by the queen were led,
When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods ſhe fled,

(Such

(Such was her intereſt in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
War is the fatal univerſal cry,
Againſt all omens of the angry ſky!---
Furious they crowd their ſovereign's regal door,
And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;
Beſiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,
Some mighty rock, amidſt the rolling main;
That hears unmov'd the ſounding tempeſts blow,
That ſees the furious ſurges foam below;
And o'er the deeps, majeſtic to the ſight,
Stands fixt, and glories in its matchleſs height.
Proud of its bulk; while ſtorms and working tides
Fly, daſh and break againſt the tow'ring ſides!
When long the prince had labour'd to retain
The riſing madneſs of their ſouls in vain,
And ſaw the crowd no counſel would obey,
But ruſh'd to arms as Juno led the way;
The mournful ſire obteſts the gods and ſkies;
And lo! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.
The ſtorm impetuous bears us down the flood---
But heav'n, heav'n claims your ſacrilegious blood!
Thou too, raſh Turnus, ſhalt thy part ſuſtain,
And late, too late, implore the gods in vain!
Safe to the port am I already come,
And all your king can loſe, is but a tomb!
Then penſive he retir'd, and left to fate
The reins of empire, and the cares of ſtate.
A ſolemn cuſtom in Heſperia reign'd,
Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,

And

And Rome ſtill holds, when, terrible in might,
The world's great empreſs ſends her ſons to fight.
Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
Or wage th' Hyrcanian, or Arabian war,
Or their victorious arms on India turn,
And ſpread her eagles to the riſing morn;
Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,
And bring in pomp our raviſh'd enſigns home.—
Two maſſy ſolid gates have ever ſtood,
For ages ſacred to the * Thracian god.
Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;
Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.
On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;
With brazen bars impenetrably ſtrong.
Soon as the fathers of the ſtate proclaim,
The fight muſt vindicate the Roman fame;
Strait, at their high decree, the conſul, dreſt
In the rich ſacred robe and Gabine veſt,
While the loud trumpets ſound a martial ſtrain,
(In pomp attended by the valiant train,)
Throws wide the gates; and through the nations far
Lets looſe the boundleſs furies of the war.
So now the madding Latian crowds implore
Their monarch, to unfold the ſacred door.
But from the fatal office he withdrew,
Abhorr'd the province, and retir'd from view.
Then heav'n's dread empreſs, while the prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the burſting gates diſplay'd:

* Mars.

The

The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar;
And, like a ſtorm, broke forth th' impriſon'd war.
Till now unmov'd by diſcord and alarms,
Auſonia burns, and calls her ſons to arms.
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed;
Some vault impetuous on the bounding ſteed,
Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,
Brighten the ſpear and long-neglected ſhield;
With tranſport hear the trumpet's clangors riſe,
And view the banners ſtreaming in the ſkies.
Ardea, proud Tybur, Cruſtumerium's pow'rs,
Atina ſtrong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
Five potent cities, all their ſons employ,
To forge new arms againſt the troops of Troy.
For greaves the ductile ſilver they extend,
And for the ſhield the pliant ſallow bend:
The guiltleſs arms the rural trade affords,
Scythes, plough-ſhares, hooks, are ſtreighten'd into ſwords.
And in the glowing forges they reſtore
The blunted faulchions which their fathers wore.
And now the ſprightly trumpets ſound from far;
The word flies round; the ſignal of the war.
Some ſnatch the poliſh'd helm with eager ſpeed;
Some to the yoke compel the ſnorting ſteed.
Brace on the golden cuiraſs, ſeize the ſhield;
And, with the glitt'ring ſword, ruſh furious to the field.
Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring;
Inſpire your bard, and teach him how to ſing
What mighty heroes led the martial train,
And what embattled armies ſpread the plain:

The

The Latian chiefs, ye goddeſſes! declare,
And the dire progreſs of the waſteful war;
You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
Which we learn only from the voice of fame.
Mezentius firſt, who ſcorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
Conducts his armies from the Tuſcan ſhores.
Him follow'd Lauſus, flush'd with youthful fire,
A ſon, whoſe ſhining virtues might require
A happier throne, and far a better ſire!
He tam'd the ſteed, and urg'd the generous chace,
And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face:
He led from fair Agylla to the plain
A thouſand warriors, but he led in vain!
Great Aventinus, great Alcides' ſon,
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
A hundred ſerpents round his buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiſs'd from all her heads, in gold.
Freſh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
And fierce he laſh'd his fiery courſers round.
When great Alcides from Geryon ſlain
Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain;
And the brave victor, ſafe in theſe abodes,
Cool'd his Heſperian herds in Tyber's floods;
He won in ſhades the beauteous Rhea's grace,
And this bold hero crown'd his ſtrong embrace,
Born in mount Aventine's ſequeſter'd wood;
The mortal mother mingling with the god.
His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,
And arm'd with ſteely piles, provoke the war.

He

He ſtalk'd before his hoſt; and wide diſpread,
A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
Then fought the palace in this ſtrange attire,
And look'd as ſtern and dreadful as his ſire.
From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,
Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
Brave youths! who led the martial Argive train,
And ruſh'd the foremoſt to th' embattled plain.
So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,
Ruſh furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;
The groves give way, the crackling woods reſound,
And trampled foreſts ſpread their ruins wide around.
Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
Who bade the tow'rs of proud Præneſte riſe:
Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire;
The nations deem'd great Mulciber his ſire.
A hoſt of warriors to the field he led,
The hardy ſwains that fair Præneſte bred,
Or Gabii ſent where Juno's temple roſe;
The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows.
With thoſe who drink old Amaſenus' ſtream,
Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came.
Not all with arms are furniſh'd for the war,
Nor graſp the ſhield, nor whirl the rapid car.
But moſt from ſlings a ſtorm of bullets throw,
And leaden deaths deſtroy the diſtant foe.
Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore,
And ſpoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;
The left foot bare, they boldly ruſh to fight,
But a tough hide, unſeaſon'd, ſheaths the right.

Next

Next Neptune's ſon, the brave Meſſapus came,
Exempt from ſteel, and ſacred from the flame.
To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,
And urg'd his troops to ſhine in arms again.
From the Flavinian and Feſcennian coaſt
At his command advance th' embody'd hoſt:
With the Faliſcan band, who pureſt juſtice boaſt.
Thoſe who on high Soracte's tow'rs reſide,
Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,
Or o'er the rough aſpiring mountain rove,
Or haunt divine Feronia's ſhady grove:
All march, embattled in array, and ſing
The martial glories of their godlike king.
So from the fiſhy floods, a ſnowy train
Of ſwans embody'd wing th' aërial plain;
Stretch their long necks o'er Aſius' cryſtal ſpring,
And the reſponſive ſhores and echoing waters ring.
Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
Had thought this noiſy train a hoſt in arms,
But ſome huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who ſoar
Among the cliffs, and ſcream around the ſhore.
Lo! next brave Clauſus leads his troops along;
From the old Sabine race the warrior ſprung:
With a vaſt hoſt, a ſhot himſelf, he came,
The firſt great father of the Claudian name;
That ſpread through Latium, when, the line to grace,
Rome ſhar'd her empire with the Sabine race.
The ancient Cures march at his commands,
And a large force from Amiternian lands,

With

With thoſe who dwell where full Velinus runs,
Or where Nomentum boaſts her martial ſons,
Or old Eretum ſtretch'd her utmoſt bound,
And rich Mutuſca ſmiles, with olives crown'd;
Or where ſteep Tetrica's rough rocks ariſe,
Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the ſkies.
Where, with fair Foruli Caſperia ſtands,
And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands,
Where gentle Fabaris ſerenely glides,
Whoſe ſtreams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
Where, near cold Nurſia, beauteous Orta ſtood,
And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.
Thick ſhines with moving troops the blazing plain,
Thick, as the billows on the ſtormy main;
Thick as the ripen'd harveſts are beheld,
That nod and wave along the golden field.
The bucklers ring, the claſhing arms reſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.
Then Agamemnon's ſon, Heleſus came,
By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;
He yok'd his fiery courſers to the car,
And with a thouſand ſoldiers ruſh'd to war,
From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line,
Where maſſic hills produce the generous wine;
Warriors, who dwell along the roaring ſea,
Or from the walls of Cales took their way:
With thoſe who drink Vulturnus' ſhoaly flood,
The rough Saticulan and Oſcan ſtood.
Short, pointed javelins, faſten'd by a ſtring,
With fatal force the dext'rous artiſts fling:

Light

Light ſhields of ſeaſon'd hide aloft they bear,
And, arm'd with bending ſwords, provoke the war.
Nor thou, unſung, brave Oebalus! ſhalt paſs,
The nymph Sebethis' ſon, of Telo's race.
While pleaſing Capræa own'd his father's ſway,
And the Teleboan realms his nod obey;
The ſon, far more ambitious, ſtretch'd his reign
O'er thoſe rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain.
Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
And old Celenna ſpreads her ſpacious down.
Theſe, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw
Huge ſpears with barbs, that wing'd with ſlaughter flew.
Light caſques of cork around their heads they wore,
And brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers bore.

Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,
Cold Nurſia ſent a chief renown'd in arms.
Her fierce rough ſons through foreſts bound away,
And o'er wild mountains chace the panting prey.
In arms the natives turn the frozen ſoil,
Make war a ſport, and fly upon the ſpoil.

Umbro, the brave Marrubian prieſt, was there,
Sent by the Marſian monarch to the war.
The ſmiling olive with her verdant boughs
Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
His charms, in peace the furious ſerpent keep,
And lull th' envenom'd viper's race to ſleep;
His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
And at his touch the poiſons fled again.

But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart!
Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow
On Marsian mountains, could prevent the blow!
For thee, wide echoing sigh'd th' Angitian woods;
For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods!
Next, brave Hippolytus! thy beauteous heir,
The lovely Virbius mingled in the war.
In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
His troops the youth from old Aricia led:
Where, on the shore, Diana's altar stood,
(But now unstain'd with offer'd human blood;)
For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
By his fierce step-dame's arts and vengeance fell,
Chas'd by his father's curses to the shore,
The hapless youth the startled coursers tore;
By Æsculapius' skill and Dian's care
The chief reviv'd and breath'd ethereal air.
But Jove incens'd, a mortal to survey,
From the Tartarean shades restor'd to day,
Great Phœbus' son, the godlike artist, hurl'd,
Transfixt with thunder, to the nether world:
But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there
Consign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
There, in the forests, with the sacred dame
He past his days, and Virbius was his name.
For this, th' unhallow'd steed must still remove
From Dian's fane and consecrated grove:
Since the mad horses startled as they flew,
And on the ground their mangled master threw.

Yet

Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery courſers to the war.
Bold Turnus in the front, ſupremely tall,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outſhines them all;
High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,
And on his creſt the dire chimæra blaz'd:
From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires
A dreadful length of fires ſucceeding fires.
When the loud voice of ſlaughter rends the ſkies,
And the full horrors of the battle riſe,
She glows, ſhe lightens, as the warrior turns;
She flames with rage; and the whole monſter burns.
Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field,
The beauteous Iö charg'd the ſhining ſhield.
Here ſtood her * guard; and there her † father roll'd
His ſwelling ſurges through the figur'd gold.
A cloud of foot ſucceeds; a mighty train,
With ſpears, and ſhields; and armies hide the plain.
The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands
Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.
With painted ſhields the brave Labici came
And Sacran forces to the field of fame;
With thoſe who till Numicus' fair abodes,
Or dwell where Tyber views his riſing woods:
Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,
And the ſteep hills of Circe ſtretch around:
Where fair Feronia boaſts her ſtately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove:

* Argus. † Inachus, a river god.

Where ſtands the Pontine lake, and o'er the plain,
Cold Uſens' ſtream ſteals gently to the main,
Laſt with her martial troops, all ſheath'd in braſs,
Camilla came, a queen of Volſcian race.
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and courſers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:
Lightly ſhe flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender graſs, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the ſwelling ſurge ſuſpended ſweeps,
And ſmoothly ſkims, unbath'd, along the deeps.
From the diſpeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids and youths, to view the fair:
The crowds all gaze with tranſport, to ſurvey
Looſe in the winds, her purple garments play,
Her poliſh'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride
With arrows ſtor'd, and glittering at her ſide:
Her ſhining javelin, wondering they behold,
And her fair treſſes bound with claſps of gold.

End of the Seventh Book.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all poſſible preparations. Turnus ſends to Diomedes; Æneas goes in perſon to beg ſuccours from Evander, and the Tuſcans. Evander receives him kindly, furniſhes him with men, and ſends his ſon Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the requeſt of Venus, makes arms for her ſon Æneas, and draws on his ſhield the moſt memorable actions of his poſterity.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK VIII.

NOW Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
To mount the fiery ſteeds and fly to arms;
Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs, ſublime in air,
His ſtandard wav'd, the ſignal of the war:
And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite
The generous youth, and call them to the fight.
Confederate pow'rs conſpire, the war to wage;
And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
Their armies Uſens and Meſſapus guide,
With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd.
From the ſuſpended plough they drag the ſwains,
And for the war diſpeopled all the plains.
To Arpi next ſage Venulus they ſped
To beg the aid of royal Diomed;
And charge the hoary envoy to inform
The martial monarch of the riſing ſtorm;
That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;
Æneas here has ſixt his vanquiſh'd gods;
And vaunts himſelf the prince, ordain'd by fate
To ſway the ſceptre of th' Heſperian ſtate;
The nations own his cauſe, his right proclaim,
And Latium echoes with his growing fame;

That beſt himſelf could judge, who knew the foe,
From ſuch a war what dread effects may flow;
What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
And, ſhould he conquer, what the dire event,
Was left for him to weigh; whoſe ſtate and throne,
And fortunes, ſtood endanger'd like their own.

All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppreſt
With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breaſt.
A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and points to every ſide.
So from a brazen vaſe the trembling ſtream
Reflects the lunar, or the ſolar beam:
Swift and eluſive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the cieling ſhoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering ſplendor plays.

'Twas night—and, weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay;
And laſt the Trojan prince, oppreſt with care
On the dire proſpect of th' approaching war,
Sunk, and in balmy ſlumbers clos'd his eyes;
His couch the bank; his canopy the ſkies.
When, ſlow-emerging through the poplar wood,
Roſe the majeſtic father of the flood,
Tyber, the guardian god, in open view;
A ſea-green mantle round his ſhoulders flew;
A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
And, to relieve his ſorrows, thus he ſaid:

O long-expected on our bleſt abodes,
Great chief, the true deſcendant of the gods!

Whoſe

Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more
To rise immortal on our Latian shore;
Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear;
Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.
Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,
The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.
Nor think, an airy vision of the night,
A transient empty dream deludes thy sight.
Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
Who drain her udders as she lies along.
There, there, thy town, great hero, shall ascend,
There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.
Heav'n, by this sign, ordains thy royal son,
When thirty years in full succession run,
Shall build a city of distinguish'd fame,
Which from this omen shall derive her name.
But to succeed, pursue what I advise;
Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,
Hither beneath Evander bent their way;
Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown;
And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town.
But soon the Latian race in arms appear;
And with the strangers wage a dreadful war.
Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more.
Rise, son of Venus, rise, employ thy oars;
Our self will guide thee to the friendly shores.

Soon

Soon as the day ſhall dawn, thy gifts prepare,
And vanquiſh heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.
Crown'd with ſucceſs, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd,
Diſcharge to me the honours of a god,
To me the ſire of this immortal flood:
For know, old Tyber ſtands before thine eyes,
Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the ſkies.
I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train
Along theſe banks, and bathe the fruitful plain:
And on our ſides a city ſhall be ſeen;
Our glorious ſeat; the world's majeſtic queen!
The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed;
And with the night the hero's ſlumber fled.
He roſe, and ſtrait his joyful eyes ſurvey
The purple ſplendors of the dawning day;
Then water in his palm devoutly took,
Rais'd to the ſkies, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:
Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs! from whoſe ſupplies
And watery ſtores the ſwelling rivers riſe;
And thou, old Tyber! my propitious guide,
Receive Æneas on thy ſacred tide;
From every ill defend him, as he goes,
And look with pity on his endleſs woes.
Then from whatever ſource thy ſtreams ſurvey
The golden light, and murmuring ſpring to day;
O thou, the greateſt of the wat'ry gods,
Majeſtic prince of all th' Heſperian floods!
Still to thy name due honours will I pay,
And gifts unceaſing on thy altars lay.

But

But oh! be present with thy aid divine,
Display, and then confirm the promis'd sign.
He said, then arm'd his Trojans, and supply'd
Two barks with oars, to stem the yellow tide.
When lo! the promis'd omen was display'd;
The large white dam lay stretch'd along the shade,
With all her snowy young, in open view;
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno slew.
Now while the ships with equal strokes they row'd,
All night old Tyber calm'd his swelling flood.
The slumbering streams no mingling murmurs make,
Smooth, as the glassy level of the lake.
With joyful shouts the sable gallies glide,
Easy and light, along the floating tide.
Surpris'd, the forests and the floods beheld
Bright arms and vessels on the wat'ry field.
All night, all day, they ply their busy oars
Along the mazes of the winding shores,
And gently move beneath the waving scene
Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with green.
Now had the sun's bright coursers whirl'd on high
His fiery chariot to the mid-day sky:
When lo! the distant tow'rs the train descries;
And walls and intermingled houses rise;
Evander's homely state—where now appears
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the stars!
Thither they turn the prow without delay,
And to the city bend their eager way.
Before the town, within the gloomy woods,
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,

It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid
A ſolemn offering in the ſecret ſhade.
Pallas his ſon, the rural ſenate round,
And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd:
With fuming incenſe in their hands they ſtood,
And the red pavement bluſh'd with ſacred blood.
Soon as they ſaw the ſhips in ſilence move,
And ſhine between the openings of the grove;
A ſudden dread ſtrikes cold through every breaſt;
They ſtart, they riſe, and leave th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
But Pallas bids the gueſts the rite purſue,
Then ſnatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew—
Reſolve me, ſtranger, (from a point he calls)
Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls?
What urg'd your voyage to theſe ſhores, declare?
Speak, ſpeak your buſineſs—bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern the Trojan hero ſtands,
And held a branch of olive in his hands.
Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd ſons of Troy;
Theſe ſwords againſt the Latians we employ;
The perjur'd Latians; whoſe unjuſt alarms
Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,
And beg his potent ſuccour in the war.
Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,
(All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)
To my great father be thy ſuit addreſt,
And grace our manſions as a friend and gueſt.
With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand,
And led the godlike hero from the ſtrand:

Then

Then to the sacred grove their way they took;
And thus the Trojan to the monarch spoke:
Best of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear,
Constrain'd by fate, these types of peace I bear.
Though from Arcadia's hostile bounds you came,
Ally'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,
Yet hither did thy fame my steps incline,
My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine;
And the mixt glories of our kindred line.
For know we both from mighty Atlas trace,
Who props th' ethereal spheres, our ancient race.
Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.
His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height,
Disclos'd your sire, great Mercury, to light.
Thus from that common source divided run
Our sacred lines, as first they met in one.
Rais'd by these hopes all caution I disown,
And sent no envoys to address thy throne,
But came unguarded, fearless, and alone.
Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, destroy
Your suff'ring subjects and the sons of Troy;
And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,
From sea to sea to propagate their reign.
Then in a league let either nation join,
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,
Valiant and bold, and season'd to alarms,
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!
Thus he—the monarch roll'd his eager eyes
O'er his majestic form, and thus replies:

On all thy features how I dwell with joy:
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy!
How in thy face, my ancient friend I see!
Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee!
Well I recall great Priam's stately port,
Whence once he sought his * royal sister's court
On Salaminian shores, with all his train;
And took his way through our Arcadian plain.
Then, but a youth, I gaz'd the strangers o'er,
And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more;
But most Anchises; for, supremely tall,
Thy graceful godlike sire outshin'd them all.
Eager I long'd in friendship's sacred bands
To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands,
Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, carest
Th' illustrious prince, and claim'd him for my guest.
On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd
Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
(A glorious present by my son possest,)
With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.
The peace you ask, we give; our friendship plight,
And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,
With our confederate troops, a martial train,
Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again.
Now, since as friends you honour our abode,
Assist, and pay due offerings to the god.
With us pursue the solemn annual feasts,
And from this hour commence our constant guests.

* Hesione.

He

He said; the bowls replac'd in open view,
The joyful train the holy rites renew;
The hoary king dispos'd his guests around,
And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.
But for their prince an ample couch was spread;
A lion's spoils adorn'd the rural bed.
Now brought the chosen youths and priests again
The sacred banquet to the stranger train;
Dispens'd from canisters the bread around,
And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:
The Dardan prince and every Trojan guest,
Reclin'd at ease, partake the solemn feast.
But when the rage of craving hunger fled,
Thus to the chief the hoary monarch said:
'Tis not for nought we pay these rites divine
To great Alcides' ever-honour'd shrine;
Our worship springs from gratitude sincere,
Not heady zeal, nor superstitious fear;
Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;
But, sav'd by Hercules, adore the god.
For lo! in air yon hanging rock behold!
See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!
See yon huge cavern, yawning-wide around!
Where still the shatter'd mountain spreads the ground.
That spacious hold, grim Cacus once possest,
Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beast!
Deep, deep as hell, the dismal dungeon lay,
Dark and impervious to the beams of day.
With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimson gore.

The fiend from Vulcan ſprung; and, like his ſire,
The mighty monſter breath'd a ſtorm of fire,
So fierce he rag'd; till time at length beſtow'd
The preſence, aid, and vengeance of a god.
For now Alcides left the realms of Spain,
Proud of the ſpoils of huge Geryon ſlain.
To theſe fair ſhores the bellowing droves he led;
Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
The fiend reſolves to bear the prize away
By fraud or force; and meditates the prey.
Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
Inclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
But by their tails the ſtruggling prey he drew,
And thought to puzzle the deluded view.
The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread,
Back from the monſter's darkſome cavern led.
Mean time the mighty drove the hero leads
To freſher paſtures, and untrampled meads.
The parting herds ſpread wide, and roar around;
Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the ſound.
When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
And roar'd reſponſive from the cave again;
From vault to vault the ſound in thunder flew,
And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
Alcides ſeiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his ſoul on fire;
Fierce in his hands the pon'drous club he ſhook,
And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aërial rock.
Then, firſt appall'd, the monſter we deſcry,
Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye.

Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,
And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
The pond'rous rock, impenetrably ſtrong,
On ſolid hinges by his father hung,
To guard the dreadful dungeon, down he drew:
The ſhatter'd chains and burſting barriers flew.
Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
He gnaſh'd his teeth with rage, the paſſes try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on every ſide;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
Thrice ſtrove to ſtorm the maſſy gates in vain;
And thrice, o'erſpent, ſat panting on the plain.
A pointed rock behind the cavern ſtood,
That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
Black, rough, and vaſt; a pile of wond'rous height,
A ſolemn haunt for every bird of night.
This, from the right, the god incumbent ſhook;
Fierce from the ſolid baſe he heav'd the rock.
Then puſh'd convulſive with a frightful peal,
The ſmoking ſteep rolls thund'ring down the vale.
To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;
The banks ſtart wide; and back the ſurges fly.
Expos'd to ſight the monſter's dungeon lay,
And the huge cave flew open to the day.
So, if the bolts of Jove ſhould burſt the ground,
And opening earth diſcloſe the vaſt profound,
The ſolemn ſecrets of the dark abodes,
Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods;

Full on the black abyſs the beams would play,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day:
As pale (his dungeon ſtorm'd) with wild affright,
Glares the dire fiend, ſurpris'd in open light.
He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above,
Full on the foe the furious hero drove.
With every vengeful inſtrument in view,
Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
Now round the cavern, in deſpair of flight,
Th' enormous monſter breathes a ſudden night;
To blind or blaſt his mighty foe, expires
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and all his father's fires.
With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
And headlong through the burning tempeſt flew.
Fierce on the fiend, through ſtifling fumes he came,
Through ſtreams of ſmoke and deluges of flame;
There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
His trembling prize the great Alcides found;
Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
And on the ground his monſtrous bulk extends;
Strangled the ſtruggling foe with matchleſs might,
And from their caverns tore the balls of ſight.
Thus the huge fiend, exhauſted, breathleſs, tir'd,
Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean graſp expir'd.
The god then burſt the gates; and open lie
The den's vaſt depths, all naked to the ſky.
Th' expanded caves diſmiſs th' impriſon'd prey,
From the black darkſome dungeon to the day.
Forth by the feet the crowds the monſter drew;
On his huge ſize they feaſt their eager view;

His

His ſhaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.
From that bleſt hour th' Arcadian tribes beſtow'd
Theſe ſolemn honours on their guardian god.
Potitius firſt, his gratitude to prove,
Ador'd Alcides in the ſhady grove;
And, with the old Pinarian ſacred line,
Theſe altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
Rites, which our ſons for ever ſhall maintain;
And ever ſacred ſhall the grove remain.
Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,
And crown your heads, and ſolemnize the day.
Invoke our common god with hymns divine,
And from the goblet pour the generous wine.
He ſaid, and with the poplar's ſacred boughs,
Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows;
Rais'd the crown'd goblet high, in open view:
With him, the gueſts the holy rite purſue,
And on the board the rich libation threw.
Now from before the riſing ſhades of night,
Roll'd down the ſteep of heav'n, the beamy light.
Clad in the fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, proceed
The holy prieſts; Potitius at their head.
With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
With care the copious viands they diſpoſe;
And for their gueſts a ſecond banquet roſe.
The fires curl high; the Salii dance around
To ſacred ſtrains, with ſhady poplars crown'd.

The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
Reſound great Hercules' immortal praiſe.
How firſt, his infant hands the ſnakes o'erthrew,
That Juno ſent; and the dire monſters ſlew.
What mighty cities next his arms deſtroy,
Th' Oechalian walls, and ſtately tow'rs of Troy.
The thouſand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Euryſtheus' ſtern commands,
And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchleſs might
O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
Hylæus, Pholus ſunk beneath thy feet,
And the grim bull, whoſe rage diſpeopled Crete.
Beneath thy arm the Nemean monſter fell;
Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
Ev'n hell's grim porter ſhook with dire diſmay,
Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
No ſhapes of danger could thy ſoul affright;
Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,
Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With all her hundred heads, that hiſs'd around.
Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes!
Hail ſon of Jove; a god among the gods!
Be preſent to the vows thy ſuppliants pay,
And with a ſmile theſe grateful rites ſurvey.
Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the ſtrain,
Where the grim monſter breath'd his flames in vain.
To the glad ſong, the vales, the woods rebound,
The lofty hills reply, and echo to the ſound.

The ſacred rites complete, the numerous train
Back to the city bend their courſe again.

Trembling

Trembling with age, ſlow moves the monarch on,
Between the hero and his blooming ſon.
They paſs with pleaſure the remains of day
In various converſe, that beguiles the way.
Around th' illuſtrious ſtranger darts his ſight,
And views each place with wonder and delight:
Curious each ancient monument ſurveys,
And aſks of every work of ancient days,
Half ſunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—
When thus, the founder of majeſtic Rome:
Know, mighty prince, theſe venerable woods,
Of old, were haunted by the ſilvan gods,
And ſavage tribes, a rugged race who took
Their birth primeval from the ſtubborn oak.
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race:
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place;
Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.
Their food, the ſavage fruits the foreſts yield,
Or hunted game, the fortune of the field,
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and baniſh'd from the realms above.
He by juſt laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain;
There fixt; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whoſe friendly ſhores conceal'd the latent god.
Theſe realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And bleſt the nations with an age of gold.
A ſecond age ſucceeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the luſt of gain, and rage of war.

Then the Sicanians and Auſonians came,
And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
Succeſſive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;
Then ſtern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coaſt,
Receiv'd his name, and Albula was loſt.
I came the laſt, through ſtormy oceans driv'n
From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.
My mother goddeſs and Apollo bore
My courſe at length to this auſpicious ſhore.
This ſaid, the prince the gate and altar ſhows,
That to his parent, great Carmenta, roſe;
Whoſe voice foretold, the ſons of Troy ſhould crown
With everlaſting fame the riſing town.
Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple ſtood;
There, the renown'd aſylum, in the wood.
Now points the monarch, where by vengeful ſteel,
His murder'd gueſt, poor, hapleſs Argus fell!
Next, to the Capitol their courſe they hold,
Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
Ev'n then her aweful ſanctity appear'd;
The ſwains the local majeſty rever'd.
All pale with ſacred horror, they ſurvey'd
The ſolemn mountain and the reverend ſhade.
Some god, the monarch ſaid, ſome latent god
Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood.
Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
Have ſeen great Jove, dread ſovereign of the ſkies;
High o'er their heads, the god his ægis held,
And blacken'd heaven with clouds, and ſhook th' immortal ſhield!

In

In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold,
Rais'd by our fires; huge monuments of old!
Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders! – but are now no more!
Thus they converſt on works of ancient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came;
There oxen ſtalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud Forum graz'd.
Lo! ſaid the good old king, this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!
Thou too, as nobly, raiſe thy ſoul above
All pomps, and emulate the ſeed of Jove.
With that the hero's hands the monarch preſt,
And to the manſion led his godlike gueſt.
There on a bear's rough ſpoils his limbs he laid,
And ſwelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.
Now aweful night her ſolemn darkneſs brings,
And ſtretches o'er the world her duſky wings;
When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hoſtile Latium, and her ſons in arms,)
In thoſe ſtill moments, thus to Vulcan ſaid,
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed;
(Her thrilling words her melting conſort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love;)
When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conſpir'd to ſink in duſt the Trojan ſtate,
As Ilion's doom was ſeal'd, I ne'er implor'd,
In thoſe long wars, the labours of my lord;
Nor urg'd my dear, dear conſort to impart,
For a loſt empire, his immortal art;

Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care,
Though much I ſorrow'd for my godlike heir.
Now as the chief, by Jove's ſupreme command,
Has reach'd at length the deſtin'd Latian land;
To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
A goddeſs begs; a mother for her ſon.
Oh! guard the hero from theſe dire alarms,
Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
See, what proud cities every hand employ,
To arm new hoſts againſt the ſons of Troy;
On me and all my people, from afar
See what aſſembled nations pour to war!
Yet not in vain her ſorrows Thetis ſhed,
Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,
When they implor'd my lord of old to grace
With arms immortal an inferior race.
Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
The gift, thoſe goddeſſes obtain'd before.

This ſaid; her arms, that match the winter ſnows,
Around her unreſolving lord ſhe throws;
When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
That gilds with momentary beams the ſkies,
The thrilling flames of love, without control,
Flew through the ſooty god, and fir'd his ſoul.
With conſcious joy her conqueſt ſhe deſcry'd;
When, by her charms ſubdu'd, her lord reply'd:
Why all theſe reaſons urg'd, my mind to move;
When ſuch your beauties, and ſo fierce my love!
Long ſince, at your requeſt, my ready care,
In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your ſon for war.

Nor

Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate
Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan state;
But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy
Th' imperial sceptre, and the throne of Troy.
Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,
Her sacred cause shall all our art engage.
The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,
With breathing bellows or the forming flame,
Or polish'd steel, refulgent to behold,
Or mingled metals, damask'd o'er with gold,
Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er,
And doubt thy interest in my love no more.
He spoke; and, fir'd with transport by her charms,
Clasp'd the fair goddess in his eager arms;
Then pleas'd, and panting on her bosom lay,
Sunk in repose, and all dissolv'd away!
But rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,
When half the silent hours of night were fled:
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their task with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed:
So to his task, before the dawn, retires
From soft repose the father of the fires.
Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood
All black with smoke, a rocky island stood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god.

Here

Here the grim cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;
From side to side the fiery caverns roar.
Loud groans the mass beneath their ponderous blows;
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave.
Before their sovereign came, the cyclops strove
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.
The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath and terror, and the lightning's blaze.
With equal speed, a second train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd
Round the dread ægis, bright with scales of gold;
The horrid ægis, great Minerva's shield,
When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field,

All

All charg'd with curling ſnakes the boſs they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
In agonizing pains the monſter frown'd,
And roll'd, in death, her fiery eyes around.
Throw, throw your taſks aſide, the ſovereign ſaid;
Arms for a godlike hero muſt be made.
Fly to the work before the dawn of day;
Your ſpeed, your ſtrength, and all your ſkill diſplay!
Swift as the word, (his orders to purſue)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vaſt heaps of ſteel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling ſtreams of braſs, and floods of melted gold.
The brethren firſt a glorious ſhield prepare,
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war,
Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouſe the roaring flame:
Some in the ſtream the hiſſing metals d own'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring ſtrokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the ſound.
Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raiſe,
And turn the glowing maſs a thouſand ways.
Theſe cares employ the father of the fires:
Mean time Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day,
Firſt the warm tunic round his limbs he threw;
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals drew.
Around his ſhoulders flow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright ſword hung glittering at his ſide.

Two mighty dogs, domeſtic at his board,
(A faithful guard) attend their aged lord.
The promis'd aid revolving in his breaſt,
The careful monarch ſought his godlike gueſt,
Who with Achates roſe at dawn of day,
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.
Their friendly hands exchang'd, their ſeats they took
Amid the hall; and firſt Evander ſpoke;
Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan ſtate!
Who, ſafe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;
Small is our force, and ſlender our relief;
Far, far unworthy ſuch a glorious chief.
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
The ſtern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
And mighty aids the willing Fates diſplay;
By me whole nations, in thy cauſe ally'd,
Whole hoſts in arms ſhall gather to thy ſide.
For near theſe walls, amid the Tuſcan lands,
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina ſtands.
Rais'd by the Lydian train, ſublime in air,
A martial race, and terrible in war,
For ages flouriſh'd this diſtinguiſh'd town;
Vaſt was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
Till ſtern Mezentius made her ſons obey
His lawleſs arms, and arbitrary ſway.
What tongue can ſuch barbarities record,
Or count the ſlaughters of his ruthleſs ſword?
Give him, ye gods! if juſtice you regard,
Give him, and all his race, the due reward!

'Twas

'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltleſs bled;
Still worſe; he bound the living to the dead.
Theſe, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monſtrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till choak'd with ſtench the ling'ring wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away.
At length, their patience tir'd, his ſubjects roſe,
Beſiege the tyrant, and his walls incloſe,
Subdue his guards, deſtroy his friends, and aim
Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;
While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,
And ſafe, through all the cloud of ſlaughter, flew.
But arm'd by juſt revenge, the Tuſcan band
To death the royal fugitive demand.
At once Etruria fires her martial train,
And all her ſons embattled ſpread the plain,
By me diſpos'd, ſhall march theſe mighty hoſts
Beneath thy conduct, from their native coaſts,
For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,
And the tall ſhips are rang'd along the ſtrand;
They wait the ſignal, for the fight prepare;
But thus a ſage retards the moving war;
" Ye choſen martial train, the glorious grace
" And flower of all our old Mæonian race.
" Though, by juſt rage inſpir'd, your hoſts are led
" To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,
" No Latian chief theſe armies muſt command;
" Chuſe ſome brave general from a foreign land."
With that, their forces ſtop'd in theſe abodes,
Struck with this aweful warning of the gods.

To

To me, their chief bold Tarchon ſent, before,
The crown, and every type of regal pow'r;
Me they requeſt to lead their armies on,
Accept the ſway, and fill the vacant throne.
But for theſe ſilver hairs 'tis far too late
To mix in battles, or the cares of ſtate;
Vain were the thoughts, ſo great a war to wage;
Too rough the taſk for unperforming age;
My ſon had led them, but his race withſtood;
Born half a native by the mother's blood.
But thou, great prince, whoſe years and godlike line
Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine,
Go thou; the high imperial taſk ſuſtain;
Go; to ſure conqueſt lead the vengeful train:
And let my Pallas by thy ſide engage,
Pallas. the joy of my declining age.
Beneath ſo great a maſter's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
In every field thy matchleſs toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire!
Beneath his ſtandard rang'd, a choſen force
I ſend, two hundred brave Arcadian horſe;
And, to ſupport the gathering war, my ſon
Shall lead an equal ſquadron of his own.

He ſaid; the prince and friend, in cares profound,
Long fixt their eyes with anguiſh on the ground,
Sad, and dejected at the ſhort ſupply;
Till Venus gave a ſignal from the ſky;
Swift from the opening heavens, with aweful ſound,
A ſudden ſplendor broke, and blaz'd around.

A rol-

A rolling general din they heard from far;
And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air.
While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering eyes,
Peal after peal runs rattling round the skies.
At last bright clashing arms the train behold,
That flush the skies, and fringe the clouds with gold.
But soon Æneas knew the loud alarms,
The promis'd present of immortal arms.
To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,
This sign belongs, an omen from the skies.
My mother promis'd these portents in air,
On the first opening of the wasteful war;
To me she brings, through yon ethereal road,
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god!
Oh! what a gathering storm of slaughter spreads
On yonder hosts, and blackens o'er their heads!
How shalt thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore!
How shall thy waves, old Tyber, smoke with gore,
When all thy streams, incumber'd with the slain,
Roll shields, and helms, and heroes to the main!
Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare;
Since 'tis their wish, I'll give a loose to war!
He said; and from the sylvan throne retires;
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.
Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
And to the houshold gods the victims slew.
To the same rites return, with equal joy,
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
Then to the ships he bends his course again,
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,

To

To wait him to the field; the reſt he ſends
With the glad tidings to his ſon and friends.
Smooth o'er the waves the painted veſſels glide,
And with the ſtream move gently down the tide.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,
And ſpeed their progreſs to the Tuſcan plain.
But to their prince a courſer was aſſign'd,
Of matchleſs ſpirit and ſuperior kind.
The bounding ſteed a lion's ſpoils infold,
With paws dependent, ſheath'd in ſhining gold.
Strait through the city flies the loud report
Of troops advancing to the Tuſcan court.
The ſhrieking matrons weary heav'n with pray'r;
Near and more near they view, in wild deſpair,
The horrid image of gigantic war.
The good old monarch then embrac'd his ſon,
And with a flood of tender tears begun:
Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
That vigorous ſtrength of youth, which once I knew;
When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
Præneſte ſaw her vanquiſh'd armies fall;
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hoſtile ſhields, I fed the flame,
And ſent great Herilus, of matchleſs might,
Their martial monarch, to the ſhades of night;
On whom, deſcended from celeſtial blood,
Three lives his goddeſs * mother had beſtow'd.
Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was ſlain,
As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.

* Feronia.

Thrice,

Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,
And thrice, of all his arms I ſtripp'd the dead.
Such were I now—not all theſe dire alarms,
Dangers, or deaths, ſhould tear me from thy arms:
Nor had Mezentius thus his ſlaughters ſpread,
Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head;
Nor thus unpuniſh'd ſtretch'd his rage abhorr'd
O'er towns, diſpeopled by his waſteful ſword.
But hear, ye gods! and heaven's great ruler, hear,
With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r!
My dear, dear Pallas, if the Fates ordain
Safe to return, and bleſs theſe eyes again:
With age, pain, ſickneſs, this one bleſſing give;
On this condition I'll endure to live.
But oh! if fortune has decreed his doom,
Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come;
Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow;
Now, ere ſhe lifts her hand to ſtrike the blow;
While in theſe feeble arms I ſtrain the boy,
My ſole delight, my laſt ſurviving joy!
Ere the ſad news of his untimely doom
Muſt bow this hoary head with ſorrow to the tomb!
With theſe laſt words he ſwoon'd, and ſunk away;
His ſervants to the couch their breathleſs lord convey.
Now through the opening gates the warriors ride,
Æneas firſt, Achates by his ſide.
The Trojan chiefs ſucceed: amid the train
Young Pallas towers, conſpicuous o'er the plain.
All bright his military purple flow'd;
His poliſh'd arms with golden ſplendors glow'd.

So, bath'd in ocean, with a vivid ray
Flames the refulgent ſtar that leads the day:
Wide through the ſky, before the ſacred light
Break, and diſperſe the ſcattering ſhades of night.
High on the battlements the mothers ſtand,
And, from the towers, ſurvey the martial band.
Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,
The glittering ſquadrons take the neareſt way.
Loud ſhouts ariſe; the thundering courſers bound
Through clouds of duſt, and paw the trembling ground.
A mighty grove, rever'd for ages ſtood
Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood:
Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound,
Roſe in the majeſty of darkneſs round.
In times of old, the pious Argive train,
The firſt poſſeſſors of the Latian plain,
To the great * guardian of the fields, had made
For ever ſacred the devoted ſhade,
And, on his ſolemn day, their annual offerings paid.
Not far from hence the Tuſcan hoſt diſpread
Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
From the tall towering point in full ſurvey,
Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay.
Hither Æneas, with his band, ſucceeds;
The train refreſh'd releaſe the panting ſteeds.
Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
Had brought the blazing preſent down the ſky.
By the cool ſtream the hero ſhe ſurvey'd
Within the winding vale, and thus ſhe ſaid:

* Sylvanus.

Behold

Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight.
Then the fair queen her joyful son embrac'd,
And by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.
The wondering chief with sudden rapture glow'd,
Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
Astonish'd at the blazing arms he stands,
And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
The sword, with death all pointed, he admires,
And the proud helm, that shoots a length of fires.
The mighty corslet cast a vivid ray;
With scales of brass and sanguine colours gay;
And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent shone,
Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the sun.
The polish'd greaves his manly thighs infold,
With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
With joy the weighty spear the prince beheld;
But most admir'd the huge mysterious shield;
For there had Vulcan, skill'd in times to come,
Display'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;
There all the Julian line the god had wrought,
And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought.
Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade,
The fostering wolf and martial * twins were laid;
Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
While at her dugs the sportive infants hung,
Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue.

* Romulus and Remus.

Next Rome appear'd; here ſhriek the Sabine dames,
Surpris'd, and raviſh'd at her ſolemn games.
In arms the Cures with their king appear,
And wage with infant Rome a ſudden war.
At length agreed, from fight the monarchs ceaſe,
And at the ſhrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
Each king beſide the bleeding victim ſtands,
With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
Here the mad courſers flew the foreſt o'er,
And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore.
As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,
The ſculptur'd trees are all bedrop'd with blood.
Here proud Porſenna, with his martial train,
Bids Rome receive her baniſh'd king again.
Her noble ſons, ſurrounded with alarms,
Fly, in the cauſe of liberty, to arms.
While glorious Cocles all his hoſt withſtood,
And Cloelia broke her chains, and ſwam the flood.
With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
The raging monarch frown'd, and ſtorm'd in gold.
There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius ſtrove,
Fought like a god, and look'd a ſecond Jove.
There ſtood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
The ſeat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.
Here fled the ſilver gooſe through courts of gold,
And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls foretold.
Through the thick foreſt move the hoſtile pow'rs,
And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.
Fair golden treſſes grace the comely train,
And every warrior wears a golden chain.

Em-

Embroider'd veſts their ſnowy limbs infold;
And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
Two Alpine ſpears with martial pride they wield,
And guard their bodies with an ample ſhield.
The Salii next in ſolemn garbs advance;
And naked here the mad Luperci dance.
The pledge of future empire from the ſky,
The ſacred targe ſtrikes dazzling on the eye.
In ſtately cars the pious matrons rode,
Who ſav'd their country, and appeas'd the god.
Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
The horrid manſions of eternal woe;
Where howl the damn'd; where Catiline in chains
Roars from the dark abyſs, in endleſs pains;
Sees the grim furies all around him ſpread,
And the black rock ſtill trembling o'er his head.
But in a ſeparate ſpace the juſt remain;
And aweful Cato rules the godlike train.
Full in the midſt, majeſtically roll'd
The ſolemn ocean wrought in figur'd gold:
But hoary waves curl high on every ſide,
And ſilver dolphins cut the ſable tide.
Amid the flood, two navies roſe to fight
With beaks of braſs; th' immortal Actian fight!
All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd,
And the vaſt ocean flam'd with arms of gold.
Here leads divine Auguſtus, through the floods
The ſons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:
From his high ſtern the martial ſcene ſurveys,
While ſtreaming ſplendors round his temples blaze;

His ſparkling eyes a keener glory ſhed,
Than his great father's ſtar, that glitters o'er his head.
Next, with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his ſquadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.
There brings proud Antony his various bands,
From diſtant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Diſpeopled Egypt fills the wat'ry plain,
And the whole Eaſtern world o'erſpreads the main.
But O;—the curſe of Rome, the ſhame of war,
His * Pharian conſort follows in the rear!
Ruſh the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars
And claſhing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating caſtles ride,
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;
The frothy ſurge like moving mountains ſweep,
Or iſles uprooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts and flames fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimſon ſtain.
The beauteous queen, amidſt the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her hoſts to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor ſees the ſnakes, that wait
And hiſs behind, dread miniſters of fate!
Againſt great Neptune, in his ſtrength array'd,
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monſter gods,

* Cleopatra.

In

In poliſh'd ſteel, conſpicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult ſtorms the god of war.
Her robes all rent, with many an ample ſtride,
Grim Diſcord ſtalk'd, triumphant o'er the tide.
Next, with her bloody ſcourge Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the ſkies.
Mean time, enthron'd on Actium's towering height,
The god of day ſurveys the raging fight,
And bends his twanging bow. With ſudden dread,
At the dire ſignal, all Arabia fled:
At once retire, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Egypt, and all th' aſſembled Eaſtern world.
Amid the ſlaughters of the fight was ſeen,
Pale with the fears of death, the Pharian queen;
Aghaſt, ſhe calls the kind propitious gales
To ſpeed her flight; and ſpreads her ſilken ſails.
The god diſplay'd her figure, full in view,
As o'er the floods with weſtern winds ſhe flew.
While ſunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans
The ſhame and ſlaughter of his vanquiſh'd ſons.
He ſaw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,
Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold,
Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,
And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.
Now moves great Cæſar (all his foes o'ercome,)
With three proud triumphs through imperial Rome;
And pays immortal honours to the ſkies:
Behold at once three hundred temples riſe!
The ſtreets reſound with ſhouts and ſolemn games;
And to the temples throng the Roman dames

With ardent pray'rs: high altars riſe around;
And with the blood of victims ſmokes the ground.
He ſits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane;
In ranks before him paſs the vanquiſh'd train,
While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
And hangs on high the conſecrated ſpoils.
Before the victor move the mighty throngs,
With different habits and diſcordant tongues.
Here paſs, diſtinguiſh'd by the god of fire,
The ſons of Afric in their looſe attire;
The Carians march; the bold Numidians ride;
The Gelons ſhine with quivers at their ſide.
Here crowd the Daæ; and the nations, there,
From earth's laſt ends aſſembled to the war.
Here with diminiſh'd pride Euphrates mourns;
There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns:
And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain,
Now bends, ſubmiſſive, to the Roman chain.
  Such was the glorious gift in every part
By Vulcan finiſh'd with immortal art:
(The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field;)
The prince with joy ſurveys the ſtory'd ſhield;
Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

End of the Eighth Book.

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, attempts to fire his ſhips (which are transformed into ſea-nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and concluſion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus puſhes the ſiege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he purſues. The gates are immediately cloſed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at laſt to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and ſwims to his camp.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK IX.

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,
The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;
Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode
In his old grandsire's consecrated wood;
There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:
Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
What scarce a god could promise to thy vows:
For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.
Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite,
And the raw peasants gather to the fight;
Call, call the fiery coursers, and the car;
Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war.
This said; with levell'd wings she mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky.
He knew the fair; his lifted hands he spread,
And with these words pursu'd her as she fled:

Bright

Bright beauteous goddeſs of the various bow,
What pow'r diſpatch'd thee to the world below?
What ſplendors open to my dazzled eyes!
What floods of glory burſt from all the ſkies;
And lo! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll!
Thick ſhine the ſtars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by theſe omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inſpiring god!

Raptur'd he ſaid, and ſought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling ſtreams in ſilver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands, then raiſing high in air,
To ev'ry god addreſt his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
Rich in embroider'd veſts, and arms of gold,
On ſprightly prancing ſteeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Meſſapus at their head;
The deep'ning rear the ſons of Tyrrheus led.
Brave Turnus flames in arms, ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs in the center, and outſhines them all.
Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
So mighty Ganges leads, with aweful pride,
In ſev'n large ſtreams his ſwelling ſolemn tide:
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in ſlow pomp, majeſtic, to the main.

Troy ſaw from far the black'ning cloud ariſe:
Then from the rampart's height Caïcus cries:
See, ſee, my friends, yon duſky martial train,
Involv'd in clouds, and ſweeping o'er the plain.

To

To arms—The foes advance—Your ſwords prepare;
Fly---Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.
With ſhouts they run; they gather at the call;
They cloſe the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
For ſo th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the hoſt,
When late he parted for the Tuſcan coaſt;
Whate'er befel, their ardor to reſtrain,
Truſt to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
There, tho' with ſhame and wrath their boſoms glow,
Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.
But mighty Turnus rode with rapid ſpeed,
And furious ſpurr'd his dappled Thracian ſteed;
Eager before the tardy ſquadrons flew
To reach the wall; and ſoon appear'd in view
(With twice ten noble warriors cloſe behind);
His crimſon creſt ſtream'd dreadful in the wind.
Who firſt, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare?
Then hurl'd a dart, the ſignal of the war.
Loud ſhout his train; deep wonder ſeiz'd them all,
To ſee the Trojans ſkulk behind their wall;
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they beſtow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.
Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
Tries every poſt and paſs, but tries in vain.
As, beat by tempeſts, and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the ſavage, bleat the tender lambs;
The monſter meditates the fleecy brood;
Now howls with hunger, and now thirſts for blood;

Round

Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:
Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief deſcries,
Rage fires his ſoul, and flaſhes from his eyes:
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the cloſe trench to combat on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beſide the camp—He calls for burning brands,
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inſpires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the miſſive fires;
The black'ning ſmokes in curling volumes riſe,
With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the ſkies.

O ſay, ye muſes, what celeſtial pow'r
Preſerv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And ſtopp'd the progreſs of the furious flame?
The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!

The Trojan chief, prepar'd to ſtem the tide,
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
Spoke the majeſtic mother of the gods;
Hear, and our firſt requeſt, my ſon, accord,
The firſt, ſince heav'n has own'd you for her lord.
To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
On lofty Ida tow'rs a ſtately grove;
Tall firs and maples there for years have ſtood,
And waving pines, a venerable wood!
To build his navy, I beſtow'd with joy
The hallow'd foreſt on the chief of Troy.

Now

Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care:
But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r:
Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine;
Be this their safety, that they once were mine.

Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls
The golden planets round the spangled poles:
What would our mother's rash request intend?
To turn the Fates from their determin'd end?
How! an immortal state would you demand
For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand?
And shall the chief in certain safety ride,
O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd;
No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god!
But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,
The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,
Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,
Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,
Know, we will take the mortal form from these;
Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas;
And with her sister Nereids shall divide
The silver waves, and bound along the tide.
This said; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow
By his dread brother's aweful streams below;
By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod;
The heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god.

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;

When

When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her ſacred veſſels from the flame.
Firſt from the glowing orient they deſcry
A blazing cloud that ſtretch'd from ſky to ſky;
The golden ſplendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majeſtic voice the liſt'ning nations hear:
Forbear, forbear, ye ſons of Troy, nor lend
Your needleſs aid, our veſſels to defend.
The proud Rutulian ſhall, with greater eaſe,
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry ſeas;
Launch you, my ſhips; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!
Swift at the word, the ſacred ſhips obey,
From their looſe anchors break, and bound away;
Like ſportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) riſe in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch ſwiftly from the ſhore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before.
The fierce Rutulians ſhook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Meſſapus trembled at the ſight,
Nor could he rule his ſteeds, nor check their rapid flight.
Old murm'ring Tyber ſhrunk with ſudden dread,
And to his ſource the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant Daunian hero, ſhook,
Who rais'd their drooping ſouls, while thus he ſpoke:
Theſe omens threat our foes (O glorious day!):
Lo! Jove has ſnatch'd their laſt relief away!

Lo!

Lo! from our dreaded arms their ſhips retire,
And vaniſh ſwift before our vengeful fire;
To Troy, impriſon'd in yon narrow coaſt,
The wat'ry half of all the globe is loſt.
Their flight, the ſeas and hoſtile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far
Pours forth her ſons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boaſt:
On Turnus all thoſe empty vaunts are loſt.
To 'ſcape the ſeas, and reach the Latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my loſt ſpouſe, to cruſh the perjur'd line.
Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The ſame my cauſe, and my revenge the ſame.
Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid ſo dearly for the crime before?
Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forſworn the ſex, and curſt the coſtly kind!
Fools! will they truſt yon feeble wall and gate,
That ſlight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long ſince beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie ſmoking on the ground!
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, ſtorm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er theſe daſtards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thouſand ſail;
Though to ſupport their deſp'rate cauſe ſhould join
Arcadia's ſons with all the Tuſcan line:

Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The ſacred thefts or murders of the night.
A robb'd palladium, and an ambuſh'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monſtrous horſe.
A conqueſt in the dark my ſoul diſclaims;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon ſhall they find no Argive hoſt appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and paſs away
In due repaſt the ſmall remains of day:
But riſe, riſe early with the dawning light,
Freſh from repoſe, and vig'rous for the fight.
Meantime it falls to great Meſſapus' care,
The ramparts to ſurround with fire and war.
Twice ſev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands;
An hundred ſpears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimſon creſts on every helmet play.
They watch, they reſt by turns; and, ſtretch'd ſupine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and ſhoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleaſures, paſs the jovial night.
This ſcene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All ſeiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with ſpeed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſtus fire the train.
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)

Now

Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town.
The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the springing down but just began
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, side by side;
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd;
And both alike were planted on the guard.
Has heav'n (cry'd Nisus first) this warmth bestow'd?
Heav'n? or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest?
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze!
See the loose discipline of yonder train;
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain:
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!—a gen'ral silence reigns around:
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I cou'd rest contented with the fame—)
An easy road, methinks, I can survey
Beneath yon summit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:
And will my Niſus then his friend diſclaim?
Deny'd his ſhare of danger and of fame?
And can thy dear Euryalus expoſe
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?
Not ſo my father taught his gen'rous boy,
Born, train'd and ſeaſon'd in the wars of Troy.
And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and ſea.
Thou too canſt witneſs that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd ſide by ſide.
Like thine, this boſom glows with martial flame;
Burns with a ſcorn of life, and love of fame;
And thinks, if endleſs glory can be fought
On ſuch low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no ſuch jealous fears alarm thy breaſt:
Thy worth and valour ſtand to all confeſt.
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me:
For this exploit, I durſt not think on thee!
No:—as I hope the bleſt ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But ſhould the gods deny me to ſucceed,
Should I—(which heav'n avert!) but ſhould I bleed;
Live thou;—in death ſome pleaſure that will give;
Live for thy Niſus' ſake; I charge thee, live.
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;—
Live, to redeem my corſe from hoſtile hands;
And decent to the ſilent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:

Or

Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.
Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea!
She left Acestes' walls, and she alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling son!
In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd.
With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.
In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state;
Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,
And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began:
Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,

Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise.
If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.
Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age:
Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will spare the relicks of the Trojan line,
Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
With such high courage, such determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took
With tears of joy; and panting, thus bespoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to so great a deed?
The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply;
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.
And I, brave Nisus! crys the royal boy,
Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprize pursue.

Oh!

Oh! to these longing eyes my sire restore;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more.
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine;
The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
When low in dust the fair Arisba lay:
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the purest gold:
With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal sire.
And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own;
When my great father mounts the Latian throne;
When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war;
What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield;
That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
My sire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share;
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!
All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.

Though fortune only our attempt can bleſs,
Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs.
But one reward I aſk, before I go,
The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
From her, the danger of ſo dear a ſon:
To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childleſs; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone),
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a ſon!
With that dear hope, embolden'd ſhall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.
  Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Aſcanius melts in tears,
To ſee the ſorrows of a duteous ſon,
And filial love, a love ſo like his own.
I promiſe all, heroic youth! he ſaid,
That to ſuch matchleſs valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother ſtill ſhall be the ſame
Creüſa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune good or ill ſucceſs decree;
'Tis merit, ſure, to bear a ſon like thee!

Now

Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpoſe to beſtow,
When ſafe return'd, on thee, the ſame ſhall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole ſurviving race.
So ſpoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his coſtly ſword:
The ſword with wond'rous art Lycaon made;
An ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the ſhining blade.
To Niſus, Mneſtheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care ſupply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' aſſembly waits,
With high applauſe, their progreſs to the gates.
Mature in wiſdom, far above his years,
The fair Iülus in the train appears,
And ſends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All loſt in wind, and ſcatter'd wide in air!
Now, favour'd by the ſhade, the warriors go,
Paſs the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,
With what large ſlaughter ſhall they bathe the ſhore!
All drench'd in wine and ſleep, lie ſtretch'd around,
The careleſs ſoldiers on the verdant ground,
Amid a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.
Here lie the ſcatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confuſion of debauch and war.
Now, now, cries Niſus firſt, thy courage call;
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road: while I the paſſage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.

From

From ſide to ſide, whole ſquadrons will I ſlay,
Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way.
With that, the youth in ſilence drew his ſword,
And ſtabb'd proud Rhamnes, a diſtinguiſh'd lord;
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in ſlumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, ſlept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had ſtill foreſhown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Then on the 'ſquire of Remus fierce he flew,
And, as they ſlept, his three attendants ſlew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midſt the ſteeds, he ſlumber'd on the plain;
Laſt on their lord employ'd the deadly ſteel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood diſtains the couch around;
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus laſt, in all his ſprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outſtretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already ſpent in play;
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day.
Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in ſilence lies the fleecy brood,
The ſavage rages in a foam of blood.

Nor

Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly ſword; but nameleſs crowds deſtroy'd.
Hebeſus, Fadus, as they ſlept, he goar'd;
But wakeful Rhæſus ſaw the ſlaught'ring ſword:
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, roſe again,
The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,
Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-bury'd in his breaſt;
With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd;
The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.
So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Meſſapus' tents they came,
The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,
Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Niſus warn'd him; for he ſaw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy;
Enough of death—our ſwords have hew'd the way—
We ſtand detected by the dawning day.
They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.
But yet the fond Euryalus would ſtay,
Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey;
The ſhining trappings Rhamnes' courſers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,
Of old, to Remulus was ſent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of ſocial ties;
Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,
And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.

This

This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next, with Meſſapus' helm, his brows he ſpread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, fluſh'd with ſlaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and ſeek a ſafer way.
  Meantime, the Daunian hero to ſupport,
Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court;
Three hundred horſe, while ſlow the foot ſucceed,
Fly ſwift before, with Volſcens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their ways,
And, on the left, the hapleſs youths ſurvey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
'Tis not for nought, thoſe youths appear; declare
(Cries the ſtern gen'ral) who, and whence you are;
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?
Nought they reply, but took their ſudden flight
To the thick foreſts, and the ſhades of night.
But the fierce warriors ſpurr'd their ſteeds, and ſtood
All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
O'ergrown and wild, the darkſome foreſt lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.
Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Diſtreſs'd Euryalus for ſhelter flies;
But miſs'd the turnings, in his wild ſurprize.
Not ſo, ſwift Niſus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet courſers of Latinus fed.

There

There ſtood the mournful youth; and from the plain,
Caſt a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
Where ſhall I find (he cry'd) the hapleſs boy?
Then he retrac'd his former ſteps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,
The trampling ſteeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind.
Here, while he paus'd, a general ſhout he heard;
And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
And pathleſs thickets, intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours croud the gath'ring train
Around the captive, who reſiſts in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what ſuccours, to redeem the boy?
Or through th' embattled ſquadrons ſhall he fly,
And, preſt by hoſtile numbers, nobly die?
Then on the moon he caſt a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed jav'lin ſhook;
Great guardian goddeſs of the woods! (he cries)
Pride of the ſtars, and empreſs of the ſkies!
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy ſhrine
For his dear ſon, and ſought thy pow'r divine,
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And grac'd thy ſacred roof with ſavage ſpoils;
Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
But, wing'd with death, diſperſe the hoſtile train.
This ſaid; with all his ſtrength the ſpear he threw;
Swift through the parting ſhade the weapon flew.

In

In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring ſtood,
And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;
While in thick ſobs he gaſp'd his ſoul away.
The crouds gaze round; when lo! a ſecond flies,
Fierce as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies.
Through Tagus' temples, o'er the ſhrinking train,
It flew, and ſunk deep-bury'd in the brain.
Now, mad for vengeance, Volſcens ſtorm'd, nor found
The daring author of the diſtant wound:
But thy curſt blood ſhall pay for both, he ſaid;
Then ruſh'd impetuous with the flaming blade
Againſt the trembling boy—with wild affright,
All pale, confus'd, diſtracted at the ſight,
From his cloſe covert Niſus ruſh'd in view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
Here ſheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.
By yon bright ſtars, by each immortal god,
His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
Nor could, nor durſt the boy the deed intend;
His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
Was too much love to his unhappy friend!
In vain he ſpoke, for ah! the ſword, addreſt
With ruthleſs rage, had pierc'd his lovely breaſt.
With blood his ſnowy limbs are purpled o'er,
And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the ſhare, lies languid on the ground;

Or

Or ſome tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
Bends the faint head, and ſinks upon the plain;
So fair, ſo languiſhingly ſweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!
Now midſt the foe, diſtracted Niſus flew;
Volſcens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
The gath'ring train the furious youth ſurround;
Dart follows dart, and wound ſucceeds to wound;
All, all, unfelt; he ſeeks their guilty lord;
In fiery circles flies his thund'ring ſword;
Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the deſtin'd way;
And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry ſide,
Brave Niſus flew the murd'rer as he dy'd;
Then, on the dear Euryalus his breaſt,
Sunk down, and ſlumber'd in eternal reſt.
Hail, happy pair! if fame our verſe can give,
From age to age, your memory ſhall live;
Long as th' imperial Capitol ſhall ſtand,
Or Rome's majeſtic lord the conquer'd world command!
The victors firſt divide the gaudy prey;
Then to the camp their breathleſs chief convey:
There too a ſcene of gen'ral grief appears;
There, crouds of ſlaughter'd princes claim their tears.
Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapleſs friends they found,
Some pale, in death, ſome gaſping on the ground.
With copious ſlaughter all the field was dy'd,
And ſtreams of gore run thick on ev'ry ſide.
All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought;
But mourn the fatal prize, ſo dearly bought.

Now,

Now, dappled ſtreaks of light Aurora ſhed,
And ruddy roſe from Tithon's ſaffron bed:
Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day.
When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
Firſt arm'd himſelf; then call'd the hoſt to arms.
The chiefs their ſoldiers to the field excite,
Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
On pointed ſpears, a dreadful ſight! they bore
The heads of both the hapleſs youths, before;
With barb'rous joy ſurvey the bloody prize,
And ſhout, and follow with triumphant cries.
The Trojans, on the left, ſuſtain the fight
From their high walls; the river guards the right.
They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
Thick on the ramparts ſtand the penſive train,
And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er
With ſanguine ſtains, and all deform'd with gore.
Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,
Her ſon, her dear Euryalus, was dead:
The vital warmth her trembling limbs forſook,
She dropp'd the ſhuttle, and with horror ſhook;
With hair diſhevell'd from the walls ſhe flies,
And rends the air with agonizing cries;
Breaks through the foremoſt troops in wild deſpair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.
And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
And could'ſt thou fly, my child, to certain harms?
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?

So

So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?
Nor let me take my last, my sad, farewell?
A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies;
And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies!
Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My task all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
For thee, my child;—but wove, alas! in vain.
Where shall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains?
How on thy face these longing eyes I fed!
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that, the sole sad relick of my son?
That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the shades below.
Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free;
'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!
Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame
With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.

But young Aſcanius, while his ſorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the guſh of woe,
With great Ilioneus, commands the train
To bear the matron to her tent again.
Now the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors animates the war.
The troops ruſh on; the deaf'ning clamours riſe,
And the long ſhouts run echoing round the ſkies.
Strait, in a ſhell, their ſhields the Volſcians threw;
And the cloſe cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp ſurround,
And tug th' aſpiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
They fix their ſcaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans miſſive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repel the riſing foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
Long with huge pointed ſtones, they ſtrove in vain,
To burſt the cov'ring of the hoſtile train.
Yet ſtill the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
At length the Trojans with a mighty ſhock,
Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embody'd ſquadron ſpreads,
Th' enormous maſs came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke through the ſhining arch, and cruſh'd the train;
And with a length of ſlaughter ſmok'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a diſtant combat wage.

There

There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And toſt within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!—while bold Meſſapus calls
To ſcale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls.
Ye ſacred nine, inſpire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' ſlaught'ring ſword.
What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
Each death diſplay, and open all the war!
Thoſe mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye muſes! to the world below.
Full o'er the wall a turret roſe on high,
Stage above ſtage, unrivall'd, to the ſky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full ſtrength, their whole collected war.
Vaſt fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Cloſe to the ſides the flaming miſchief hung;
Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the ſtructure flew.
With headlong ſpeed th' impriſon'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the ſpreading fire.
While on one ſide their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burſt, the crackling walls give way,
The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the ſound.
With the proud ſtructure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the ſmoky ruins, to the plain,
Their ſouls cruſh'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.

Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
And ah! thoſe hapleſs two were ſav'd in vain!
Unbleſs'd Helenor, moſt advanc'd in years,
At once encompaſt by the foe appears;
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous ſlave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.
Though born of ſervile blood, the gen'rous boy
In arms forbidden ſought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field;
Light was his ſword; and unadorn'd his ſhield.
At firſt with wild ſurpriſe the youth deſcry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry ſide;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins riſe,
Fierce on the cloſe embattled war he flies.
So the ſtern ſavage, whom the train ſurrounds
Of ſhouting hunters, ſteeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of ſpears.
But ſwifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Though jav'lins hiſs, and ſwords around him play;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For cloſe behind the furious Turnus flew:
Fool! couldſt thou hope to 'ſcape when I purſue,
Though ſwifter than the wind? (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he ſeiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire diſmay,
Tugg'd him with half the ſhatter'd wall away.
So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air,
Snatches the ſnowy ſwan or quiv'ring hare:

So

So the grim prowling wolf, amidſt her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her ſlaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud ſhouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hoſtile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets toſs the blazing brands.
As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tow'r'd in the front, and ſhook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior ſlew.
Young Liger's certain ſpear, Emation ſped;
Aſylas' ſhaft laid Chorinæus dead.
Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal ſteel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapleſs Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was ſlain;
And Capys ſtretch'd Privernus on the plain;
Firſt ſlightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The ſhield thrown by) to mitigate the ſmart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the ſecond dart, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Its fatal courſe through all his vitals held;
And the pale corſe lay panting on the field.
All-bright in arms, the ſon of Arcens ſtood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.

Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
Then ſeiz'd a ſling, and laid the jav'lin by;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whiſtling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Through both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in duſt, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then firſt in fight the young Aſcanius bore
His bow; employed on beaſts alone before.
His vengeful ſhafts a royal victim found,
And ſtretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' ſiſter to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He ſtalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:

What ſhame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquiſh'd train,
To lie beleaguer'd in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
That riſe, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes theſe!—who come ſo far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madneſs, call'd you o'er,
To fall and periſh on a foreign ſhore?
Far other foes than Atreus' ſons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning ſtreams,
And ſeaſon in the froſt their tender limbs.
Our boys the foreſt range, and lead the courſe,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horſe.
Long thirſt, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plough, fight, or ſhake embattled towns with war.

We

We live in ſteel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring ſteer.
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave ſire with martial vigour glows,
And cruſhes with the caſque his hoary brows.
All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subſiſt on rapine, and divide the ſpoils.
While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleaſures, and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye daſtard bands!)
Your heartleſs breaſts and unperforming hands.
Your female ſouls the manly form diſgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the bus'neſs of the war.

Thus while he ſpoke in ſcornful ſtrains, no more
The young Aſcanius the proud boaſter bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-ſtrung bow;
But firſt to Jove addreſs'd his ſolemn vow:
My bold attempt, almighty ſire, ſucceed;
A milk-white heifer at thy ſhrine ſhall bleed;
Majeſtic ſhall he ſtalk, and paw the ground,
Puſh with his gilded horns, and ſpurn the ſands around.

He ſaid—and, to the left, the ſire on high
Roll'd the big thunder through an azure ſky.
At once his twanging bow Aſcanius drew,
And, hiſſing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;

Nor flew the winged wrathful ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and ſtung him to the brain.
Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
Thus the twice-vanquiſh'd Phrygians, thus reply.
No more he ſaid;—loud ſhouts and clamours riſe;
And tranſport lifts the Trojans to the ſkies.

High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,
Apollo ſat, and thence ſurvey'd the war.
Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries;
Riſe, glorious youths; in valour ever riſe;
Riſe thus in time to heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
The ſon, and father, of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their ſwords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majeſtic lords!
Go—mount from fame to fame, auſpicious boy;
Proceed, and ſcorn the narrow bounds of Troy!

He ſaid; then down th' ethereal road he flies
With rapid ſpeed, and cleaves the liquid ſkies;
Aſſumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchiſes' long-try'd friend and faithful 'ſquire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had truſted to his care the royal boy.
Like this ſage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his viſage, and his arms the ſame.

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
Enough, young warrior—Let it now ſuffice
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy firſt attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:

Now

Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth—he ſaid; and paſt in air,
Paſt in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
And the looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the ſky.
The ſounding ſhafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd
With the loud quiver, and confeſt the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbad the war.
While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, ſpears, and javlins, from the works they flung;
From tow'r to tow'r the ſhouts and clamours rung;
Helms claſh with helms, the rattling ſhields reſound;
Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground;
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
Thick, as from weſtern clouds, all charg'd with rain,
Pours the black ſtorm, and ſmokes along the plain;
Thick as the gather'd hail, tempeſtuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the ſkies,
When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er;
When Jove diſcharges all his wrathful ſtore,
And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the burſting thunders roar!
Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal ſtood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera ſprung,
The champions roſe conſpicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
Their prince, when parting from the Tuſcan ſtate,
Appointed theſe, the guardians of the gate.

Proud

Proud of their ſtrength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors ſtand:
On their bright helms ſat Horror plum'd; on high
Their nodding creſts float dreadful in the ſky.
So where the fields fair Atheſis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his ſwelling tides,
With heads unſhorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod ſublime in air!
Soon as the foes an open entrance ſpy,
The war breaks in; but ſoon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hoſts; or in the portal die.
Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in ſteel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell.
To dire extremes the riſing rage proceeds;
The ſlaughter ſwells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more impriſon'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:
Now, fluſh'd with blood, in bold excurſion far
Ruſh the ſtern bands, and mix in cloſer war.
But in a diſtant quarter long engag'd,
Amidſt the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:
When to the prince a meſſenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her maſſy gates;
And, heaps on heaps the late impriſon'd train
Broke forth, and ſtretch'd the ſlaughter o'er the plain,
This heard, with fury ſparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.

First

Firſt, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed;
The whizzing lance, with all his force addreſs'd,
Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breaſt:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin ſtood:
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then ſunk Aphydnus to the ſhades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:
No vulgar lance the valiant victor toſt
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was loſt);
A ſtrong, vaſt, weighty ſpear, the hero threw,
A ſpear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and ſcales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could ſtay;
But ſtretch'd in duſt the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the Baian mole, whoſe ſtructures riſe
High o'er the flood, a maſſy fragment flies;
The rapid rolling pile all-headlong ſweeps,
With one vaſt length of ruin, to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry ſide,
Work the dark ſands, and blacken all the tide:
The trembling ſhores of Prochyta reſound,
And burning Arime ſhakes wide around;
The maſs, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus ſpread;
The giant hears the peal; and, ſeiz'd with dread,
Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.

Now

Now Mars himſelf inſpires the Latian band,
Warms ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthens ev'ry hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
The kindling legions gather to the fight;
Danger nor death their furious courſe controls,
And all the god came ruſhing on their ſouls!

His brother ſlain when Pandarus beheld,
And ſaw the changing fortune of the field,
He ſets his ample ſhoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
A croud of friends to certain death expos'd;
And, with himſelf, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who ruſh'd tumultuous from the plain.
Fool! not to ſee the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crouds amidſt the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like ſome fierce tyger midſt the trembling fold!
Loud claſh his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
Flaſh the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud creſt, and formidably plays;
And from his ſhield the ſtreamy lightnings blaze.

Too ſoon, with dire ſurpriſe, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother ſlain,
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal ſcene!
No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here deſcry,
But hoſtile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly.

In

In that vaſt bulk if any ſoul reſide,
Come, try thy might (the prince ſedate reply'd;)
Go, and old Priam's trembling ſpirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy ſoul to hell.
Then, firſt, his knotted ſpear the Trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.
But hope not thou to 'ſcape this ſword of mine,
Aim'd by a ſurer, ſtronger hand than thine,
The hero cry'd—Then flies againſt the foe
With the bright blade; and riſes to the blow;
Sudden the ſword tempeſtuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and ſinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Diſtain'd with blood, his claſhing arms reſound,
And, as he fell, he ſhook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay ſtretch'd along,
In equal ſhares the parted viſage hung.
Pale with new horror at the dreadful ſight,
On ev'ry ſide the Trojans urge their flight.
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his ſocial troops to ſtorm the town,
That day had ſeen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundleſs ſlaughter glows,
And rage inſatiate drives him on the foes.
Firſt, valiant Phalaris; next Gyges fell;
Deep through his knee he drove the pointed ſteel.
Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
And in their backs tranſfix'd the flying crew.

New ſtrength, new courage, Juno ſtill ſupply'd:
And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
High on the works engag'd in other fight—
Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
And ſtruck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
At one juſt ſtroke his head and helmet fly
Before the ſword, and far at diſtance lie.
Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
Whoſe fatal arrow pierc'd the ſavage game;
Who dipp'd th' envenom'd ſteel with matchleſs art,
And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
Next Clytius fell, though ſprung of race divine;
Soft Cretheus laſt, the darling of the nine;
Well was he ſkill'd, in ſacred ſtrains to ſing,
Tune the ſweet lyre, and ſweep the trembling ſtring;
Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
The plunging furious ſteeds, and thunder of the fight.

Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;
Fierce they advance; when ſoon appear in ſight,
The ſlaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
And where? (great Mneſtheus rais'd his voice on high)
Where, to what other ramparts would you fly;
Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
One raſh, impriſon'd warrior vanquiſh all?
With rage reſiſtleſs, half an hoſt deſtroy;
And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?

Calm

Calm you look on, and ſee the furious foe
Plunge crouds of heroes to the ſhades below;
Still ſhall your king, ye baſe abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain?
Rous'd by theſe words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:
The Daunian chief ſhrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans ſhout; and, with new tranſport fir'd,
Ruſh on embody'd, as the prince retir'd.
As when with tilted ſpears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly ſavage from the ſhouting foe
Retires, majeſtically ſtern, and ſlow.
Though ſingly impotent the croud to dare,
Repel, or ſtand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Deſpairs to conquer; and diſdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While ſhame, diſdain, and rage, the hero fir'd.
Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer heav'n's great empreſs from on high
Dares with new ſtrength th' exhauſted prince ſupply:
For winged Iris from the realms above
Brought the ſevere decree of angry Jove,
That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall.

Now

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the ſword to wield;
Now flew the darts, and planted all his ſhield.
The ſtones now rattle; now the jav'lins ſing,
Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
A thouſand weapons round his temples lay,
And ſtrike the honours of his creſt away.
Thick and more thick the foes their lances ſped,
With mighty Mneſtheus thund'ring at their head.
Pale, breathleſs, faint, and black with duſt, in ſtreams
The ſweat deſcends from all his trembling limbs.
Arm'd as he was (thus preſs'd on ev'ry ſide),
He plung'd at laſt, undaunted, in the tide.
The ſacred river, for the welcome load,
Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
The hero to his hoſt the ſurges bear,
Cleans'd from the horrid ſtains of ſlaughter, blood, and war.

End of the Ninth Book.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL'S

ÆNEID.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas: Æneas, Lauſus and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK X.

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
The spacious world, and vast creation lay;
There in the starry courts, inthron'd on high,
Sate the majestic senate of the sky,
Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
To whom the king of men, and father of the gods;
What discord fires your minds, celestial train?
Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain?
Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
That Troy and Latium should not wage the war?
Why are we disobey'd? What vain alarms
Inflame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms?
The destin'd time will wing its fatal way,
(Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord cease,
And let the nations join in leagues of peace.

Thus, from the throne, in ſhort, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
O ſire of men below, and gods on high!
(For to what other pow'r can Venus fly?)
Doſt thou not ſee yon fierce Rutulian train?
With what ſucceſs proud Turnus ſweeps the plain!
Rapt by his ſteeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the ſtorm of war.
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For, lo! grim ſlaughter rages in the gate!
With hoſtile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
My ſon is abſent, while his ſubjects bleed;
But muſt we never from a ſiege be freed?
For, lo, great ſire! a ſecond army falls
On riſing Troy, and thunders at her walls.
In Latian fields againſt the Dardan train,
Behold the ſtern Tydides riſe again!
Sprung though I am from thee, prepar'd I ſtand
To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand!
Yet, if againſt thy will the Phrygian hoſt
Have left their Troy, and ſought the Latian coaſt,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O ſov'reign god!
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
But ſince ſo many ſigns their courſe compel,
The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell;
Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable courſe of fate?
Her boundleſs vengeance why ſhould I repeat?
How on Sicilian ſhores ſhe fir'd the fleet?

How

How ſhe diſpatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddeſs of the bow?
How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let looſe th' impriſon'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
All hell now arms; and riſes on her ſide.
The fiends, the Furies range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
Through all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black viſage blaſts the golden ſkies!
No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ
(Theſe were my hopes, when fortune ſmil'd on Troy.)
Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
Since to the Phrygian race your haughty ſpouſe
No ſpot, no corner, of the world allows.
Yet I implore thy grace, almighty ſire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the fire!
Give me, at leaſt, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Aſcanius) from the rage of war!
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, ſtill wander o'er the tide!)
Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
There he may live defended from the foes,
Loſt to the charms of fame, in ſoft repoſe.
Then to Auſonia let proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundleſs pow'r;
Our hopes, and Jove's own promiſes, no more!

What now avails it, that my godlike heir
Broke through the hoſtile fires, and 'ſcap'd the war;
Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withſtand
Th' exhauſted dangers both of ſea and land;
His lot were happier had he ſcorn'd a crown,
And ſlumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hoſts employ
Ten long years more, and ſtorm a ſecond Troy!
To whom, with fury ſparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empreſs of the ſkies:
And why, ſay, why, O goddeſs? am I preſt
To wake the wrath, that ſlumber'd in my breaſt?
What god, or mortal, bad your ſon declare,
Againſt the Latian lord, ſo raſh a war?
Suppoſe, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
Or (far more likely mad Caſſandra's ſtrains!)
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
And truſt the mercy of the ſea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forſaken Troy,
To ſuch a head, an unexperienc'd boy?
To court the Tuſcans, and with vain alarms
To rouſe whole nations from repoſe to arms?
What god, or what perverſe intent of ours
Mov'd the wiſe prince to leave his riſing tow'rs?
Say, does the goddeſs of the bow appear,
Or the keen ſpite of vengeful Juno, here?

'Tis

'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians ſhould conſpire
To wrap th' unfiniſh'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
(And yet he ſprung from our immortal race;)
Was it leſs hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waſte the Latian lands with ſword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her ſway,
Join fraud to force, and bear their ſpoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling ſon could ſhroud,
And, for a man preſent a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires reſtrain,
And change your ſhips to Nereids of the main,
Yet in her friends defence is Juno ſeen?
'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your ſon, belike, is abſent, while the foe
Invades his tow'rs;—and let him ſtill be ſo!—
Cythera's iſle, and Amathus, are yours;
The Paphian realms, and ſoft Idalian ſhores.
Why ſhouldſt thou then to fights a race incline,
Long ſince inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conſpire your empire to deſtroy?
Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?—or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?
Who did that black deſtructive crime inſpire?
Who fann'd the flame, that ſet two worlds on fire?
Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?
Did we procure? did we retain the fair?
And, for his luſt, ſupport a ten years war?

Then, partial goddeſs, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;
But now, too late, unjuſtly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.
Thus ſpoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,
And in mixt murmurs vote on either ſide:
So, pent in woods, at firſt with ſullen ſound
The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the foreſt round;
A dreadful ſignal to the naval train,
Of the loud ſtorms impending o'er the main.
Then ſpoke th' almighty father, as he ſate
Inthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a ſolemn ſilence keep;
The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her centre ſhook; high heav'n was aw'd;
And all th' immortal thrones ſtood trembling at the god.)
Hear then our ſacred will, ye pow'rs above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
Since you refuſe to bid your diſcord ceaſe,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever ſchemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the ſame;
Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapleſs Ilion, or Heſperia bleed.
The ſtern Rutulians too their toils ſhall know,
And ev'ry hand ſhall work its weal or woe.
Your king, inclin'd to neither ſide, ſhall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
This by his brother's aweful floods he ſwore,
That through the black infernal regions roar;

Gave

Gave the dreadful ſignal of the ſolemn nod,
With his bent brows; the ſanction of the god!
From ſky to ſky the ſtrong concuſſion rolls;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the fire the high contention cloſe;
Then from the throne majeſtically roſe;
With him at once the ſacred ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait the ſov'reign of the ſkies.
Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Croud to deſtroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.
By hoſts ſurrounded, in deſpair to fly,
Cloſe in their trench, the helpleſs Trojans lie.
Yet ſome undaunted on the ramparts ſtand,
And guard the works; a brave, but ſlender band.
There, ſprung from Imbraſus, bold Aſius ſhone:
Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's ſon.
The dread Aſſaraci their ſuccour bring;
With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
Thybris and Caſtor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repel the riſing war,
Theſe Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrneſſus' ſhore;
With all his ſtrength a broken rock he bore:
He match'd his brother Mneſtheus' wond'rous might,
And his father great Clytius in the fight.
Some, pond'rous ſtones, ſome, pointed jav'lins aim,
And gaul the foe with ſhafts, or miſſive flame.
Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Aſcanius ſhone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain conſtrains his locks, that deck
In gloſſy ſable curls, his lovely neck:

So

So ſhines a gem, illuſtrious to behold,
On ſome fair virgin's neck enchas'd in gold:
So the ſurrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the poliſh'd ivory to the view.
Thee too, ſtern Iſmarus, O chief divine!
A great deſcendant of the Lydian line,
(Born where the peaſants turn the coſtly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
The hoſts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Diſcharg'd thy poiſon'd arrows at the foe.
Brave Capys next ſucceeds, a chief of fame,
From whom proud Capua ſince deriv'd her name.
Great Mneſtheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
Since late he caſt bold Turnus from the town.
Theſe all the rigid toils of fight ſuſtain;
Meantime, by night, their gen'ral plows the main.
For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coaſt,
And ſought the leader of the Lydian hoſt;
With pray'rs declar'd his bus'neſs, race, and name,
And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
And chance of war attend the mortal ſtate;
Strait with the league propos'd, the chief complies,
And joins his forces to his new allies.
Now, uncontrol'd by fate, the martial train,
Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main:
In pomp, before, Æneas' gally paſt;
His lofty ſtern the Phrygian lions grac'd;
There, baniſh'd Troy's delight, her ſculptur'd Ide,
Hangs o'er the foamy ſurge, and ſhades the tide.

Here

Here fate the chief with various thoughts oppreſt,
The fate of war revolving in his breaſt;
Cloſe by his ſide th' Arcadian prince inquires
Of the ſwift motions of the heav'nly fires;
What ſeas he meaſur'd; and what lands he ſought;
What ſtorms he ſuffer'd, and what fields he fought.
Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring,
Inſpire the bard, and teach him how to ſing,
What ſhips, what heroes, what auxiliar hoſts,
Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuſcan coaſts.
The Tiger firſt the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thouſand warriors through the tides,
Who came beneath great Maſſicus' command,
From Coſa's turrets, and the Cluſian land.
Cloſe to their ſides their poliſh'd quivers ſate;
Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.
Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.
Rich in her endleſs beds of ſteely ore,
The rugged Ilva ſends three hundred more;
All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
And, on the ſtern, Apollo flam'd in gold.
With groves of waving ſpears, in thick array,
From Piſa's walls a thouſand took their way;
They march embattled from the Tuſcan land,
And great Aſylas leads the martial band;
Aſylas, ſkilful ſage! whoſe piercing eyes
Diſcern'd all ſigns on earth, or in the ſkies.
His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
From ſtars and birds, and lightnings as they flew.

Next beauteous Aſtur plough'd the wat'ry field,
Proud of his bounding ſteed and ſculptur'd ſhield;
From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets riſe,
And rank Graviſcan marſhes taint the ſkies,
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.

Nor thou unſung, brave Cinyras, ſhall paſs,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race;
Nor thou, Cupavo, under whoſe command,
Advanc'd to fight a ſmall, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy creſt, and wave above,
Expreſſive of thy fire*, transform'd by love,
While for his Phaeton his ſorrows flow,
And ſoft harmonious ſtrains beguile his woe;
While in the duſky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the ſiſters ſhade,
O'er all the man the ſnowy feathers riſe,
And in a tuneful ſwan he mounts the ſkies.
Now his great off-ſpring with his ſocial train,
In the huge Centaur plough'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monſter ſtood,
And ſhook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
The ſounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.

Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From preſcient Manto and great Tyber ſprung;

* Cycnus.

By

By him, fair Mantua roſe; immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illuſtrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
Three tribes diſtinct poſſeſs her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuſcan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the miſtreſs of the nations round.
Next, gen'rous hate to ſtern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's ſacred cauſe.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his courſe
From old Benacus' venerable ſource,
In one vaſt ſhip he pours the warlike train,
Down through his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours through the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean ſweep,
Plough the white waves, and laſh the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the ſea below.
Down to his waiſt the human form deſcends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monſter ends.
Swift as he ſwims, the waters fly before;
And, daſh'd beneath the god, the frothy ſurges roar.
So many chiefs in thirty veſſels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the ſparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, through th' ethereal height,
Rode in the ſolemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the ſtern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping ſlumber ſeals his careful eyes.

Amid

Amid the ſeas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ſhips transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddeſſes, as ſtood before,
With brazen beaks, tall veſſels on the ſhore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing Nymphs incloſe their wond'ring king.
The firſt whoſe eloquence excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breaſt;
Held with one hand the ſtern, while one divides,
With many an eaſy ſtroke, the ſilent tides:
And doſt thou wake, great offspring of the ſkies?
Wake ſtill, and open ev'ry ſail (ſhe cries:)
Thy ſhips are we that once on Ida ſtood,
Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread ſword, and the devouring flame,
We burſt our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And ſought our maſter o'er the wat'ry field.
Theſe forms the mother of the ſkies beſtow'd,
And made each ſhip a goddeſs of the flood:
Low in the ſacred ſeas our court we keep,
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep.
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midſt all the terrors of the Latian war.
The brave Arcadian horſe, and Tuſcan hoſt,
Have reach'd the land, and ſeiz'd th' appointed poſt.
The Daunian chief has ſent a ſquadron down
To ſtop their deſtin'd progreſs to the town.
Riſe, hero! riſe; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.

With

With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable ſhield.
The morning ſon (nor think my promiſe vain !)
Shall ſee vaſt heaps of fierce Rutulians ſlain.
This ſaid ; the goddeſs (for ſhe knew the way)
Puſh'd the light veſſel o'er the glaſſy ſea :
Swift as a jav'lin, or a ſtorm ſhe flew ;
And, wing'd with rival ſpeed, her courſe the reſt purſue.
While at the ſight the hero ſtood amaz'd,
The proſp'rous ſign his bounding ſpirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries :
Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majeſtic mother of the gods !
Whoſe ſtrong defence proud tow'ring cities ſhare,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car !
Oh ! kindly ſecond this auſpicious ſign,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inſpir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My boſom kindles, and my ſoul's on fire !
He ſaid ; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the ſhades away ;
When firſt the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war ;
Rouſe for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.
As on his ſtern the godlike warrior ſtands,
And views diſtinct his camp and ſocial bands ;
High in his hand the golden ſhield he rais'd :
Wide o'er the flood the ſtrong effulgence blaz'd.

Fir'd

Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans ſpy
The ſhining orb; their darts and jav'lins fly;
And their loud clamours tempeſt all the ſky.
Leſs loud the thick-embody'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, through the clouds of air;
When, at the ſignal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.

Amaz'd ſtood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the ſudden tranſport roſe;
Till all th' advancing navy they ſurvey,
A floating ſcene, that cover'd half the ſea.
From great Æneas' creſt the lightnings ſtream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty ſhield diſplays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundleſs blaze.
So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-ſtar, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal ſplendor fires the ſky,
Scares the pale nations; for his burning breath
Darts down diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and death.
But ſtill, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To ſeize the ſhore, and drive them to the main.

Lo! what you long have wiſh'd, to prove your might,
The hour!—the place!—the foe!—the promis'd fight!—
Your wives, your ſons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers glories and your own.
Now while, with ſlidd'ring ſteps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil; deſcend we to the ſtrand;

Soon

Soon as on yonder ſhore our bands appear,
One noble ſtroke, my friends, ſhall end the war:
The brave command ſucceſs.—The hero ſaid;
Then with himſelf for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold taſk what choſen troops to call,
And to what bands entruſt the leaguer'd wall.
Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and ſeize the half-recover'd ſhores;
Some ſlide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon ſpy'd,
Where in ſmooth ſwellings roll'd an eaſy tide;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no ſhoals, but hopes a friendly ſhore.
Thither his veſſels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
Now, now, my friends, exert your utmoſt force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious courſe.
Puſh, heave your deſp'rate gallies to the ſtrand;
Plough with your beaks and keels the hoſtile land.
My ſole ambition is to gain the coaſt:
And then—no matter—let the ſhip be loſt.
So ſpoke th' impatient chief; and, as he ſpoke,
They ply their oars, and riſe to ev'ry ſtroke.
Full on the land the ruſhing veſſels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the ſandy ſhore.
Safe to the ſhelving beach the gallies run;
All 'ſcap'd the ſhock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the ſhallows ruſh'd, and there
Daſh'd on the rock, and ſloping hung in air:

Preſt by a war of waves, her ſhatter'd ſides
Burſt, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They ſwim, incumber'd with their broken oars:
The floods ſupplant their feet, and bear them from the ſhores.

Meantime againſt the Trojans, on the coaſt,
Brave Turnus led his cloſe embattled hoſt.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound with martial ſtrains,
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian ſwains;
The valiant Theron ſlew, with matchleſs might,
The firſt auſpicious omen of the fight;
A giant chief; his furious courſe he held
Againſt the prince, the foremoſt of the field.
Fierce thro' his ſhield and mail (an op'ning wide!)
Flew the ſwift ſword, and pierc'd the warrior's ſide.
Then Lycas bled, and ſtain'd the thirſty ſhore,
To Phœbus ſacred from his natal hour;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'ſcap'd the ſteel!
The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell.
Gyas and Ciſſeus next the hero ſlew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their ſtrength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their Herculean arms, and boaſted ſire,
Alcides' friend; whoſe glorious ſteps he trod,
While earth ſupply'd new monſters for the god.
As loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos ſtood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawleſs joy,
Fair Clytius courted and careſs'd the boy,

With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And ſoon had finiſh'd his prepoſt'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the ſhore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' ſons, ſeven valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus preſs'd, thus compaſs'd round on ev'ry ſide,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
Bring, bring thoſe darts (not one ſhall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he caſt,
Thro' Mæon's ſhield the furious weapon paſs'd;
Thro' the ſtrong cuiraſs pierc'd the hiſſing dart,
Transfixt his breaſt, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raiſe his grov'ling brother from the ſand;
But, wing'd with death, a ſecond jav'lin flies,
Swift as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies;
Through his extended arm the ſpear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corſe, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But ſlightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.
Next Clauſus, fluſh'd with youthful ſtrength and grace,
(Clauſus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed ſpear aloft in air,

Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppreſs'd the voice, and ſtopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the ſhore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
Still ruſhing on, the chief the ſlaughter ſpread;
By various deaths three ſons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapleſs youths! expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their ſire.
Againſt the prince his bands Haleſus leads,
And fierce Meſſapus laſh'd his fiery ſteed.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies ſtand
On the firſt verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.
As when the winds from diff'rent quarters riſe,
Pour to the charge, and combat in the ſkies,
In due ſuſpence the ſtruggling tempeſts keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poiſe the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' aëreal fight:
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
Theſe ſcorn'd to yield, nor thoſe can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.
But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods
Had ſpread the ground with ſhatter'd rocks and woods,
Th' Arcadian ſquadrons from their ſteeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccuſtom'd fight.
Now to an open route their ranks inclin'd,
And cloſe their foes came thund'ring from behind.

This

This ſaw their chief, brave Pallas, with deſpair;
He ſaw, and ſtrove to ſtop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your paſt deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your ſov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array.
Here, here, your country calls you all, to ſhare
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Ruſh to the fight; no gods our arms oppoſe;
Men, like ourſelves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal ſtrength and ſoul appears,
Our hands and ſpirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands impriſon'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the ſeas, ye daſtards, would ye fall?
Or hide your ſhameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall?
He ſaid; and, ruſhing on the hoſtile bands,
Firſt in his way ill-fated Lagus ſtands;
Low as he ſtoop'd, a mighty ſtone to rear,
Full in the reins deſcends the pointed ſpear;
Then, as he diſengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the ſight, bold Hiſbon ruſh'd in vain
Againſt the prince; the prince his boſom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring ſword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion ſped,
Who dar'd to ſtain his ſtep-dame's ſacred bed.

You too, ye Daucian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! periſh'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each miſtook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear deluſion ſmil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice diſtinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the ſword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, fought its abſent lord;
Thy dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With ſtarts convulſive graſp the ſteel in vain.

The Arcadian ſquadrons, by their prince inſpir'd,
Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
Diſdain to fly, and arms to arms oppoſe;
Grief, ſhame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus ſhoots impetuous through the war;
While Pallas his ſwift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapleſs warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapleſs warrior ſtay'd,
And for a ſpace, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, diſtain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
As, when the ſummer glows with fervid rays,
The ſhepherd ſets the foreſt in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conſpire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the ſkies:

On

On ſome ſteep mountain ſits the joyful ſwain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas ſees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, ſweep along the ſhores.
Haleſus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe;
Sheath'd in bright arms, he roſe to ev'ry blow.
Firſt Ladon ſunk beneath his pointed ſteel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To ſeize his throat; the faulchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a ſtone deſcended full
On Thoas' head, and cruſh'd the batter'd ſkull.
His old prophetic ſire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Haleſus from the war.
But when in death he cloſ'd his aged eyes,
The fatal ſiſters claim'd their deſtin'd prize.
Now ſtood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim ſacred to th' Evandrian ſpear.
His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But firſt the youth prefers his ardent vows;
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct through proud Haleſus' heart!
His arms and ſpoils thy ſacred oak ſhall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Haleſus ſhields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breaſt all-naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian hoſt;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero loſt.
But ſoon brave Lauſus rais'd them from deſpair;
Lauſus, who ſhone conſpicuous in the war.

Stern Abas firſt he ſlew, of matchleſs might,
Who ſtood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuſcan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold ſons, who 'ſcap'd the Greeks in vain.
Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their ſtrength, the ſame.
The rear cloſe-preſſing to the dire alarms,
Th' incumber'd troops ſcarce wield their uſeleſs arms.
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lauſus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear.
Poor, hapleſs youths! alas! your native plain
Muſt never, never bleſs your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withſtands;
Both, both muſt fall; but fall by greater hands!
Now Turnus to the aid of Lauſus came,
Warn'd by his ſiſter *, the celeſtial dame;
Through cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious ſpeed, and thunders through the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone, belongs the fight:
Oh! could his ſire be witneſs to the fight!
He ſaid; and at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder ſaw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample ſize;
And to his haughty foe, in ſhort, replies:

* Juturna.

Now,

Now, by thy royal ſpoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or gloriouſly expire!
Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.
This ſaid; amid the field the hero ſtrode;
All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians ſtood.
The Daunian chief ſprung dreadful from the car,
And ruſh'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Ruſh'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On ſome ſtern bull, that meditates the fight.
But ſoon as Pallas ſaw the prince appear
Within due diſtance of the flying ſpear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the ſkies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feaſt,
Thyſelf vouchſaf'd to grace, a glorious gueſt;
Aſſiſt his ſon, and crown his bold deſign;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conqueſt mine;
And, while the victor ſpoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his cloſing eyes.
His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breaſt he check'd the riſing groan,
Th' all-gracious father ſooth'd his ſorrowing ſon:
To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but ſhort, and circumſcrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to ſtretch the ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many ſons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?

Great

Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own ſon, the brave Sarpedon bled:
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.
This ſaid; th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies
Turns from the ſcene of blood his ſacred eyes.

Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw
And from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew.
The whizzing ſpear, with erring courſe impell'd,
Flew through the ringing margin of the ſhield,
And, glancing, raz'd the ſhoulder of the foe.—
Then Turnus ſhook the lance; prepar'd to throw;
He ſhook the lance; and ſee, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a ſurer dart than thine!
He ſaid, and threw. The ſpear with forceful ſway
Broke, through the ſolid ſhield, its deſtin'd way;
Through ev'ry ſteely plate, and brazen fold,
Through ſtrong bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Through the thick cuiraſs flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breaſt, and planted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple ſoul came floating with the gore.
Down ſunk the youth; his rattling arms reſound;
He ſpurns, and grinds in blood the hoſtile ground.
Then, as he ſtrode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor ſaid:
Go!—be this meſſage to your maſter known;
Such as the fire deſerv'd, I ſend the ſon;
Unbrib'd, unfought his relicks I beſtow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.

Dear

Dear for the Trojans friendſhip has he paid!—
Then, with his foot he preſt the proſtrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his boſom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmoſt art Eurytion had diſplay'd.
Here, thick emboſs'd, the fifty daughters ſhed
Their conſorts blood, and ſtain'd the bridal bed;
The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely-bright
Came out, and ſtood projecting to the ſight.
This ſpoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the coſtly prize.

But man, too haughty in a proſp'rous ſtate,
Grows blind and heedleſs of his future fate:
The time ſhall come, when Turnus in diſmay,
Shall mourn theſe ſpoils, and this victorious day;
Shall wiſh, too late! the golden belt unſought,
And curſe the trophies he ſo dearly bought!

With groans and tears th' Arcadians on a ſhield,
Bear back their breathleſs leader from the field.

Thus to thy father's arms doſt thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy ſire!
O early loſt! with ſtrength and beauty grac'd!
This thy firſt day of warfare was thy laſt:
Yet didſt thou ſcatter death through half an hoſt;
And, ere thy own, a thouſand lives were loſt.

Now by ſpectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief theſe mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompaſs'd by the foes.

With

With his huge weighty ſword, without delay,
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he ſeeks along the plain,
Proud of the ſpoils of hapleſs Pallas ſlain.
The genial feaſt, the ſon, the ſire combin'd,
Leagues, friendſhip, all, came ruſhing on his mind.
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! deſtin'd to the dead,
He ſeiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And ſprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
At Magnus next his furious ſpear he caſt,
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon paſt:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his ſtern, inexorable heart.
By thy dead father's ſhade, thy ſuppliant ſpare!
By all the hopes of thy ſurviving heir!
Preſerve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a ſon!
High in my dome are ſilver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold,
Theſe, to procure my ranſom, I reſign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no ſuch diff'rence yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!
Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treaſur'd ſtore
Keep for thy ſons; but talk of terms no more.
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living ſon; my ſire below;
And, from this ſword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.

This

This said; he seiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd,
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.
Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,
And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.
Serestus strips his arms; a costly load;
A trophy destin'd to the * Thracian god.
Umbro, the Marsian chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,
Against the prince he warms the troops in vain!—
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arms; the hand and shield
Drop down, an useless burthen on the field.
Before he vaunted, and he seem'd to rise
In his proud thought, exaulted, to the skies.
But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
With the fond hope of years on years behind!
In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing stood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;
But through his shield and corslet flew the spear.
Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.
The trunk still beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph spoke his conqu'ring foe:

* Mars.

Lie,

Lie, mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now inter thee in thy native land;
But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear,
The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air.
Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, than he slew,
Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew.
By far the wealthiest of the Latian train;
And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.
And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires;
As many shining swords he shook, and held,
Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield.
So, when his reeking swords in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.
Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the startled steeds beheld
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field;
Flew back, and cast their master on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.
Liger and Lucagus next came in view:
Drawn by white coursers, thro' the troops they flew;
Two haughty brothers; that, the coursers sway'd;
This brandish'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.

Their

Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to bear,
Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
No Phrygian fields are these (proud Liger said),
Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede;
You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war!
Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in answer, launch'd his whizzing spear.
Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery course,
And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the shining margin of the shield,
Swift through the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead:
Nor were your coursers slow; nor vain affright
At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight;
Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
This said; he seiz'd the coursers by the rein;
When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;
Now, by thyself, thy mercy I implore;
By those who such a godlike hero bore;
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare,
And with soft pity listen to my pray'r.——

In

In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more;
Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!
He rais'd the sword aloft, as thus he said,
And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.
Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around;
Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain,
Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.
While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Address'd his consort in the realms above,
As both from heav'n survey'd the deathful scene:
Say, sister-goddess, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it still your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favou'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands increase in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
Can such brave heroes, who such dangers prove,
Depend for succour on the queen of love?
And why, my lord, submissive, she rejoin'd,
These words severe, to rack my anxious mind?
Did still your love (as sure it should) remain,
A wife and sister might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing sire.—
But let him die, since Jove has so decreed!—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—
And yet his birth might some distinction claim,
Since from our own celestial line he came.

To

To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.
Thus ſpoke the ſuppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies:
If 'tis your pray'r to ſpare his forfeit breath,
By a ſhort reſpite of approaching death;
Snatch him this inſtant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.
For if you beg his deſtin'd life to ſpare;
Or turn the courſe and fortune of the war;
Vain your requeſt, and vain your hope appears—
To whom once more, the penſive queen, with tears:
And what, my lord, if you reverſe the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and ſave him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your ſoul this grace if you will give,
(Which ſcarce you promiſe) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I ſee, or in my fears portend,
The guiltleſs youth approaching to his end!
But may thoſe fears, my ſov'reign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again!
This ſaid; with momentary ſpeed ſhe flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the ſkies;
In ſable ſtorms ſhe drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her courſe ſhe bore;
There, in Æneas' ſhape, a figur'd ſhade
Of light impaſſive air, the goddeſs made.
A Trojan ſpear the ſpectre ſeem'd to wield,
Wore a proud creſt and imitated ſhield!
And ſpoke with empty words, in vaunting ſtrain,
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.

(Such are the fleeting forms in viſions bred,
And ſuch the gliding ſpectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and ſhook his airy lance.
The Daunian prince his ſounding jav'lin threw;
While with diſſembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, ſaid:
Flies then Æneas, to his fears reſign'd,
And leaves a princeſs' royal bed behind?—
The land, for which he croſs'd the ſtormy wave,
This arm ſhall give—and here he finds a grave!
Then ſhook his ſword, and chas'd him thro' the war;
But his ſhort triumph ſoon was loſt in air!
By chance a ſhip ſtood anchor'd by the ſhore,
(Which late, from Cluſium, king Oſinius bore)
Cloſe ſhelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty ſides.
Swift to her darkſome hold the ſhade withdrew;
As ſwift glad Turnus to the veſſel flew.
That inſtant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the ſea.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends whole ſquadrons to the ghoſts below.
No more for ſhelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the ſkies.
While Turnus far in open ocean ſails,
(The veſſel wafted by the riſing gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forſaken friends:

On

On ſuch hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguiſh, to the ſtars:
What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endleſs infamy to blaſt my name?
This dreadful doom is too ſevere by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here? and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?—ah! how ſhall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon regal walls, or yon deſerted train?
How will my friends purſue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Thoſe friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cauſe and quarrel, to be ſlain!
Ha!—now I ſee 'em fly, or bite the ground!—
I hear, I ſtart at ev'ry dying ſound,
What, what can now be done?—on land or ſea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?
Ye winds, ye ſtorms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on ſome rough rocky ſhore,
Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me more!

This ſaid; the prince debates, by ſhame oppreſs'd,
Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breaſt;
Or from the veſſel leap amid the main,
Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold reſolve his ſoul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the raſh intent.
The goddeſs wafts him down, ſecure from harms,
Lands, and reſtores him to his father's arms.

Mezentius now, inſpir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
On him, and him alone the Tuſcans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man.
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he ſtood;
A rock, whoſe ſides project into the flood;
That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And ſees the frothy billows break below;
But ſtands unmov'd, majeſtically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the ſky.
Firſt Dolicaon's ſon the monarch ſlew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a pond'rous ſtone he took,
And on his viſage daſh'd the broken rock;
Then drove thro' Palmus knee the pointed ſteel:
And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
His glitt'ring arms young Lauſus' ſhoulders ſpread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful ſpear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame produc'd the fatal boy;
Yet in his native land was Paris ſlain!
But hapleſs Mimas on a foreign plain!
And as ſome mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, ſhoots down the hanging brow
With ſpeed impetuous to the vale below;
When on the toils the furious monſter flies,
O'er his bent back the ſtarting briſtles riſe;

Stopp'd

Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
With ſhouts and darts a diſtant combat wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge ſides, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war.
Thus (though inflam'd with juſt revenge they ſtand)
None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their miſſile darts they fling,
And with loud ſhouts provoke the raging king.

Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the ſpouſal bed.
In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The Tuſcan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring through the war.

As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy ſtag, high-ſtalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty ſlew.
His guſhing blood the broken dart diſtains,
And, as he falls, he ſpurns the hoſtile plains.

Now round the king the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
Who ſcorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled;

But, with preventive ſpeed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd ſhort, and bravely fought him, man to man;
Then preſs'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquiſh'd by your king, the great Orodes dies.
A ſudden tranſport fires the martial train,
And ſhouts of triumph echo round the plain.
When thus the dying chief: inſulting foe!
Soon, like my own, ſhall thy proud head lie low.
Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—
However, die thou firſt! the king reply'd
(All-grimly ſmiling with diſdainful pride;)
And let your boaſted Jove for me provide.
Then from the corſe the bloody dart he drew;
The ſhades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
Slow, in dim miſts, the heavy vapours riſe,
And in eternal ſlumber ſeal his eyes.

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
Hydaſpes ſunk beneath Sacrator's ſteel;
His weighty ſpear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orſes and Parthenius ſlew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's ſon was ſlain,
And Ericetes preſs'd the bloody plain:
This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd;
That, his mad courſer caſt upon the field.

Next, Tuſcan Valerus, as Agis ſtrode
Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.
Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronius' ſide;
The hapleſs victor by Nealces dy'd,

Skill'd,

Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unſuſpecting foe.
The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and ſlaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the ſpot, the troops diſdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquiſh'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!
Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the ſky to view the war;
While pale Tiſiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the riſing rage, and calls the hoſts to arms.
Now his vaſt ſpear aloft Mezentius held;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
So through mid ocean when Orion ſtrides,
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he graſps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and ſtalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample ſhoulders riſe,
And his huge ſtature heaves into the ſkies!
Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And through the ranks ruſh'd furious to the war.
The hero ſtands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he ſaw the mighty chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my ſpear, and conqu'ring hand, he cry'd,
(Mezentius owns no deity beſide!)
Aſſiſt my vows; ſucceed my martial toils,
To ſtrip yon pirate of his bloody ſpoils.

Thou, Laufus! thou, Æneas' arms ſhalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He ſaid, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
That ſung and glanc'd obliquely from the ſhield;
But held its furious courſe, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Antores' ſide:
The great Antores (an illuſtrious name)
Evander's gueſt, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god:
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he caſt to heav'n his ſwimming eyes,
Turns his laſt thoughts on Argos, as he dies!
Next, his ſtrong lance the pious Trojan caſt;
Swift through the ſhining orb the jav'lin paſt,
Through linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury ſtay'd—
The ſtreaming blood the chief with joy ſurvey'd;
Then from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.
This ſees brave Laufus, his illuſtrious ſon,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his boſom fire,
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to diſengage his ſire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praiſe, heroic youth! ſhall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth!—in life's firſt early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!

Incum-

Incumber'd by the ſpear that pierc'd the ſhield,
With tir'd, ſlow ſteps, the monarch quits the field:
Forth ſprings the ſon againſt the Trojan lord,
And ruſh'd beneath the long-deſcending ſword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at diſtance ply,
And with their loud applauſes rend the ſky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's ſhade.

As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field ſmokes with the ruſhing ſhow'rs,
To the ſafe ſhelving banks the ſwains repair,
Or to ſome cavern'd rock; and, ſhelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempeſt break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by ſhow'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief ſuſtain'd the tempeſt of the war
On his broad ſhield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain:
Whither, to death, ah! whither wouldſt thou run,
And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor Lauſus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain! the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to riſe;
The Fates prepare their ſheers; the Dardan lord
Unſheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring ſword:
The thund'ring ſword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his ſide.

The

The thrilling point, with boundleſs rage impreſs'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden veſt,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breaſt was ſtain'd with crimſon gore:
The penſive ſpirit leaves the corſe behind,
Flies to the ſhades, and mixes with the wind.
But, when the pious god-like prince of Troy
Saw the pale viſage of the hapleſs boy
In death's laſt agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view.
His ſoul now melts with ſtern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched ſire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and ſaid;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
Lamented youth, too early loſt! receive
The ſole reward a gen'rous foe can give:
Lo! I reſtore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy ſword and buckler, late thy only joy:
Yet, Lauſus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.
Then round the corſe he calls his ſocial train,
And rears himſelf the warrior from the plain.
But ah! how chang'd!—with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair treſſes all-deform'd with gore!
Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds,
In the cool ſtream to bathe his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more!)
In ſullen ſorrow reſted on the ſhore;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguiſh ſtung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.

His

His heavier arms lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Round the ſad monarch wait the duteous train:
As (o'er his breaſt his hoary beard declin'd)
The chief enjoy'd the freſhneſs of the wind;
Much of his Lauſus, aſks the penſive ſire;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo! his ſoldiers bear him on a ſhield,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death, and breathleſs, from the field.
Deep in his ſide appear'd the grizly wound;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.
Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And duſt o'er all his hoary locks he threw;
To heav'n, in agonies of anguiſh, ſpread
His hands; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead:
And oh! can life (he cry'd) ſuch pleaſure give?
And bleeds my Lauſus, that his ſire may live?
Have I then loſt thy life, and ſav'd my own?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd ſon!
In my defence could ſuch a ſon expire?
A ſon like him, for ſuch a guilty ſire!
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the ſmart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
'Tis keen, 'tis ſharp, 'tis terrible at laſt!
Nor ha'f the bitterneſs of life is paſt!
On thy fair fame, my ſon, I left a ſtain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
To them, to thee, my murder'd child! I owe
All, all the deaths ſuch guilt ſhou'd undergo.
And yet I live, and ſee the golden light!
But ſoon will leave it, for I loath the ſight!

This ſaid; with rage and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
And tho' his wound retards him in his ſpeed,
He calls impatient for the warrior ſteed;
The ſteed, his pride, his ſolace and delight,
That bore him ſtill victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his penſive head,
He clapp'd the gen'rous horſe, and thus he ſaid:
Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me!
Soon ſhalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and ſpoils away;
With thy lov'd lord on yon deteſted plain,
Avenge my ſon, my darling Lauſus ſlain,
And ſhare together in the dire debate,
One common conqueſt, or one common fate.
For thou wilt ſcorn, I truſt, the rule abhorr'd,
And the baſe burden, of a Phrygian lord.
This ſaid; the hero mounts the gen'rous horſe,
And to the foe directs his furious courſe.
High on his head the creſted helm he wore,
And in his hands the ſteely jav'lins bore.
His conſcious valour, his recoiling ſhame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, ſet his ſoul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
Inſpire thy ſoul, to ſtand the proffer'd fight!
The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and ſhook the flaming lance.

And

And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting ſtrain?
The father periſh'd, when the ſon was ſlain!
Strike then, and uſe thy preſent fortune:—ſtrike—
Death, and the fabled gods, I ſcorn alike.
No more—I came to die; but firſt beſtow
This parting preſent on the murd'rous foe.
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he ſped;
Lance after lance, in ſwift ſucceſſion, fled;
Then, in a ſpacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable ſhield;
Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
Collected in himſelf, the hero bears,
On the broad ſhield, a riſing grove of ſpears.
But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Preſs'd aud fatigu'd with ſuch unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to diſplay his might)
Springs forth; and aims his jav'lin's furious courſe
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horſe.
Stung to the brain the horſe begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and laſh the air.
Headlong at laſt, and madding with the ſteel,
Full on the ſhoulder of his lord he fell.
The hoſts with clamours tempeſt all the ſkies.
With his drawn ſword the fierce Æneas flies:
And where is now the lofty ſtrain (he cry'd)
Of ſtern Mezentius, and the ſcornful pride?
With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he ſpeaks, ſtares wildly at the ſkies;)

Why, why, inſulting foe, this waſte of breath
To ſouls determin'd, and reſolv'd on death?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
And fought far leſs to conquer than to die.
My ſon when ſlaughter'd in the martial ſtrife,
Made no ſuch contract for his father's life;
A worthleſs gift to live at thy command!
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
But, if a vanquiſh'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!
Too well my ſubjects vengeance have I known;
Then guard my corſe; and lay me by my ſon.
Grant, grant that pleaſure, e'er I yield my breath,
To ſhare his dear ſociety in death!
This ſaid; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The ſanguine ſtream his radiant armour dy'd;
The ſoul came ruſhing in the purple tide.

End of the Tenth Book.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK XI.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head:
The chief (though eager to inter the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to ſend
The relicks of his dear departed friend)
Firſt to the gods diſcharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The ſhiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumy creſt that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuiraſs next; transfixt in ev'ry part
By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen ſhield was ty'd;
And the dread ſword hung glitt'ring at the ſide.
Thus the rich ſpoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
Aſſembled round their chief, the prince began:
Diſmiſs your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the ſtern Mezentius is no more!
Lo! where an omen of ſucceſs he ſtands!
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!

When heav'n permits, our ſtandard to diſplay,
To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
Now let our ſlaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The laſt, laſt honours we can pay the dead!
On thoſe brave ſouls be fun'ral rites beſtow'd,
Who bought this country with their deareſt blood:
But firſt the cold remains of Pallas ſend
To his ſad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!
Then to the tent his haſty courſe he ſped,
Where old Acœtes ſits, and guards the dead.
Evander's 'ſquire of old, in fields he ſhone:
A far leſs proſp'rous comrade to the ſon!
His friends, his ſoldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero ſlain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order ſtand around.
Soon as Æneas paſt the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore:
They beat their breaſts; tears guſh from ev'ry eye;
The rich pavilions to their ſhrieks reply.
His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapleſs boy;
Saw the wide wound amidſt his ivory breaſt;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead addreſs'd.
Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
To bleſs my arms, but rob me of my friend?

My

My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain!)
Wou'd ſhare the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conqueſt, glad his ſire again.
Far other promiſe to that ſire I paſt!
Nor thought thy firſt, firſt warfare was thy laſt:
Then, when he ſent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, graſp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we muſt wage the war.
Now for his ſon, perhaps, he loads the ſhrine,
And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his Pallas from the fight,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death; and, in his lateſt hour,
Diſclaim'd by ev'ry ruthleſs heav'nly pow'r!

Now, for theſe triumphs, muſt thy mournful eye
See the ſad fun'ral of thy ſon go by!
Such, hapleſs monarch, are the ſpoils we ſend!
Such, the vain boaſt and promiſe of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppreſs'd,
His wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt!
Better, than to prolong by ſhame his breath!—
Then hadſt thou curs'd thy age, and wiſh'd for death!
Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate hoſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!

Thus, while a ſtream of tears he ſhed in vain,
He bids them raiſe the body of the ſlain.
A thouſand warriors from the hoſt he choſe,
To wait the pomp, and ſhare the father's woes,

The due funereal honours to complete;
A ſlender ſolace for a loſs ſo great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they ſpread
The ſwelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier diſpoſe the dead.
There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by ſome lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth ſupplies;
Yet ſtill th' unfaded colour charms the eyes,
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
Robes, which of old the Tyrian princeſs wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he ſpread,
His laſt, laſt gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aſpire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms, and ſteeds, appear,
Won by himſelf; the prizes of the war.
Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
Unhappy youths!—devoted to the flame!
With fair inſcriptions of the foes he ſlew,
The nobleſt chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
Supported by his friends, with woes oppreſs'd,
Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breaſt;
This moment, pauſes; then, in ſorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All cover'd o'er with blood, ſucceeds a train
Of hoſtile cars, in honour of the ſlain.
Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horſe, behind,

Moves

Moves with a ſolemn, ſlow, majeſtic pace;
And the big tears run rolling down his face.
Theſe, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
The reſt, the victor ſeiz'd, the ſpoils of war.
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian train
Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
The pomp all paſt; thus good Æneas ſaid,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
Hail, mighty ſpirit, hail!—with dire alarms,
The Fates recal us to the rage of arms,
And to new ſcenes of woe thy friends compel:—
Farewel, brave prince, a long and laſt farewel.
This ſaid; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.
Now from the Latian court a train were ſped,
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
Who aſk a truce, to ſearch th' enſanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves diſpoſe the ſlain:
Beg, that his wrath in conqueſt may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentleſs, with the dead;
But ſpare their nation, late by ſocial ties,
By plighted love, and friendſhip, his allies.
The godlike hero grants their juſt requeſt;
And in theſe words his gen'rous ſoul expreſs'd:
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds ſo far,
To ſhun our friendſhip, for this waſteful war?
Glad would I grant the truce, you aſk for thoſe
Who dy'd in fight, to my ſurviving foes.—
Had not the Fates aſſign'd theſe realms before,
I had not ſail'd to your Heſperian ſhore;

I wage the war but in my own defence;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus ſtand ('tis juſt and right)
The terrors of this arm in ſingle fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand!
Soon would be known, in combat when we ſtrive,
Which heav'n ordains to periſh, or ſurvive.
Go then, and burn your ſlaughter'd friends, that ſpread
The purple fields; I war not with the dead.

Struck with the gen'rous ſpeech, they ſtood amaz'd,
And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
When Drances, ſenior of the rev'rend train,
Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began:
How ſhall my tongue ſo great a prince proclaim,
Whom fame renowns; whoſe deeds tranſcend his fame!
Whoſe force and wiſdom, or in war or peace,
Thought ſcarce can equal; and no words expreſs!
Thy anſwer will we ſoon report, and bring
To thy alliance our deluded king.
And let raſh Turnus other courts implore
His ſinking cauſe and int'reſts to reſtore;
While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
To raiſe this fated town, this ſecond Troy.

He ſaid; the reſt aſſent with equal praiſe,
And fix the truce for twelve ſucceeding days.
Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.

Now

Now the tough aſh the ſounding axes ply;
Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the ſky:
The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous ſtroke,
The ſcented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.
Now fame, the meſſenger of ſorrow, bears
The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
The glorious tidings of his conqueſts bore.
Strait ruſhing through the gates, the people ſtand
In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand.
The mingling blaze a dreadful ſplendor yields,
Flames to the ſkies, and lightens all the fields.
The Phrygian train approach, a ſolemn ſhow!
And join the mourners in the public woe.
Loud ſhriek the matrons, as the corſe appears,
And the whole city ſeems one ſcene of tears.
But nought the wretched father can reſtrain:
He breaks, all-frantic, through the parting train;
Then on the bier his aged body threw,
And kiſs'd his ſon, as to the corſe he grew:
While from his eyes the guſhing ſorrows flow,
Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
A thouſand things in vain he ſtrove to ſay,
But ſcarce could theſe for anguiſh find their way:
Is this thy promiſe then, my child, with care
And cool reſerve, to mingle in the war?
Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
Wou'd fire thy youth to ſeek the rough alarms,
In theſe thy firſt eſſays, and rudiments of arms!

Oh! dire eſſays!—too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful leſſons of the fight!
Where now are all my vows (my Pallas) where?
Ah! the ſtern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r!
How bleſt art thou, dear partner of my bed,
Free from this ſtroke, among the happier dead!
Thee, heav'n in mercy ſnatch'd to ſhades below;
Thee, death deliver'd from this ſcene of woe!
I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom!
Uſurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
Still live, and drag a load of ſorrows on!
Live—and (more terrible!) ſurvive my ſon!
Me, in the battle, if the foes had ſlain,
When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train,
I (as I ſhould) had periſh'd; and this ſtate
On the dead father, not the ſon, ſhou'd wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell ſo young;
No!—'tis the father's, who has liv'd ſo long,
With his ſlain ſon to blaſt his cloſing eye,
And wiſh, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
Yet, though before his time the Fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy; he glorioufly expir'd!
Yet to the deſtin'd ſhore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods! I'm ſatisfy'd—he periſh'd well!
His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
Than thoſe deſign'd him by the prince of Troy,

Thoſe,

Thoſe, the bold Tuſcan hoſts and heroes gave,
To wait the corſe triumphant to the grave:
With thoſe, his own bright trophies be his ſhare,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquiſh'd in the war.
Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadſt ſtood conſpicuous to the fight,
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears ſo long have I with-held
(Wretch that I am!) the ſoldiers from the field?
Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a ſpectacle of woe!
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy!)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the ſad ſurvivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himſelf, or fortune, now can give;
'Tis for that only, I endure to live.
Life has no joys for me; but I ſhould go
Pleas'd with theſe tidings to my boy below!
And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Reſtor'd their round of labours, and the day.
The Tuſcan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raiſe the fun'ral ſtructures on the ſtrand.
Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relicks of the ſlain.
From the black flames the ſullen vapours riſe,
And ſmoke in curling volumes to the ſkies.
The foot thrice compaſs the high-blazing pyres;
Thrice move the horſe, in circles, round the fires.

Their

Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans ſucceeds; and heav'n rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial ſounds.
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The ſwords and helmets of the vanquiſh'd foe.
Some, the known ſhields their brethren bore in vain,
And unſucceſsful jav'lins of the ſlain.
Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
And briſtly ſwine; in honour of the dead,
The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they ſlew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the penſive warriors ſtand,
And watch the dying fires along the ſtrand;
Many a long look they caſt with ſtreaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had ſpangled o'er the ſkies.
Nor with leſs toil the buſy Latian train
Erect unnumber'd ſtructures for the ſlain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
Some to their native coaſts and cities, ſend.
Some, of diſtinguiſh'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
The reſt, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiſcuous carnage of the field!
From the thick piles, the ſtreaming flames ariſe,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the ſkies.
When the third morn diſclos'd the dawning day,
They ſearch'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:
In the warm aſhes their remains they found,
Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground;
Then o'er the relicks rais'd a lofty mound.

But

But more tumultuous ſhrieks and clamours ring
Through the wide town, and palace of the king:
Boys, mothers, wives, and ſiſters, there complain
For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, ſlain.
All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
Let him, whoſe boundleſs and ambitious pride
Aſpires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
And with his ſingle ſword decide the war.
This, Drances ſtill inflames; and adds, with ſpite;
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.
But Turnus to his ſide a number draws,
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cauſe:
He ſtands ſupported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour ſhades his injur'd name.
'Midſt theſe debates the penſive envoys bring
The final anſwer of th' Ætolian king—
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the coſt,
With all the fruitleſs embaſſy, was loſt.
New ſuccours muſt be ſought; or peace implor'd,
In terms ſubmiſſive, of the Trojan lord.
The Latian king, ſurrounded by his foes,
Sinks in deſpair, and bends beneath his woes.
The wrath of heav'n, the recent tombs, that ſpread
The fields o'er-charg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To ſway the ſceptre of the Latian ſtate.
He calls a council; at the ſov'reign's call
The peers, aſſembled, croud the regal hall:

There

There, 'midſt the rev'rend fathers of the ſtate,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch ſate;
The monarch bids th' embaſſadors report,
Diſtinct, their anſwer from th' Ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the ſolemn train,
With rev'rence due, ſage Venulus began:

Ye peers, a length of lands and perils paſt,
We ſaw the royal Diomede at laſt;
And touch'd, with wonder and reſpectful joy,
The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
There, bleſt with eaſe, the happy victor builds
A ſecond Argos in the Gargan fields.
Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
And in ſubmiſſive terms addreſs'd the throne;
Preſent our gifts, our names and land diſcloſe;
What war required his aid; and who his foes.
When, with ſoft accents and a pleaſing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch ſpoke:

Ye bleſt Auſonians! bleſt, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
What madneſs rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace, to arms?
All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their ſwords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
(Thoſe chiefs I paſs that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide)
Toſs'd round the world, in ev'ry diſtant clime,
Atone the guilt of that preſumptuous crime.
From that dire war our deſp'rate courſe we bore,
Each driv'n by tempeſts on a diff'rent ſhore.

Such

Such ſcenes of ſorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
Nor Priam's ſelf relate without a tear.
This truth Minerva's vengeful ſtorm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oïleus fell.
The * Spartan lord, a baniſh'd wretch, was hurl'd
To † Proteus' pillars, in a diſtant world.
Ulyſſes, on the dread Sicilian coaſt,
Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades loſt.
From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
To Libyan ſhores, the Locrian ſquadrons fly;
To flaming ſuns, that ſcorch the mid-day ſky.
The ‡ king of kings, ill-fated! loſt his life,
Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitreſs wife.
There the great victor of all Aſia bled;
The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n deny'd
To ſee my native realm, and beauteous bride?
For that bleſt fight, ſad omens ſhock my eye;
Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the ſky.
Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
The ſilhy floods, or ſcream along the ſhore.
From that curs'd moment all theſe woes were due,
When, fir'd with rage, againſt the gods I flew;
And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
(Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand,
When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
And with her ruins will I war no more.

* Menelaus. † Egypt. ‡ Agamemnon.

My

My ſoul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
On thoſe misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
Bear back the preſents, and the gifts you bring,
('Tis far, far ſafer) to the Trojan king.
For well, too well, the mighty chief I know,
And met in rigid fight the god-like foe;
Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the hoſt;
Heav'ns! with how fierce a ſpring the lance he toſt!
How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
How high he ſhook the ſword, and rais'd the pond'rous ſhield!
Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
Their conduct, courage, ſtrength, and worth, the ſame;
All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred ſtates;
Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the Fates;
Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates.
His conqu'ring ſword, and Hector's valiant hand,
So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
Their ſingle valour ſav'd their native wall,
And ten whole years ſuſpended Ilion's fall.
Æneas ſhone his equal in the field;
But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
To tempt ſo terrible a foe to war.—
This is the ſum, great king, of what he ſaid,
And this th' advice of royal Diomede.

Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
Strait ran a mingled murmur through the court.
So when by rocks the torrents are withſtood,
In deep hoarſe murmurs rolls th' impriſon'd flood;

Beats

Beats on the banks; and, with a ſullen ſound,
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
Soon as the noiſe was ſilenc'd from the throne,
(Heav'n firſt invok'd) the hoary prince begun;
I wiſh, O rev'rend fathers, we had ſate,
Before theſe perils, on th' endanger'd ſtate:
Far better than a council now to call,
When Troy's embody'd pow'rs ſurround our wall!
An hoſt of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardor can reſtrain;
Though vanquiſh'd, ſtrait they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
And now muſt centre in ourſelves alone:
Nor theſe how ſlender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous ſtate.
Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r;
Arms, ſtrength, and courage, could perform no more.
In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land,
But ſtill in vain our efforts have we try'd;
Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her ſide.
Then hear attentive what my thoughts ſuggeſt—
A length of lands, far-ſtretching to the weſt,
Againſt Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills ariſe.
Theſe tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plough,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
Theſe, with their woods, the Trojans ſhall poſſeſs,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.

Since

Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band
Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
But wou'd they leave our Latian shores again,
And for some other region cross the main,
Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
(For thick the forests grow along the shore):
The form and number let themselves assign;
The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
An hundred peers and princes of the land,
To firm the sacred league, in solemn state,
With ample presents on their prince shall wait;
Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
Ye peers! with freedom these high points debate;
Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking state.

Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.
His mother's blood illustrious splendors grace,
By birth as gen'rous, as his sire was base.
Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd;
Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he rose,
These vile reproaches on the warrior throws:

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
To all the synod, that replies are vain.
But none dares speak; though all can understand
The sole expedient our affairs demand.
Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
For whose curs'd cause, so many chiefs have bled,

So

So many princes of our land lie low,
Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
Him, who pretends to ſtorm a hoſt, but flies,
While the proud boaſtful coward braves the ſkies;
Let Turnus (for I muſt, I will, purſue
The public good, though death is in my view)
Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
At leaſt, of theſe our ſuff'rings to complain!
O king! to thoſe rich gifts deſign'd before
For the great Trojan, add one preſent more:
One that your duteous ſenate muſt requeſt,
And one he values more than all the reſt.
By fear or violence no longer ſway'd
Give to ſo brave a prince th' imperial maid;
By that ſure pledge a laſting peace obtain;
Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
But ſhould our king ſo bold a ſtep diſclaim,
Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
For his permiſſion, to beſtow the fair,
And to our prince and country to reſtore
Their rights, and bluſter on the throne no more.
Why, for thy pride, our lives ſhould we expoſe,
O fatal chief! the ſource of all our woes?
'Tis a deſtructive war; but, to be free
From theſe long ills, we humbly ſue to thee;
To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
And, the ſole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
And firſt, myſelf, thy fancy'd foe (a name
I ſcorn alike to own, or to diſclaim)

Ev'n I, a ſuppliant, beg thy grace, to ſpare
Our bleeding country, and forſake the war.
In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
Too long have we bemoan'd our ſlaughter'd hoſts,
Our lands diſpeopled, and our waſted coaſts.
If love of glory has thy ſoul poſſeſt,
If fame inſpires, or courage warms thy breaſt;
If none can pleaſe thee, but a princeſs—go—
Meet in the liſted field thy gen'rous foe.
Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
For us—no matter—we may well be ſlain!
Unwept, unbury'd; to the fowls reſign'd;
The world's laſt dregs; the refuſe of mankind!
We, worthleſs ſouls! were born for him alone,
And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne!
But go, proud warrior, if one ſpark remains
Of courage in thy ſoul, and warms thy veins;
Go—meet thy rival—anſwer his demand—
Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
Yet the vain boaſter ſoon, I truſt, will fly,
Nor ſtand the terrors of that deathful eye!
  Theſe ſcornful words the haughty youth engage
In all the fiery violence of rage;
Then, while a groan of indignation broke
Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero ſpoke:
  Drances, that tongue a ſtream of words can yield;
Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
Firſt in debate! but ſure 'tis ſafer far
With words to flouriſh, than to wage the war;

To

To deal in long harangues, while walls incloſe
Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from the foes.
Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
And mouth and bellow to the liſt'ning croud.
Proceed then, daſtard, in thy wonted ſtrain;
Throw forth a ſtorm of eloquence again:
With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
And thy own trophies ſtand as high as mine!
Try, try, this hour, thy courage; ſee! the foes
Advance, approach us, and our walls incloſe:
Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
Shall all thy valour, wretch! conſiſt ſo long
In thoſe ſwift feet, and in that ſwifter tongue?
I routed, monſter! and compell'd to fly?—
Who but thyſelf could forge that ſhameleſs lye?
Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
When Tyber's ſtreams ran purple to the main?
Where, wretch, didſt thou ſit brooding o'er thy fear,
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful ſpear?
When, all in heaps, his vanquiſh'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
When thouſands more my faulchion plung'd to hell
In one victorious day, tho' compaſs'd round
With foes, and preſs'd within the hoſtile mound?
All, all, but thou, ſtood witneſs to the fight!
Nor didſt thou dare look out upon the fight!

'Tis a deſtructive war—Go, daſtard, go,
And preach that rule you practice, to the foe;
At once avow that int'reſt you embrace:
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms diſgrace;
But praiſe and honour a twice-vanquiſh'd race.
Tell, tell the croud, how ev'ry Argive lord
And monarch trembled at the Phrygian ſword;
That Tydeus' ſon, that Peleus' baffled heir,
Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd ſtand his war;
That Aufidus himſelf, with ſudden dread,
When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
Ran back, aſtoniſh'd, to his native bed.
Such are his baſe ſuggeſtions, which appear
Falſe as himſelf; or his diſſembled fear
Of my revenge: that vanity reſign;
Such blood ſhall never ſtain a ſword like mine!
Still may thy ſoul diſmiſs that idle care,
Lurk in that abject breaſt, and tremble there!—
But to reſume, O king! our great debate
(Your dread commands) the ſolemn cares of ſtate:
Since on our arms no farther ſtreſs you lay,
But loſe at once all courage, with the day;
If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
If all our future proſpects are no more;
Gods! let us raiſe theſe coward hands, to gain
Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
Yet, O ye princes! did the leaſt remains
Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
Thoſe I ſhou'd ever deem the truly great,
Thoſe, who in fields of battle brave their fate;

Thoſe,

Thoſe, who, to 'ſcape that ſhame, with glory fir'd,
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!
But ſince a yet-unbroken force we find,
Confed'rate towns, and nations ſtill behind;
Since Troy, ſo nobly by our troops withſtood,
Has bought her glory with her deareſt blood;
Since, in their turn, the tempeſt threatens all;
Since, with the vanquiſh'd, the proud victors fall;
Why, on our firſt attempt, this low deſpair?
This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has ſuccour'd an endanger'd ſtate
By ſome new change, and ſnatch'd her from her fate!
Some kingdoms ſtrange viciſſitudes ſuſtain;
Now cruſh'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!
What though th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our ſide,
Yet, with Meſſapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, ſtill ſucceſsful in the wars;
And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from diſtant lands.
Beſides our Latian youth, of matchleſs might,
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volſcian princeſs leads her valiant train,
All ſheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But ſince my foes and friends the fight demand;
The public peace no longer I withſtand:
Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles to the liſted field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian ſhield!

Nor ſhall my deeds my anceſtry diſgrace,
Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your ſelf-devoted Turnus fall!
Me does my rival to the fight demand?
Grant, O ye gods! the challenge ſtill may ſtand;
Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
Meantime Æneas, midſt the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to ſeize the gate.
The Trojan ſquadrons, and the Tuſcan train,
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew ſwift, and ſcar'd the city and the court;
The crouds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
The youth ruſh forth to war; the ſires complain,
And ſtrive to ſtop the growing rage in vain.
From either ſide the diff'rent murmurs riſe,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the ſkies,
So ring the foreſts with the feather'd brood,
A thouſand notes re-echoing through the wood:
So ſcream the ſwans on fair Paduſa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling ſounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to deviſe,
And talk of peace? the fiery Turnus cries;
Declaim, ye daſtards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and ſtorms the town!
He ſaid; and ruſh'd impetuous to the plain;
Lead, lead, brave Voluſus, our Ardean train,

And

And ſummon to the fight the Volſcian force;
Thou, thou, Meſſapus, range th' embattled horſe,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to ſpread the op'ning war.
All, all, be ready; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the paſſes; you defend the tow'rs.
Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.
The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultous heaps to guard the wall.
The penſive father of the Latian ſtate
(Confus'd, amaz'd) ſuſpended thé debate;
And his own conduct blames, that he reſign'd
To the queen's counſel his compliant mind;
On ſuch wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.
To ſink a trench before the gates, they run,
Fix the ſtrong pile, and roll the pond'rous ſtone.
Alarm'd, and ſummon'd by the trumpet's ſound,
Boys, maids, and matrons, croud the ramparts round.
All aids theſe dire extremities demand,
Fire ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthen ev'ry hand.
Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
Ride with large preſents to Minerva's fane:
Lavinia grac'd her ſide; the royal fair;
The guiltleſs cauſe of this deſtructive war.
To earth her ſtreaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
In ſad proceſſion move the croud behind.
They burn rich odours at the ſacred ſhrine,
And ſeek, with ſuppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine:

Againſt the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
O queen of battles! great Tritonian maid!
Break, break his jav'lin; let him meet his fate,
And grind the duſt beneath our lofty gate!
Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus ſhone:
Firſt, the brave hero drew the corſlet on;
Thick ſcales of braſs the coſtly work infold:
His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
The ſtarry ſword hung glitt'ring at his ſide.
Bold and exulting, with a dauntleſs air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun.
The golden ſplendors, dazzling to the view,
Flaſh'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
So the gay pamper'd ſteed, with looſen'd reins,
Breaks from the ſtall, and pours along the plains;
With large ſmooth ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
Bathes his bright ſides, and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies; and, toſſing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the diſtant mead;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.
Him, at the gate, thus iſſuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train;
Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous ſteed;
The beauteous band alight with equal ſpeed:
Prince, if the bold and brave (ſhe cries) may dare
Truſt their own valour for ſucceſs in war;

Myſelf,

Myſelf, with theſe, will ſtand the Trojan force;
Myſelf will vanquiſh all the Tuſcan horſe.
Guard thou the city; be that province thine;
But let the dangers of the field be mine.
O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes);
To ſuch uncommon worth, heroic maid!
What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?
Since thoſe, and death, you ſcorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day divide.
The Trojan bent his fraudful ſcheme to frame
(In this my ſpies confirm the voice of fame),
Has ſent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to ſcour along the open field.
Meantime himſelf, along the lofty crown
Of yon ſteep mountain, haſtens to the town.
But, in the wood, an ambuſh I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies impriſon'd in that narrow ſtreight;
And, if he moves, he ruſhes on his fate.
Go thou, ſupported by our Latian force,
Go—with ſpread enſigns meet the Tuſcan horſe,
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Meſſapus, wait thee to the fight.
Beneath thy care, ſhall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command.
This ſaid; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager ſpeed to circumvent the foes.
A winding vale there lay, within the ſhade
Of woods, by nature for an ambuſh made.

To

To this, a rough and ſlender paſſage led;
Above, a ſmooth and level plain was ſpread,
Unknown, and ſtretching o'er the mountain's head.
There ſafe, the ſoldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' aſcending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And daſh the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, ſeiz'd the poſt, and cloſe in ambuſh lay.
But now Latonia, in th' ethereal ſphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,
Beſpoke ſwift Opis, in a mournful ſtrain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To ſeek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
See! where ſhe ruſhes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my ſoul the darling maid I lov'd;
And time the growing fondneſs has improv'd;
E'er ſince ſtern Metabus, her hapleſs ſire,
Forc'd by his rebel ſubjects to retire,
Fled from Pivernum, his imperial town,
And loſt his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, through crouds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight through wilds and deſerts came;
The ſavage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;

While

While with their jav'lins, in an endleſs tide,
The Volſcians preſs'd their prince on ev'ry ſide:
When lo! old Amaſenus' ſtreams delay
His courſe, and foam acroſs the warrior's way:
For late, the flood, increas'd with ſudden rains,
Had burſt the banks, and floated half the plains:
Firſt he reſolves to ſwim, and gain the ſhore;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thouſand ſchemes divide his breaſt,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the beſt:
His mighty pond'rous ſpear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this ſtrong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant oſiers wrapt around,
Then pois'd the loaded ſpear, in act to throw;
But for my favour firſt addreſs'd his vow:
To thee, chaſte goddeſs of the foreſt wild,
Behold! a father dedicates his child;
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows are thine.
Thus then I ſend, to thy protecting care,
Thy little ſuppliant through the fields of air.
This ſaid; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
Then the bold warrior, preſs'd on ev'ry ſide
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood ſurmounted, and the jav'lin tore,
Charg'd with the ſacred infant, from the ſhore.
Each town with ſtern unhoſpitable hate,
Againſt the wand'ring monarch ſhut her gate:

Nor could he bear (his ſcorn was grown ſo high)
To ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by the public eye.
From all ſociety of men he fled;
A ſhepherd's life among the mountains led;
There with his daughter paſt the hours away,
In dens of beaſts and ſavages of prey;
Sought ev'ry foſter-mother of the wood,
And in her lips diſtill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon could go;
He on her ſhoulders hung a ſlender bow:
A ſmall light quiver at her ſide ſhe wore,
And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore:
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The ſpoils of ſome fierce tyger wrapt her round,
That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the ſounding ſling,
Strike the long crane, or ſnowy ſwan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the ſky.
Her charms ſurpris'd the Tuſcan matron train,
Who court the huntreſs for their ſons in vain.
Not all their courtſhip, nor their pray'rs, could move
The maid, from ſworn virginity, to love.
With Dian's love content, ſhe keeps her vow;
She ſhoots my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow.
Ah! from my ſoul I wiſh, the hapleſs fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then ſtill my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!

But,

But, since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, see! in arms she rushes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful sheath,
Draw forth the winged messenger of death.
And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy,
Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
Her spoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And safe dispose 'em in her native plains.
The goddess said; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.

Now to the walls (a close-embody'd force)
March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming coursers prance and bound,
Press on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled rays,
Flame round, and set the region in a blaze.

Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care,
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.

O'er

O'er all diſtinguiſh'd in the martial ſcene,
Rode with her female train the Volſcian queen.
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Protend, and poiſe, and ſhake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of duſt their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient courſers neigh, and ſnuff the diſtant fight.
At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear
Both hoſts; and, ſhouting, join the horrid war;
Rouſe to the fight their gen'rous ſteeds, and pour
Their darts inceſſant, in a rattling ſhow'r.
In one dark ſtorm the ſounding lances fly,
Shade the bright ſun, and intercept the ſky.
Firſt horſe to horſe, and man to man, oppos'd
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed ſpear,
And urg'd his courſer in a full career;
The ſteeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring ſound,
Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as diſcharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing ſtone, or lightning from the ſkies;
So ſwift the warrior, from his courſer far,
Shoots with a ſpring, and breathes his fiery ſoul in air.
Now all the Latian horſe diſorder'd run,
(Their ſhields flung back) tumultuous, to the town,
The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Aſylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their ſteeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquiſh'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, meaſur'd back the field.

Thus,

Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the ſtrand
Swells the vaſt ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy ſurges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as ſhe came before,
With all the floating trophies of the ſhore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes purſue.
Till in the third aſſault the hoſts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguiſh'd rage.
All, man to man, and breaſt to breaſt, oppos'd,
In one dire ſhock the charging ſquadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of ſlain,
Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the plain.
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd;
And cries and agonizing groans reſound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And courſers plunging in the pangs of death.
With cautious eyes, Orſilochus from far
Obſerv'd ſtrong Remulus, and mark'd for war;
Nor durſt approach the chief; but hurl'd the ſpear,
With all his ſtrength, beneath his courſer's ear.
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the wound,
He rears and paws in air, with many a bound,
And caſts his hapleſs maſter on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' ſteel;
By the ſame hand the huge Herminius fell:

All

All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant ſize;
Th' intrepid chief (his head and ſhoulders bare,
Tall, and diſtinguiſh'd by his golden hair)
Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Through his broad ſhoulders paſt, the deadly wound
Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimſon ſtreams are dy'd;
And the vaſt carnage ſmokes on ev'ry ſide.
The charms of honour ev'ry boſom fire,
To win the day; or glorioufly expire.
  Her breaſt half-naked, through the direful ſcene
Of blood and ſlaughter flew the Volſcian queen.
The ſhafts and quiver at her ſide appear,
The poliſh'd bow, and all Diana's war.
Now the ſwift dart with matchleſs might ſhe caſt;
Now with her axe ſhe laid the battle waſte:
Ev'n when ſhe flies, ſhe bends the backward bow,
And ſends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her ſiſter warriors ride,
All-bright in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
Her brazen pole-axe, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her ſupreme delight;
In peace her friends; her comrades in the fight.
  So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Penthefile's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant Amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.

Proudly

Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
With female shouts they shake the sounding field;
And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony shield,

Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand?
First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies;
Through his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:
Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in the crimson flood.
Liris and Pegasus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend, in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell;
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong;
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear;
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.
Thus through the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courser sought the war:
A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.

With eaſe, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She ſlew the foe, and thus inſults the dead:
Me, Tuſcan, didſt thou deem thy deſtin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boaſt is anſwer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!—let thy ſire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla ſent thee to the ſhades below!
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant ſize,
Butes, and tall Orſilochus, ſhe flies.
But Butes, face to face, ſhe brav'd in war;
Swift through the neck ſhe drove the pointed ſpear,
Where the bright helm and corſlet left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orſilochus the virgin wheel'd
At firſt, in flight diſſembled, round the field:
But, in a ring ſtill leſſening, to delude
The furious chief, ſhe fled, till ſhe purſu'd:
Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-riſing to the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains ruſh ſmoking on the ground.
The ſon of Aunus croſs'd her in her way,
And for a while ſtood trembling in diſmay;
A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the deſign.
Soon as he found it vain to ſhun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Reſolv'd to circumvent the hoſtile maid,
Thus to the queen the low diſſembler ſaid:

Where

Where is the mighty praiſe, to vaunt the force,
And truſt the ſwiftneſs, of your rapid horſe?
Diſmiſs your ſteed, vain maid! and let us ſtand
Engag'd in ſingle combat, hand to hand.
Soon ſhall be known, proud princeſs, what you can,
When, on theſe terms, a woman fights a man.
Thus he:—the queen ſprings furious on the plain
From her fleet ſteed, and gives him to the train.
On foot ſhe dares the daſtard to the field,
Draws her bright ſword, and graſps her maiden ſhield.
Fluſh'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud ſucceed,
He turns, he flies, and, to his utmoſt ſpeed,
With goring ſpurs provokes his ſmoking ſteed.—
Deluded fool! (ſhe cries, in lofty ſtrain)
On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;
Nor hence, ev'n yet, in ſafety ſhalt thou run,
To pleaſe thy ſire with falſhoods like his own.
She ſaid; and, ſpringing with a fiery courſe,
The raging maid out-ſtripp'd the flying horſe;
Turn'd, ſeiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle ſtood;
Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.
Not with more eaſe the falcon, from above,
Shoots, ſeizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove;
All ſtain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the looſe plumes come flutt'ring down the ſky.

Meantime th' almighty ſire of men and gods,
Inthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuſcan chief inſpires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.

Through all the cleaving ranks, with eager ſpeed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid ſteed;
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.
Ye ſcandal of your race, your country's ſhame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breaſt controls,
Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling ſouls?
Thus then, from one flies all our ſcatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! caſt away the ſword, the ſhield and ſpear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!—
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the ſofter battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the ſacred revels nigh,
How ſwift, how eager, to the feaſt you fly!
In the full bowls you centre all your love;
Pleas'd, when the prieſt invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repaſt;
The firſt in banquets, but in fights the laſt!
He ſaid; and, bent on death, in deep deſpair,
Ruſh'd on his ſteed amidſt the thickeſt war:
Then urg'd at Venulus his furious courſe,
Seiz'd him at once, and ſnatch'd him from his horſe,
Thus in his arms, with matchleſs ſtrength, he bore,
Fierce as he rode, the hapleſs chief, before.
His troops behold the ſcene with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And peals of ſhouts run rattling round the ſkies;
While with his captive, all in open view,
O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.

The

The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part,
And meditates the wound; the ſtruggling foe
Defends his throat, and diſappoints the blow.
As when th' imperial eagle ſoars on high,
And bears ſome ſpeckled ſerpent through the ſky:
While her ſharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play;
Her ſtarting brazen ſcales with horror riſe;
The ſanguine flames flaſh dreadful from her eyes:
She writhes, and hiſſes at her foe, in vain,
Who wings at eaſe the wide aërial plain;
With her ſtrong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the ſtruggling prey, triumphant through the ſkies.
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;
And, kindling at the fight, the troops their prince purſue.
Now Aruns on the Volſcian princeſs waits
(Aruns the deſtin'd victim of the Fates;)
Wheels round, and ſeeks with ev'ry wily art
The favouring moment to diſcharge the dart.
Where-e'er the furious maid her ſteps inclin'd,
The wretch in ſilence follows cloſe behind:
When from the conquer'd foes ſhe bends her courſe,
Thither th' inſidious warrior turns his horſe;
Oft ſhifts his place; runs anxious to and fro;
Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
Aims his ſure jav'lin at the beauteous foe.
Chloreus, the prieſt of Cybele, from far
Shone in bright arms amid the crouded war.

Magnificently gay, he proudly preſs'd
A prancing ſteed, in ſtately trappings dreſs'd;
Rich ſcales of braſs and gold, inwrought with art,
Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
Himſelf, in purple clad, amid the foe
Sent his ſwift arrows from a Lycian bow.
Gold was the bow, that from his ſhoulder ſounds,
And gold the helmet, that his head ſurrounds.
His robes, with many a ruſtling ſilken fold,
With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold:
His crimſon tunic was embroider'd o'er;
And purple buſkins on his legs he wore.
This chief ſhe ſingles from the warring crew,
And, blind to danger, through the ſquadrons flew;
With the rich ſpoils to deck Diana's ſhrine;
Or that herſelf in Trojan arms may ſhine.
All, all the woman in her boſon roſe!
For this bright prize, ſhe plung'd amid the foes!
When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his ſpear;
But firſt to heav'n preferr'd his ſuppliant pray'r:
O Phœbus! guardian of Soracte's woods,
And ſhady hills; a god above the gods!
To whom our natives pay the rites divine,
And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine;
Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
Unhurt, unſing'd, and ſacred from the flame;
Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
The deep dark ſtains of this diſgraceful day.
Nor ſpoils nor trophies from the maid I claim;
No—to my future life I truſt for fame.

If

If by my hand this raging peſt be ſlain,
I aſk no honour; but retire again,
Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain.
The god conſents to half his warm requeſt,
But in the fleeting winds diſpers'd the reſt.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return was loſt in empty air.
Now as the jav'lin ſings along the ſkies,
All to the Volſcian princeſs turn their eyes.
The fair ruſh'd on, regardleſs of the ſound,
Till in her pap ſhe felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon ſtood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her ſuccour fly her female train,
And in their arms the ſinking queen ſuſtain;
But far more ſwift affrighted Aruns fled,
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head:
Back he retires, all-trembling and diſmay'd;
Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.
As when a prowling wolf, whoſe rage has ſlain
Some ſtately heifer, or the guardian ſwain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous ſpeed,
Confus'd, and conſcious of the daring deed,
Claps cloſe his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him riſe:
Nor leſs confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.
The dying queen, in agonizing pain,
Tugs at the pointed ſteel, but tugs in vain.

Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She ſinks, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe ſcarcely draws her breath,
And, all-around her, ſwim the ſhades of death.
The ſtarry ſplendors languiſh in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
A maid ſhe calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace; her ſiſter in the wars.
Acca; no more:—for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy miſt of darkneſs ſwims around:
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis paſt!
This hour, this fatal moment, is my laſt!
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him, this inſtant to the field repair;
This inſtant, from the town the foe repel:—
And now, dear friend, a long and laſt farewel!

With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
And from her courſer ſunk upon the plain.
In thick ſhort ſobs the vital ſpirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as ſhe dies!
Her radiant arms beſtrew the field of fight:
Her ſoul, indignant, ſought the realms of night.

Then, from the hoſts the doubling clamours riſe,
And ſhouts tumultuous echo to the ſkies.
The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuſcan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horſe,
Ruſh furious to the field; the ſlaughter ſpread;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.

Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
A while unmov'd ſurvey'd the fight below.

But

But when from far ſhe ſaw Camilla ſlain,
And, round the corſe, the ſhouting hoſtile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory boſom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Too, too ſeverely, much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid!
In vain made ſacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
Nor yet in death thy goddeſs will diſclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endleſs fame!
Thy praiſe ſhall round the nations be diſplay'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance ſhall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good;
The guilty wretch ſhall render blood for blood.
Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks diſplay'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy ſhade.
Hither the goddeſs took her rapid flight,
And ſpy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
There as the youth exults, and ſwells with pride,
Whither, poor daſtard, wouldſt thou fly? (ſhe cry'd)
Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go—to the ſhades of hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!
She ſaid; and inſtant from the golden ſheath
Drew forth the feather'd meſſenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns ſhe bends
To the full ſtretch, and joins the doubling ends.

One

One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
And to her breaſt ſtrain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murd'rer heard the ſounding dart,
And felt the ſteely vengeance in his heart.
He lies deſerted by his ſocial train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on ſpread pinions mounts the golden ſkies.
Firſt fled Camilla's band (their princeſs kill'd);
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' ſelf, the chiefs, and armies, run,
And ſpur their ſmoking courſers to the town.
Nor can the troops ſuſtain, nor dare oppoſe
The ſlaught'ring ſwords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they ſlung;
And with their trampling ſteeds the ſounding champain [rung.
The city now th' advancing hoſt appalls:
A cloud of duſt, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons ſpy;
And female ſhrieks, tumultuous, rend the ſky.
Mixt with their foes, ruſh headlong through the gate
The Latian ſquadron, nor can ſhun their fate;
In vain for ſhelter to their houſes fly;
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some cloſe the gates, exclude their ſocial train,
Who beg admiſſion to the town in vain.
While theſe defend th' endanger'd poſts, and thoſe
Ruſh on their ſwords, a dreadful ſlaughter roſe.
With piercing ſhrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parents eyes.

While

While cloſe behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe:
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
Some with looſe reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous ſteeds againſt the gate.
But, when Camilla's corſe appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a ſtorm of jav'lins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough ſtaves repel the riſing war.
Fierce they ruſh on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.
Meanwhile to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
The careful nymph the diſmal news convey'd;
That in the fight the Volſcian queen was ſlain;
That the proud foe purſu'd the vanquiſh'd train,
Who, fluſh'd with full ſucceſs, ruſh'd furious on,
And ſpread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for ſo his adverſe fates requir'd!)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But ſcarce deſcended to the ſubject plain,
Ere the great Trojan ſeiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and iſſu'd from the wood.
By the black clouds of duſt, Æneas found
The Latian hoſt embattled wide around:
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud ſhouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footſteps of the trampling foe,
And heard diſtinct the fiery courſers blow.

Soon

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the ſun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian ſea,
The panting ſteeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
Theſe to defend; and thoſe to ſtorm the tow'rs.

End of the Eleventh Book.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's

ÆNEID.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a ſingle combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculouſly cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whoſe death the poem concludes.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latians, in deſpair,
Sink with the weight of unſucceſsful war,
Himſelf the object of the public ſpite
Mark'd out, and ſummon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the ſingle combat claims,
And conſcious courage ſets his ſoul in flames.
As, pierc'd at diſtance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouſes at the ſmart;
And loudly roaring traverſes the plain;
Scourges his ſides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the ſpear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies:
So ſtorm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful ſtrain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, ſo bold and brave?
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My ſoul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the ſacred rite;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight.
This hand ſhall wipe our late diſgrace away
(Our hoſts may ſit ſpectators of the day!)

This

This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms resign the royal fair.

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it should concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardor too asswage
With the cool caution of consid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own,
Besides a fair hereditary throne!
Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey:—
Thus both may reign with independent sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race.
Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Though harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my consort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know:
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath divine;
Where all the sad pre-emience is thine.

In

In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our laſt hopes are ſhelter'd in the town:
Huge heaps of bones ſtill whiten all the ſhore,
And the full ſtreams of Tyber ſmoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irreſolute and blind?
What changeful phrenſy turns my wav'ring mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the ſtern debate may end!
How would all Italy my name diſgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shouldſt thou (which heav'n avert!) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!)
If I ſhould haſten to ſo ſad an end
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend!
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars;
Pity thy rev'rend father's ſilver hairs,
Who mourns thy abſence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of ſo dear a ſon!

But no ſucceſs theſe warm intreaties found:
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he ſpeak for rage, diſdain, and pride,
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
O beſt of fathers! all this needleſs care
For Turnus' life, at his requeſt, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with ſcorn diſclaim,
For the bright purchaſe of immortal fame.
This hand, theſe weapons too, are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound.
Nor in this combat ſhall his mother ſhroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud.

Nor ſhield the coward with her aid divine:—
This day, ye gods! this glorious day, is mine.
But now the frantic queen, on theſe alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one requeſt;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breaſt
For loſt Amata, to theſe ſorrows yield!
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my ſtreaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years!
Our ſinking houſe relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
In thy misfortune muſt Amata join;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan ſon.
With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and anſwers with her tears.
A lovely bluſh the modeſt virgin warms,
Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, ſtain'd with red:
So roſes, mixt with lillies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair,
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—O royal mother! ceaſe your fears,
Nor ſend me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fixt my date,
To check th' unalterable courſe of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go! and inſtant bear
This dreaded meſſage to the Phrygian's ear:

Soon

Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field:
Our single valour shall dispute the day
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.
He said; and furious to the palace speeds;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
The sires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous coursers bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently stroke their chests, and sooth their noble pride.
Meantime the hero drew his armour on;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone.
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temple spread;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin; and with fury spoke:
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command:

Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield!
And mine now throws; the terror of the field!
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But ſtretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain:
Oh! give me, through his heart thy point to thruſt,
And ſoil his ſcented treſſes in the duſt,
The coſtly cuiraſs from his breaſt to tear,
And by one noble ſtroke to terminate the war!
Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flaſh the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his ſtern brows, and puſhes at the air;
And paws the flying ſands, the prelude of the war.
As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celeſtial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He ſets his ſorrowing friends and ſon at eaſe;
Expounds the Fates' unchangeable decrees;
And inſtant bids the meſſengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.
Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold!)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;
The ſun's fierce ſteeds, high-bounding o'er the ſea,
From their wide noſtrils ſnort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in juſt limits cloſe the liſted ground:

Then

Then verdant altars raiſe to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either hoſt adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The ſacred fire, and water from the ſpring.
Here, with bright lances, all the Auſonian train
Pour through the op'ning portals to th' plain:
The Trojans there, and Tuſcans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way.
Amid the thouſands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders ſhine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Aſylas ſtood;
Great Mneſtheus there, of Troy's imperial blood;
There, brave Meſſapus, of immortal ſtrain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The ſign now giv'n through each impatient hoſt,
Each chief retires to his appointed poſt.
At eaſe the ſoldiers fall their pond'rous ſhields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields.
Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crouds on crouds preſs forward through the gate.
But from the fam'd Albano's ſhady brows,
(Though then without a name the mountain roſe)
The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hoſts embattled, and the crouded field.
Then to brave Turnus' ſiſter, who preſides
O'er lakes and ſtreams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph, that province was beſtow'd
For her loſt honour, by the thund'ring god)

Her fears the goddeſs of the ſkies expreſs'd;
And thus the regent of the floods addreſs'd:
Queen of the founts and ſtreams, and far above
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Thoſe nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord miſled,
Preſum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee I ſuffer'd in his grace to riſe,
And ſhare th' immortal honours of the ſkies.
With deep concern ſad tidings muſt I bear,
What I muſt grieve to ſpeak, and you to hear.
The Latian ſtate and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my conſtant care.
Now his inevitable hour draws nigh;
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the ſight.
If thou can'ſt ſave him yet from death, deſcend:
Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
Fly—and exert the ſiſter and the friend.
She ſaid; Juturna wept, by grief oppreſt,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breaſt.
Fly, Juno cries, and ſtop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and ſnatch him, if you can, from fate.
Nor waſte the hours in tears, and vain deſpair;
Break, break the truce, and wake the ſlumb'ring war.
On me diſcharge the crime.—The goddeſs ſaid;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.
Now came the kings: four ſtately courſers bear,
In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.

Twelve

Twelve golden rays around his temple ſhone,
To mark his glorious lineage from the ſun.
Young Turnus next appear'd; two ſpears he held,
And two white courſers drew him to the field.
Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
Th' illuſtrious father of the Roman line;
High in his hand the ſtarry buckler rais'd;
And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
With him his ſon Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's majeſtic race.
Slow the proceſſion moves: the ſacred prieſt
Stood by his altar, in the linen veſt;
A tender lamb for ſacrifice preferr'd,
And a young victim from the briſtly herd.
They turn their faces to the dawning day;
The ſalted cakes with ſolemn rev'rence pay;
The victims ſign'd; the foremoſt hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the firſt libations threw.
Then the great Trojan prince unſheath'd his ſword,
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
Great ſource of day, be witneſs to my vow!
Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r);
Thou Mars, inthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and maſter of the fight;
Ye ſprings, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden ſky;
Hear, and atteſt! if, victor in the fray,
The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,

My ſon his claim of empire ſhall releaſe;
My Trojan ſubjects ſhall depart in peace.
But ſhould the conqueſt prove my happy lot,
(For ſo I think, and heav'n confirm the thought!)
The Latians never ſhall my rule obey;
Already I diſclaim th' imperial ſway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation ceaſe,
And join in leagues of everlaſting peace.
To king Latinus I reſign the care,
The pomp of ſtate, with all concerns of war,
And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
And the religious province, ſhall be mine.
For me my Trojan friends a town ſhall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the ſkies.
By the ſame oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whoſe bolts avenge the broken vow!
To ſanctify my word, behold! I ſtand,
And on theſe hallow'd altars lay my hand:
Whate'er enſues, misfortune or ſucceſs,
No time ſhall break this ſolemn league of peace,
Nor ſhake my purpoſe; but intire, and whole,
I'll keep the ſacred tenor of my ſoul;
No art ſhall win me, and no pow'r compel;
Not, though the golden ſkies ſhould plunge to hell;

Yon

Yon ſtarry ſplendors from their ſpheres ſhould fall,
And ocean ſpread his waters o'er the ball.
Firm is the ſword, and ſure the oath I ſwore;
Sure, as this ſceptre ne'er ſhall flouriſh more;
No more its verdant honours ſhall renew,
Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
Now by the artiſt's hand adorn'd with braſs,
And worn ſucceſſive by our regal race!
The princes thus the ſolemn compact bound
By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
The prieſts before the fires the victims ſlay;
Eager the ſmoking entrails rend away;
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay.
But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppreſt,
And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breaſt.
Long ſince they ſaw their prince o'er-match'd in might.
And curs'd the terms of ſuch unequal fight.
Their dread increaſes, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear.
Trembling, aghaſt, he moves with ſilent pace:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all his face.
Cloſe by the altar's ſide, in care profound,
His penſive eyes he fixt upon the ground.
Soon as the ſiſter ſaw the giddy croud
Had chang'd their minds, and ſpoke their fears aloud;
In great Camertes' form, of high renown
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidſt the murm'ring bands ſhe took,
Inflam'd their rage, and thus the hoſt beſpoke:

What

What ſhame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole ſucceſs of war!
Behold the utmoſt force the foe can boaſt,
The few poor relicks of their ſhatter'd hoſt.
Heav'ns!—can we ſhrink from ſuch a ſlender pow'r!
Are not our men the ſame? our numbers more?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!
'Tis true, your hero to the gods ſhall riſe,
A ſelf-devoted victim to the ſkies.
Yet the brave chief eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame:
While we, O ſhame! a baſe degen'rate hoſt
Look tamely on, and ſee our country loſt!
Stretch our vile hands to ſervitude abhorr'd,
And court the bondage of a foreign lord!

This fiery ſpeech inflam'd the liſt'ning train;
Through all the hoſt the gath'ring murmur ran.
Now chang'd, the Latians wiſh for peace no more,
But long to break the league they fought before.
They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardor to renew the war.

His ſiſter ſent (the tumult to improve)
A falſe deluſive omen from above.
In pomp a tow'ring eagle ſoars on high,
And ſudden, ſhooting from th' ethereal ſky,
Drives a vaſt flock of wat'ry fowls before,
On ſounding wings, along the winding ſhore;
Then, where the floods in ſoft meanders ran,
In his huge talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.

Th'

Th' aſtoniſh'd Latian bands in courage riſe,
When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes)
Turn, and purſue the victor through the ſkies.
Preſt by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aërial way;
With ſhouts the Latians hail th' auſpicious ſight,
Range all their troops, and haſten to the fight.
'Tis what I wiſh'd, the long-expected ſign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
Riſe, follow me, my friends, your aid ſupply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While through your waſted ſhores the victor ſweeps;
Who now ſhall ſoon ruſh headlong to the deeps.
Haſte; ſave your leader from the fatal fray;
Cloſe, cloſe your ranks; engage; and win the day.
He ſaid; ſprung forth; and 'midſt the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whiſtled as it flew.
Tumultuous ſhouts purſue the parting ſpear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.
Nine brave Arcadians at their ſquadrons head,
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuſcan bed,
Shone in the front; the ſpear impetuous flew
Amidſt the brothers, and the youngeſt ſlew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury caſt,
Beneath the belt the ſteely jav'lin paſt,
Transfix'd the ſtripling with a deadly wound,
And ſtretch'd him pale and gaſping on the ground.
All fir'd with vengeance for their brother ſlain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.

Some

Some draw the glitt'ring ſword, and ſome advance
With the broad ſpear, and ſhake the flaming lance.
With equal ſpeed, their ardor to oppoſe,
Pour forth in endleſs tides the Latian foes.
As ſwift th' Arcadian troops, with ſculptur'd ſhields,
Ruſh'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Strait to their enſigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.
The madding croud the ſacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; toſs the fires around;
And ſeize the goblets: while the jav'lins fly
In iron ſtorms, and tempeſt all the ſky.
The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the courſers to the car with ſpeed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the ſnorting ſteed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright ſwords, and headlong ruſh to fight.
Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Meſſapus ſpurr'd his thund'ring horſe
Full on Auleſtes, with a furious ſpring,
Who wore the royal enſigns of a king:
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in duſt, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid ſpeed,
Shook his huge ſpear, and, bending from the ſteed,
Transfixt the monarch; then, inſulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim ſure muſt pleaſe the ſkies!

The

The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corſe, and bear the ſpoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebuſus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus ſhook the ſpear,
He ruſh'd againſt him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and daſh'd it on his face.
Through ambient air a noiſome ſcent expires,
As the long beard ſhrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he ſtood with ſudden darkneſs round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then ſeiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful faulchion in his ſide.

From Podalirius, eager to purſue,
Through the firſt ranks, the ſhepherd Alſus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his axe deſcending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful ſtroke his ſhatter'd ſkull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirſty ſands are drench'd with ſtreams of gore.
An iron ſleep came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.

But the juſt Trojan prince, amidſt the band,
Without his helmet ruſh'd, and ſtretch'd his hand:
Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms ſtand fixt; the combat is my own.
Diſmiſs your fears; nor my revenge purſue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due.
That victim, theſe religious rites demand,
Already ſacred to this conqu'ring hand.

While yet he ſpoke; loud-hiſſing through the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;

And

And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound.

The chiefs aſtoniſh'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field:
High hopes of conqueſt in his boſom riſe;
Strait for his courſers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the looſe reins, and ruſhes to the war.
Raging he ſpreads the growing ſlaughter round:
Some foes expire; ſome welter on the ground:
Some fly—in vain! for, ſwifter than the wind,
His winged lance arreſts 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the proſtrate foes the hero rolls
His whirling wheels, and cruſhes out their ſouls.

As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
Frowns, ſhouts, and, claſhing on his dreadful ſhield,
Laſhes his fiery courſers to the field;
The ſteeds devour the ground, out-ſtrip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the ſtorm behind:
Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious courſe,
Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horſe;
Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghaſtly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
So drove ſtern Turnus with reſiſtleſs might,
His ſmoking courſers o'er the field of fight;

Their

Their rapid hoofs through heaps of carnage tore;
Plung'd deep into the ſands, diſtain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they daſh the bloody duſt around.
Now hapleſs Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he ſent bold Sthenelus to hell.
Theſe, hand to hand, he ſlew, approaching near;
The laſt, at diſtance, with his pointed ſpear:
At diſtance both th' Imbraſidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant ſire:
In cloſer fight, the dauntleſs warriors join'd;
Or diſtanc'd with their ſteeds the winged wind.
There with high vaunts ruſh'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's ſon.
Baſe as his father, with his grandſire's name,
The recreant ſoldier ſought the field of fame,
But with the luckleſs fortune of his ſire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courſers for his hire,
When ſent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, reſign'd his breath,
And ſhar'd a juſter recompence in death!
Him when the Daunian hero ſpy'd from far,
Firſt a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet ſteeds, and, furious, quits the car;
Stood o'er the Trojan, proſtrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the ſword away.
Then through his throat the deadly faulchion thruſt,
And thus inſults him grov'ling in the duſt:

Lie

Lie there! poſſeſs the land thy valour gains!
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains!
Such, ſuch deſerv'd rewards I ſtill beſtow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
Theſe realms, ye proud preſumptuous ſons of Troy!
Next, by his flying ſpear Aſbutes bled:
A ſecond lance laid mighty Chloerus dead.
In Dares' breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel,
And ſent the bold Therſilochus to hell:
Then pierc'd Thymœtes with a fatal wound,
Whoſe ſtound'ring ſteed had caſt him to the ground.
As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the ſhores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and ſcatter, through the ruffled ſky:
So where bold Turnus ruſh'd, inflam'd with ire,
Their orders ſcatter, and whole hoſts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he ſweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimſon creſt, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind.
No more, in proud diſdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To ſee the hero rule the tide of war;
But, raſhly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the looſe reins, and turn'd the flying ſteeds.
Him, as ſuſpended on the yoke he hung,
By the ſwift chariot dragg'd in duſt along,
Through the bor'd corſlet, the ſharp jav'lin found,
And rais'd the warrior with a ſlender wound.

Yet

Yet with his ſhield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandiſh'd ſword aſſaults the foe.
The whirling wheels, with fiery ſpeed impell'd,
Soon ſhoot him headlong on the ſanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuiraſs and the head it flew:
The guſhing blood diſtains the ſands around,
And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.
Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progreſs held,
Rag'd, ſtorm'd, and reign'd the maſter of the field;
Achates, Mneſtheus, and the royal heir,
Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care,
(As propt, and leaning on the ſpear, he went);
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
The ſteel, deep-riveted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a paſſage bare,
Unroot the dart, and ſend him to the war.
Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to beſtow
His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And precient ſkill; but choſe the healing part,
A ſilent, uſeful, though inglorious art.
Unmov'd with all the ſorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty ſpear, th' impatient chief ſuſtains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains.

The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
And firſt diſpatchful tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands ſolicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.
The trampling ſteeds, the thund'ring foes, drew nigh,
And 'midſt the camp the ſhow'ring jav'lins fly.
The mingling cries from ev'ry part reſound;
Some ſhout, ſome groan, ſome gaſp upon the ground.
Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Deſcends the goddeſs mother on the plain.
A branch of ſov'reigh dittany ſhe bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan ſhore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper ſtalk array;
The ſtalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at diſtance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuſes in the golden vaſe!
Tempers with ſcented panacee the whole,
And with ambroſial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the ſage the ſuccour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguiſh paſt away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.

The

The dart, though deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and anſwers the phyſician's hand.
His former vigour now ſucceeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iapis firſt perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he ſaw the cure; and firſt impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms;
And inſtant ſend him to the dire alarms.
This cure, great hero is no work of mine,
Not mortal art, but done by hands divine.
Thy life ſome guardian god has made his care,
Who ſends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.
The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon ſhook.
High on his arm the heav'nly ſhield he rais'd;
And, on his breaſt, the radiant cuiraſs blaz'd.
Then, with a cloſe embrace he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And kiſs'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun.
From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my ſon, ſucceſs in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name;
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.

Thy ſoul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial ſire!
So ſpoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majeſtic, to the field;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mneſtheus led th' embattled train,
And all ruſh'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of duſt involve the region round.
Now Turnus and his hoſt the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' aſtoniſh'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But firſt his ſiſter heard the dreadful ſounds.
Too well ſhe knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train;
And the black ſquadrons darken all the plain.
As when ſome tempeſt o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the ſhores;
With boding hearts the peaſants hear from far
The ſullen murmurs of the diſtant war;
Foreſee the harveſts levell'd with the ground,
And all the foreſts ſpread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious ſtorm behind.
So ſwift, ſo furious, great Æneas flew,
And led againſt the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning ſquadrons, wedg'd in cloſe array,
In one black body win their deſp'rate way.

By

By Mneſtheus ſlain, in duſt Archeſius lies,
And by Thymbræus' ſword Oſiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Uſens ſped,
And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whoſe fatal ſpear,
Launch'd at the Dardan hoſt, renew'd the war.
A peal of ſhouts, tumultuous, tore the ſky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with diſdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor waſtes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He ſcorns to fight the few who ſtand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crouds to wound:
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him through the duſty cloud.
On this, his anxious ſiſter, ſeiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty ſeat the charioteer,
Metiſcus the renown'd; toſt far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harneſs lay,
Herſelf aſſumes his armour, voice and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car,
As the black ſwallow, that, in queſt of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children ſhe provides the feaſt,
To ſtill the clamours of the craving neſt;
Now wild excurſions round the cloyſter takes;
Now, ſportive winds, or ſkims along the lakes:
So flies the goddeſs on the rapid car,
From ſide to ſide, and traverſes the war:
Now here, now there, ſhe brings the chief to fight;
But ſtill ſhe turns him from the fatal fight.

Nor leſs the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes through ev'ry various maze;
Thrids all the ſhifting courſe, and breaks the croud
With furious ſpeed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he ſpy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his ſiſter plung'd amid the war.
Where-e'er the Trojan hero bends his courſe;
Averſe the goddeſs turns the flying horſe.
What ſhould he do? a thouſand thoughts divide
His wav'ring ſoul, that points to ev'ry ſide!
When lo! Meſſapus croſs'd him in the field,
And in his hand two ſhining jav'lins held.
One, at the prince, with levell'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his ſhield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, ſecure he lay;
But the ſwift jav'lin ſtrikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That ſtill his rival fled, as he purſu'd;
He firſt invok'd the thund'rer to redreſs
The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
Then ruſh'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
His fury knew, but ſtretch'd the ſlaughter round.
The faithleſs foe he thinks it vain to ſpare,
And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a looſe to war.

What god will now inſpire me, to diſplay
The rage of death, and horrors of the day?
What crouds of heroes periſh'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, ſlain!
Was it thy will the nations ſhould engage
(Great ſire of heav'n) with ſuch unbounded rage?

So

So ſoon from war and violence to ceaſe,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlaſting peace?
Æneas firſt flew Sucro in the fight,
Whoſe ſword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a ſwift ſtroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his ſide.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Caſt from their ſteed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed ſword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore:
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, ſlew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's ſon; and ſunk to hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come;
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was ſlain,
Who ſhunn'd ſo long the dreadful war in vain;
A ſkilful angler; once he made abode,
Bleſs'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.
There dreſs'd his father, to the great unknown,
A ſtranger field, and furrows not his own.
As the fierce flames through the tall foreſt fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the ſky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains ſweep,
Roar down the ſides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight reſiſtleſs, and deſtructive ſway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:

So through the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.
They burst with wrath; they rise to ev'ry blow;
They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.
A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw:
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidst the harness, and incumber'd lies:
The coursers startle at the flaming sword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.
On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain:
Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand!
Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life;
Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart,
That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in his heart.
Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
And sunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel,
Though by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
Here ends his life; his stately palace stood
Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood:

There

There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.
Now in all parts the martial ſquadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undiſtinguiſh'd rage.
The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuſcan cohorts, and Arcadian horſe,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, ſpread the plain;
Here Mneſtheus, there Sereſtus, fires the train;
Here great Aſylas ſwept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Meſſapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay;
No ſtop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,
And with freſh vigour to the combat flew.
But Venus now inſpires her godlike ſon
To leave the field, and ſtorm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus through the ranks he flies,
From ſide to ſide he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full ſurvey,
Exempt from war, the fenceleſs city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with ſtern delight;
His ſoul takes fire, and kindles at the ſight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample ſhields, and ſhook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader ſpoke.
Attend, and inſtant theſe commands obey;
Inſpir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:

All

All ſpeed this noble enterprize demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unleſs the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the loweſt ſtone my rage ſhall tear
Yon town, the ſource of this deſtructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance ſhall confound,
And thoſe proud tow'rs lie ſmoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquiſh'd the Rutulian train;
Still muſt I wait till Turnus will be ſlain;
No!—at yon walls the ſure deſtruction aim;
Revenge the broken league with ſword and flame;
Your arms againſt the guilty city bend:
There the dire war began, and there ſhall end.
  Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the ſquadrons urge their way.
They toſs the brands, the ſcaling engies rear,
And round the ramparts roſe the ſudden war.
Some to the portals fly with ſpeed, and ſlay
The guards or citizens, who croſs their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
In duſky clouds, and intercept the ſky.
Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the croud,
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obteſting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a ſecond war began.
  But mad confuſions in the city riſe:
'Tis tumult all; for all at once adviſe.

Theſe

Theſe arm, and fly to guard the walls; and thoſe,
More loud, demand admiſſion for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring
Ev'n to the gates the helpleſs hoary king.
So when the ſwain invades, with ſtifling ſmoke,
The bees cloſe-cluſter'd in a cavern'd rock,
They riſe; and, trembling for th' endanger'd ſtate,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous ſwarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarſe alarms.
The ſteams offenſive roll the cells around;
Their ſullen murmurs through the rock reſound;
While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the ſmokes ariſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.
But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new miſchance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempeſt fly;
The ramparts ſtorm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look ſhe caſt, but caſt in vain;
And in her fears concludes the hero ſlain;
She raves againſt the gods in wild deſpair;
She calls herſelf the auth'reſs of the war:
A thouſand plaints ſhe vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and obſcenely dy'd.
Soon through the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic ſorrow rave the female train.

Struck

Struck with ſuperior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming roſy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud ſhrieks the palace-walls reply;
Thence through the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the ſtroke; and all, the loſs lament;
His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
In wild deſpair, with furious hands he ſpread
A cloud of duſt o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving ſcene!)
His ruin'd empire, and ſelf-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himſelf alone,
That raſhly he refus'd the Trojan for his ſon.
But now more ſlow his progreſs Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor ſtragglers o'er the field.
With heartleſs chear, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their maſter flag the fiery ſteeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
Shrieks, cries, and ſhouts, that thicken in the wind.
Alas! he cries, what clamours ſtrike my ear!
What ſounds diſtreſsful from the town I hear!
Then to the hero, as the ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the ſiſter ſaid;
This way, my lord, your former courſe purſue,
And urge your conqueſt o'er the hoſtile crew.
Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Againſt his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they.
Siſter, the chief replies, whom well I knew
(Though in a mortal form conceal'd from view)

When

When you diſſolv'd the league, by art with-held
The ſingle fight, and mingled in the field,
O ſay! what pow'r diſpatch'd thee from the ſkies,
With this ſad ſcene to ſhock thy mournful eyes?
To ſhare the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witneſs of thy brother's fate?
That brother ſoon muſt periſh on the plains!
For ah! what chance, what beam of hope remains?
I ſaw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death;
Ev'n yet I ſee the warrior bite the ground,
And the ſoul ruſhing through the mighty wound!
I ſaw, where, ſtretch'd in duſt, brave Uſens lay,
Nor liv'd, this ſcene of ruin to ſurvey,
But ſhut out bondage from his cloſing eyes;
His corſe and arms remain the victor's prize.
And ſhall I ſee the city wrapt in flame?
What elſe was wanting to complete my ſhame?
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
Gods!—how will Drances point them to the ſight!
But oh!—ſhall Latium ſee her hero fly?—
Is it ſo terrible but once to die?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below!
Since ev'ry pow'r celeſtial is my foe;
Lo! I deſcend to your infernal coaſt,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghoſt,
White, and unſully'd with that dire diſgrace,
Nor ſtain the ſplendors of my regal race!

While yet he ſpoke, athwart the war with ſpeed
Flew bleeding Sages on his foaming ſteed.

Full

Full in his face a feather'd arrow ſtood;
And to the Dαunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus, on you, our laſt, laſt hope depends;
Oh! haſte in pity, and relieve your friends:
For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the duſt the Latian tow'rs.
See! o'er the roofs the fires tempeſtuous riſe!
Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the ſkies!
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:
The king himſelf ſtands doubtful which to own,
You, or your Trojan rival, for his ſon.
Yet worſe—his queen, till now your chief ſupport,
Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court.
Meſſapus only with Atinas ſtands,
To guard the gates, and animate the bands;
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hoſtile troops incloſe,
And round them thick an iron harveſt grows;
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!
A thouſand various thoughts confound the chief,
He ſtood; he gaz'd; his boſom ſwell'd with grief:
Pride, conſcious valour, fury, love, and ſhame,
At once ſet all the hero in a flame,
Soon as his ſoul recover'd from the ſtroke;
Soon as, diſpers'd, the cloud of paſſion broke;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents riſe
O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the ſkies,

Had

Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along;
Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe.
Now, sister, fate prevails; no more delay;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way,
Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more those eyes shall view thy brother's shame,
Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.
He said; and sudden, with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground;
Leaves his lamenting sister, in despair;
Springs thro' a storm of darts, the prince to dare;
And bursts impetuous through the ranks of war.
As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from th' aerial steep;
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground;
So to the city, through the cleaving train,
Thro' streams of blood, that drench'd the purpled plain,
While round his head the whistling jav'lins play,
As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus bespoke his social band:

To me, ye Latians, the whole war reſign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
'Tis juſt, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Aſſert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in ſingle fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day.
Back at the word the ſquadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came;
Leaves ev'ry ſecond work of war behind;
Joy, pride, and courage, raiſe his daring mind.
All-flufh'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight:
He burns impatient for the dire alarms;
And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vaſt gigantic ſtrides, he tow'rs on high,
And looks a ſecond Athos in the ſky;
Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead ſhrouds;
Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of ſnows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majeſtic, wave around.
Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, ſtudious of the fight,
Their arms unbuckled, to ſurvey the fight.
Ev'n Death ſtands ſtill; and, o'er the crouded plains,
Through the long ranks, a ſolemn ſilence reigns.
Nor leſs amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field,

By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.
Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their spears; their clashing shields resound:
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground.
Then their bright swords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.
As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage;
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terror, stand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, streams, and woods, rebellow to the roar.
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.
Now Jove suspends his scales; two diff'rent weights
He cast in both, and try'd the warriors fates.
This, light with conquest, to the gods ascends;
That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to the fiends.
With his drawn faulchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.

Loud ſhouts and groans ſucceed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event;
When lo! all-ſhatter'd flies the traitor ſword,
And in the ſtroke deſerts the Daunian lord.
A ſtranger hilt he ſpies, and ſhakes in vain:
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain;
And, ſwifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief firſt vaulted on the car
With headlong haſte, and ruſh'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd ſword, 'tis ſaid,
And ſeiz'd his charioteer Metiſcus' blade;
And, ev'n with this, the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal ſteel a ſtroke beſtow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
The faulchion, faithleſs to the warrior's hand,
Broke ſhort—the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
O'er the wide field diſtracted Turnus ſprings,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings:
For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs;
Here a vaſt lake; and there the Latian tow'rs.
But ſtill his foe, though tardy from his wound,
Treads all his ſteps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
As the fleet ſtag, by the ſtaunch hound purſu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now ſhoots along the flood;
Now from the meſhy toils with terror ſprings,
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the ſtrings:
He ſtarts, he pants, he ſtares with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thouſand ways.

Cloſe

Cloſe at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full ſtretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the ſtag—his foe caſt far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
The hunters ſhout; the ſtreams, the rocks reply;
And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the ſky.
Thus, flying in diſtreſs, the Daunian lord
Calls on his friends; demands his truſty ſword.
But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to ſupply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This hero leads, and that purſues the chace.
No light reward muſt crown their eager ſtrife;
The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!
To Faunus ſacred had an olive ſtood:
The ſhipwreck'd ſailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted veſts in honour of the god.
But late, to leave the field for combat free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his ſpear:
The dart, deep riveted, ſtood trembling there:
The hero, ſtruggling with inceſſant pain,
Now bends to diſengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at leaſt, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frighted, to the god preferr'd his vow.

Thy ſuppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the ſpear;
If ſtill I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with ſteel profan'd.
Thus he; the god attends his humble ſtrain;
The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief reſtor'd
(In brave Metiſcus' form) his temper'd ſword.
This heav'nly Venus view'd with high diſdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance;
One ſhook the ſword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving boſoms ſwell with ſtern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.

Then to his conſort, who the war ſurvey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer ſaid:
What ſchemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas ſoon muſt riſe
From earth, already ſacred to the ſkies.
Long ſince, thoſe glories to the chief are ow'd,
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpoſe then this fruitleſs care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
Say, was it juſt, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold ſiſter to the chief reſtor'd,
By thy aſſiſtance, his paternal ſword?

(For

(For what without thy ſuccour could ſhe dare?)
And ſent the vanquiſh'd Turnus to the war?
At length, at length, the needleſs ſtrife give o'er;
At my requeſt, indulge your rage no more;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to reſt,
For ever prey on that immortal breaſt.
Oh! let thy lord thy ſecret ſorrow ſhare,
Or, more than ſhare it, give me all thy care!
To their laſt ſacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fixt th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and ſea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the Fates no more.
So ſpoke th' imperial ſov'reign of the ſkies;
And, in ſubmiſſive terms, the queen replies:
Great ſire; becauſe thy ſacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I ſat, but at the will of Jove,
Diſgrac'd and penſive, in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the ſtrife,
Nay, venture more, to ſave a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a ſingle jav'lin at the foe.
This, this, I ſwear, by the black Stygian floods,
The ſole dread ſanction of th' immortal gods:

Now

Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,
And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
But yet I beg, O sov'reign of the sky!
What not the hardest laws of fate deny;
For your own Latium I implore this grace,
This honour for your own majestic race;
When by these nuptials both the realms combine,
And in firm leagues of peace and friendship join;
Still may the Latians, still remain the same,
Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
Kings after kings the regal line sustain;
And from th' Italian blood may Rome arise,
In all her pride and glory, to the skies.
But may a long oblivion quite destroy
The last, last ruins, with the name of Troy!
The goddess spoke; and, with a smile replies
The sire of men, and monarch of the skies:
Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
Th' imperial sister, and the wife, of Jove,
With endless schemes of vengeance break her rest?
Why burns such wrath in a celestial breast?
Cease, cease, at length, and lay your anger by,
Since with your wish, my empress, we comply.
Th' Ausonians ever shall remain the same
In customs, garb, religion, and the name;
And the lost Trojan race forget from whence they came:
In manners, laws and language, shall they join,
And Ilion shall increase the Latian line.

From

From hence a pious godlike race ſhall riſe;
The firſt of men; the darlings of the ſkies.
Nor all the nations of the world ſhall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they.
Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
The wat'ry goddeſs from the fighting field:
Two hideous monſters wait obſequious by,
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the ſky;
Hell-born and horrible, they ſprung to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
Huge wreaths of ſerpents ſpires their temples bound:
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around,
When bent the minds of mortal men to ſcare
With the black horrors of the laſt deſpair;
When for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd;
Before the throne of heav'n's almighty lord,
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they ſtand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
Of theſe the ſwifteſt from the ſkies he ſent,
To fright the goddeſs with the dire portent.
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring ſtring
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:

So

So swift to earth the baleful fury flew,
Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
When lo! contracted, to the bird she turns,
That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns,
Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
And break the solemn silence of the shade.
Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
Round Turnus' head, and chills him with surprise;
This way and that she flutters o'er the field,
And screams his death, and beats his sounding shield.

His inmost soul a sudden horror stung;
Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
But soon, too soon, the goddess knew the sound
Of the black Fury as she flies around:
She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.
Ah me! she cries, in this unequal strife,
How can thy sister now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
(Wretch that I am) and stop the course of fate?
How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair.
Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
There was a scream!—Hell, hell is in the sound!
You came (I know) commission'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd,
For my lost honour, by the grateful god?

Ah!

Ah! why this lengthen'd life muſt I endure?
Deny'd the taſte of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitleſs honours of the ſky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Pleas'd, with my brother wou'd I yield my breath,
And ſhare his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
Joy is no more; and nothing Jove beſtows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! earth! thy inmoſt centre open throw,
And reſt a goddeſs in the ſhades below!
Then in her azure robes ſhe wrapt her head,
Sigh'd, ſobb'd, and plung'd into her wat'ry bed;
Her laſt low murmurs, as the ſtream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.
Now at the foe, the Trojan hero ſhook
His pointed ſpear, and ſternly thus beſpoke:
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
'Tis ſtrength, not ſwiftneſs, muſt decide the fight
Try all thy arts and vigour to eſcape
Thy inſtant doom, and vary ev'ry ſhape;
Wiſh for the morning's rapid wings, to fly
Shoot down to hell; or vault into the ſky.—
Not thoſe inſulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief (and ſhook his head);
No—but the gods with fear my boſom move,
And he, my greateſt foe, almighty Jove!
The warrior ſaid; and caſt his fiery eyes
Where an huge ſtone, a rocky fragment, lies;
Black, rough, prodigious, vaſt!--the common bound
For ages paſt, and barrier of the ground.

Scarce twelve ſtrong men the pond'rous maſs could raiſe,
Such as diſgrace theſe dark degen'rate days.
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe:
But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His looſe knees tremble, nor ſupport their load:
Round his cold heart congeals the ſettling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltleſs of a wound,
Th' unwieldly maſs came thund'ring to the ground.
And, as when ſlumber ſeals the cloſing ſight,
The ſick wild fancy labours in the night:
Some dreadful viſionary foe we ſhun
With airy ſtrides, but ſtrive in vain to run;
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs eſſay;
We faint, we ſtagger, ſink, and fall away;
Drain'd of our ſtrength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the ſtruggling accents die:
The chief ſo labours, but with fruitleſs pain;
The fiend ſtill thwarts him, and he toils in vain!

Amidſt a thouſand doubts, he ſtands oppreſt,
A thouſand terrors working in his breaſt.
Now to the Latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly.
No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
No car, no ſteeds, nor goddeſs charioteer!

With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part;
Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart.

A ſtone

A ſtone diſploded, with leſs fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginry of war:
And wrap'd in flames, far leſs enrag'd and loud,
Burſts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind ſweeps along the ſkies,
The jav'lin, charg'd with ſure deſtruction, flies;
Its rapid progreſs through the ſev'n-fold ſhield,
And the thick mail, with matchleſs fury held;
Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
And bent the hapleſs warrior to the ground.

With peals of groans the pale Rutulians riſe:
The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
His eyes and hands the vanquiſh'd hero rear'd,
And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:
Prince, I deſerve, nor deprecate my death:
Then, uſe thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
Yet, if a parent's woes thy ſoul incline,
Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Grov'ling, and pleading for an only ſon!
Then ſave the ſon! in him the father ſave!
Nor bow his age, with ſorrow, to the grave!
Or, oh! at leaſt, this mercy I implore,
My breathleſs relicks to my friends reſtore.
Thine is the conqueſt; lo! the Latian bands
Behold their gen'ral ſtretch his ſuppliant hands!
Reſtrain thy farther vengeance; I reſign
My former claim; the royal fair is thine.

A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repreſs'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.

His

His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When lo! by chance, the golden belt he ſpy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his ſide;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the ſlumb'ring vengeance in his ſoul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he ſpoke:
Thou! wretch accurs'd! canſt thou to grace pretend?
Clad in the ſpoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his ſpirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghoſt aton'd.—The hero ſaid;
And bury'd in his breaſt the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majeſtic ſoul diſdainful plung'd to hell.

End of PITT's Poems.

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